June 7, 1976

THE NEW YORKER

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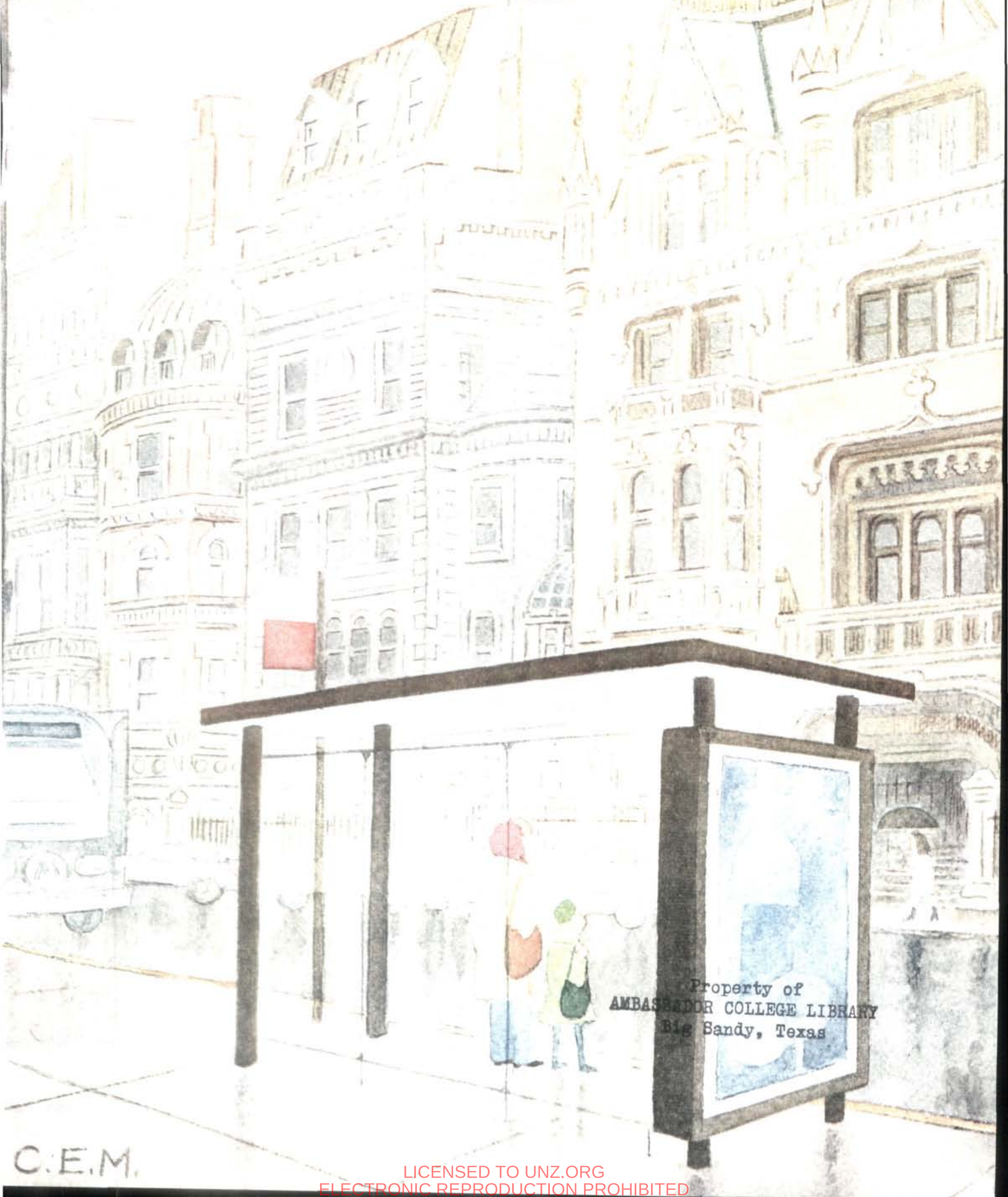

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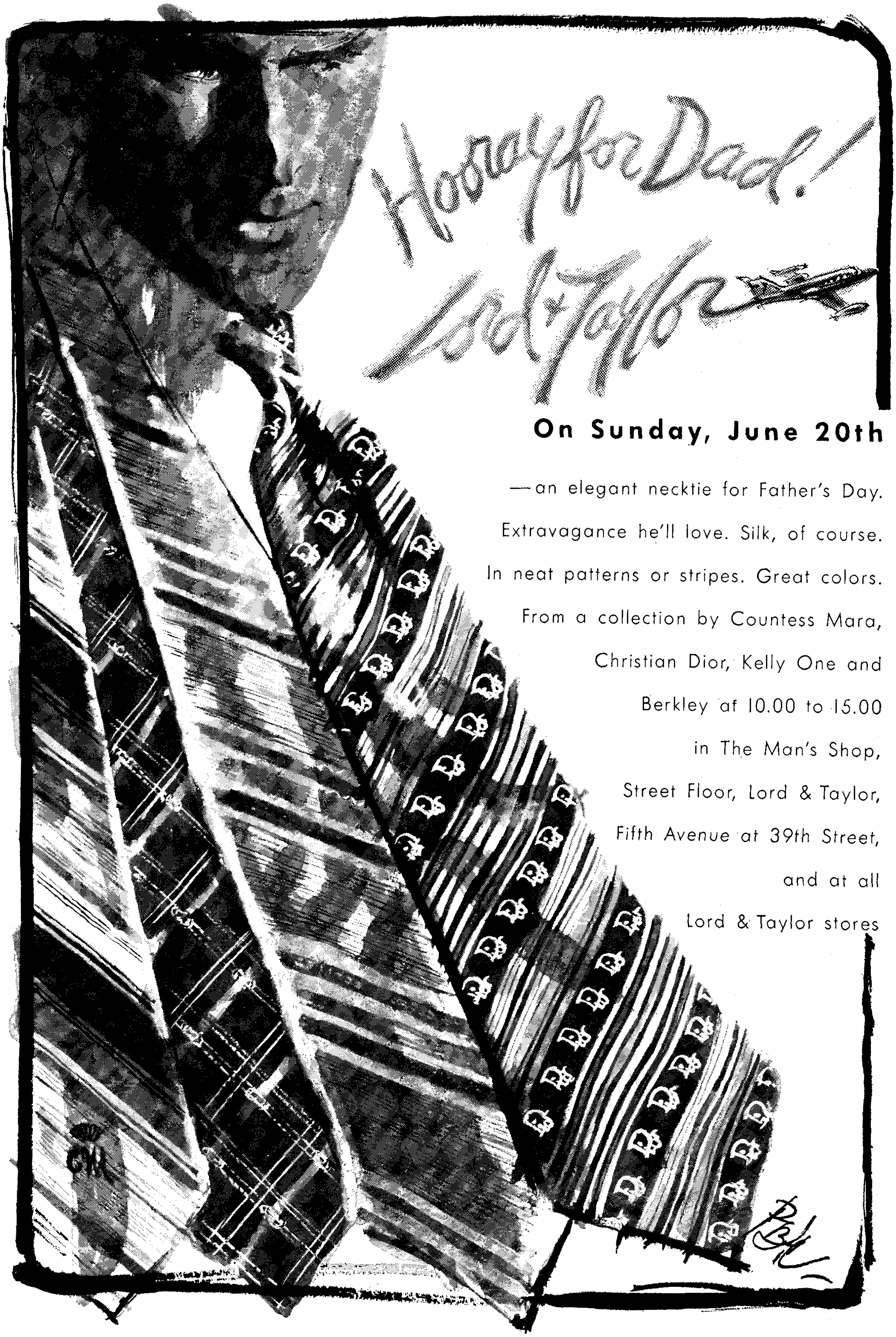

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Belle of Amherst—Julie Harris is all the people onstage in this sortie into the life of Emily Dickinson. Though never Miss Dickinson, Miss Harris reads the Dickinson verses well. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Bubbling Brown Sugar—Down Memory Lane in Harlem, which means the twenties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellington, Waller . . . A lane? A boulevard. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

California Suite—A comedy by Neil Simon, made up of four one-act plays, starring Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Barbara Barrie, and Jack Weston. Gene Saks directed. Previews Monday through Wednesday, June 7-9. Opens officially on Thursday, June 10. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Camp Meeting: 1840—A period revival meeting, set to music by Al Carmines and presented by the Judson Poets' Theatre. (Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. S. 777-0033. Thursday through Monday at 8. Closes Monday, June 7.)

Eden—The setting of Steve Carter's play is somewhere in the West Sixties, back in the nineteen-twenties. The leading character is a stern West Indian paterfamilias, who is a follower of Marcus Garvey and his Back to Africa movement, and most of the action concerns a kind of guerilla warfare he conducts with a young American Negro and his aunt, in the apartment next door. Needless to say, his daughter falls in love with the American and he with her. The play is funny, sad, convincing, and thoroughly honorable. The cast headed by Graham Brown is very good, indeed. Edmund Cambridge directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf—A play with dance by Ntozake Shange. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

I'm Laughin' But I Ain't Tickled—An all-black, all-talented revue that is musical and witty and stirring. Vinnette Carroll (conception and direction) and Micki Grant (score and lyrics)—the magical combination of "Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope"—are in charge. This show uses, in addition to songs and dances, a selection of poems by a selection of black poets, some of them spoken and some sung. The company, headed by the extraordinary Clinton Derricks, is first-rate. Admirable, too, are the choreography, by Mabel Robinson; the setting, by Marty Kappell; the costumes, by William Schroder; and the musical direction, by George Broderick. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 6 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 6.)

Knock Knock—Lynn Redgrave, Charles Durning, John Heffernan, and Leonard Frey in a new production directed by José Quintero. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; on Wednesday, June 2, at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Livin' Fat—A play by Judi Ann Mason, presented by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Me and Bessie—A vigorous, if eventually disappointing, attempt by the gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins to re-create Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs (in the alternating voices of Bessie, Dinah Washington, and Mahalia Jackson), dressing up in cloche hats and feather boas that wear *her*, and giving an esoteric biographical patter. But there are moments, particularly in such numbers as "T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do" and "Kitchen Man," when Hopkins' singing and acting synchronize and the great Bessie materializes. The music is played by a capable small group led by Howlett Smith. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

My Fair Lady—A flawless revival of a flawless musical. How did the world get along without it for fifteen thousand years? (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Norman Conquests—Three plays, each complete in itself and presented at succeeding performances, make up one great big play.

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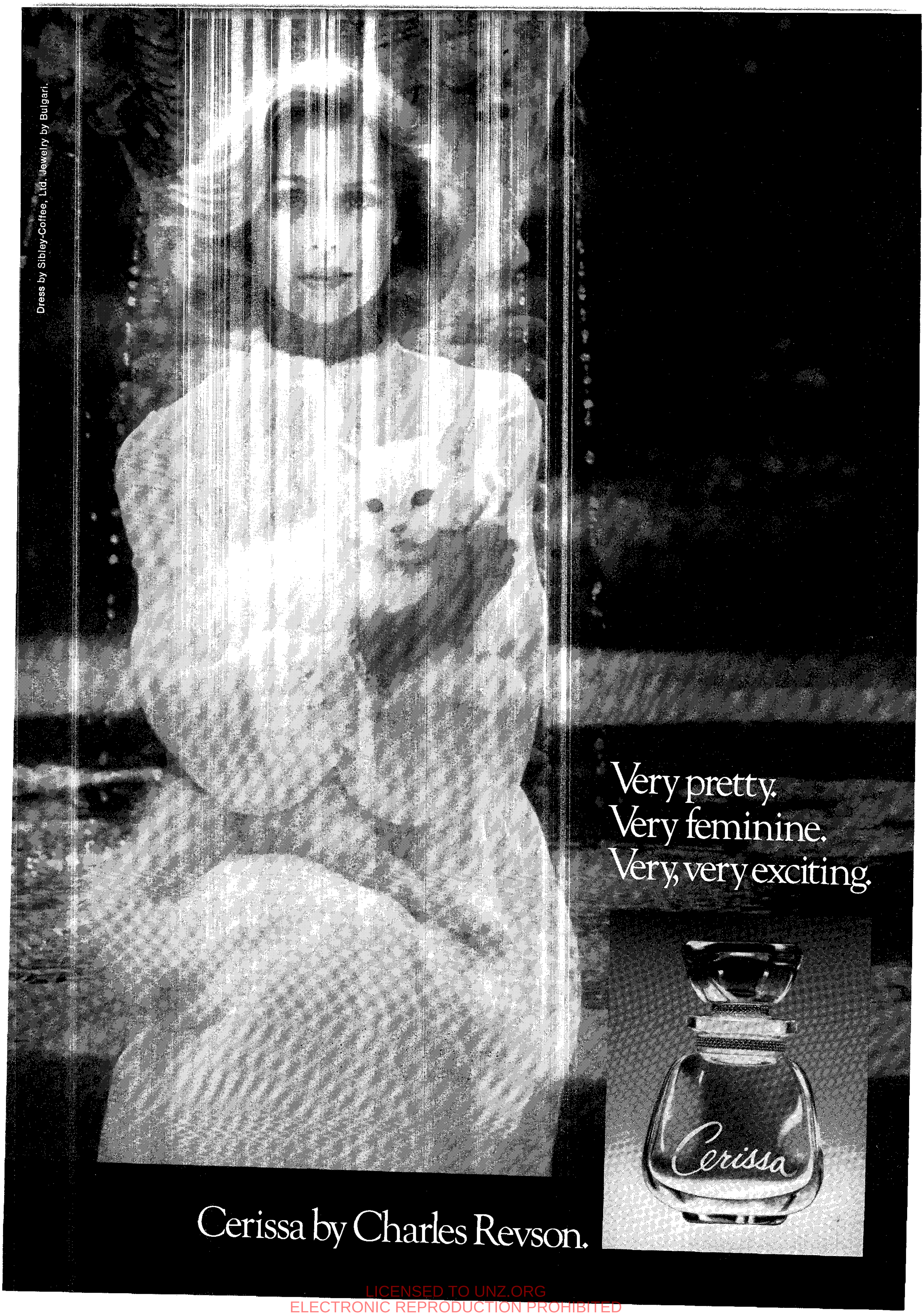

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Cerissa
Cerissa by Charles Revson.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

The hero is a lascivious young man who pursues every woman he encounters, including, from time to time, his wife. The author is Alan Ayckbourn, and a very funny fellow he is. The schedule is complicated—**LIVING TOGETHER:** Wednesday, June 2, at 2; Friday, June 4, as well as Monday, June 7, and Wednesday, June 9, at 8; and Saturday, June 12, at 2. . . . **ROUND AND ROUND THE GARDEN:** Wednesday, June 2, at 8; Saturday, June 5, at 2; and Tuesday, June 8, as well as Thursday, June 10, and Saturday, June 12, at 8. . . . **TABLE MANNERS:** Thursday, June 3, and Saturday, June 5, at 8; Wednesday, June 9, at 2; and Friday, June 11, at 8. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

PACIFIC OVERTURES—A Harold Prince-Stephen Sondheim musical, with lovely sets by Boris Aronson. An attempt to tell an unpleasant story—the exploitation of Japan by Western powers in the nineteenth century—from the Japanese point of view. With an all-Asian cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

REBEL WOMEN—A play by Thomas Babe, with David Dukes, Kathryn Walker, John Glover, Leora Dana, and Deborah Offner. Preview Wednesday, June 2. Opens officially on Thursday, June 3. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

REX—Nicol Williamson looks, as usual, twice life-size and has been well costumed by John Conklin; everything else in this musical about Henry VIII and his pursuit of a male heir is curiously meagre and emotionless. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE ROYAL FAMILY—A revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores. Under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, it is still very fresh and funny. The stars of the wonderful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, Sam Levene, and Mr. Rabb himself, and they are supported by such fine actors as Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE RUNNER STUMBLES—A serious new play by Milan Stitt about a priest and a nun who fall in love and suffer unhappy consequences. Directed by Austin Pendleton and starring Stephen Joyce and Nancy Donohue. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 730-0850. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SOMETHING'S AFOOT—A dim-witted musical that claims to be a parody of Agatha Christie. The star is Tessie O'Shea. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SO NICE, THEY NAMED IT TWICE—Neil Harris's drama about the drug-ridden underworld of Harlem is sometimes harrowing, often funny, and always absorbing, and the performance, under Bill Lathan's skillful direction, goes very well indeed. With, among others, Bill Jay, Veronica Redd, Alfre Woodard, Robbie McCauley, Brent Jennings, and, in the role of a powerful, menacing rackets tycoon, the playwright himself. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

STREAMERS—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans, Dorian Harewood, Paul Rudd, and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—A marvellous production of the Brecht-Weill classic, based on a new translation by Ralph Manheim and John Willett. Raul Julia is a superb Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is a passionate, dangerous Jenny. Richard Foreman, as director, has been faithful to Brecht and to himself. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesday, June 2, and Saturday and Sunday, June 5-6, at 2:30, and Wednesday, June 9, and Saturday, June 12, at 2.)

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TUSCALOOSA'S CALLING ME . . . BUT I'M NOT GOING!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Ted Pritchard, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 5:30.)

VANITIES—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

VERY GOOD EDDIE—A revival of a musical first seen on Broadway in 1915. The music, by Jerome Kern, is worth hearing, and a couple of the songs have lyrics by the godlike Wodehouse. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?—In the Groves of Academe dwell many dragons. Colleen Dewhurst and Ben Gazzara are the leading dragons in this production of the harsh and very funny Albee play, directed by the author. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

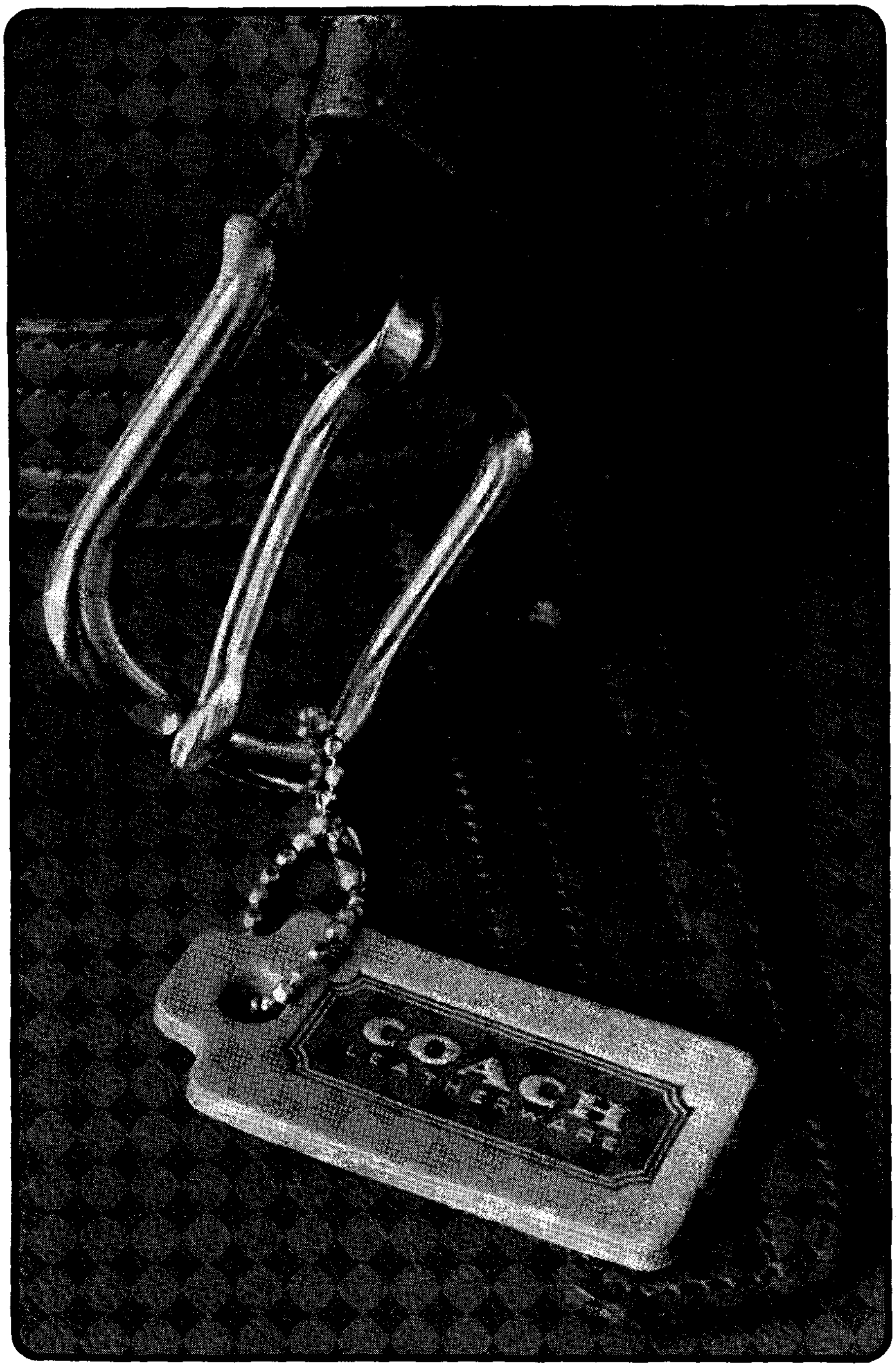
WOMEN BEHIND BARS—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

LONG RUNS—**CHICAGO:** A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Perkins and Keith McDermott, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS,** 6,705 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Wednesday, June 2, at 2:30; Thursday and Friday, June 3-4, at 7:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9; Sundays at 2 and 5; Tuesday, June 8, at 7:30; Wednesday, June 9, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Friday, June 11, at 7:30.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, June 2, at 8: "Four Temperaments," "Duo Concertant," and "Union Jack.". . . ¶ Thursday, June 3, at 8: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Friday, June 4, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Fanfare.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 5, at 2: "Irish Fantasy," "Ivesiana," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 5, at 8: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Sunday, June 6, at 1: "Ma Mère l'Oye," "Chaconne," "Pas de Deux," and "Piano Concerto in G Major.". . . ¶ Sunday, June 6, at 7: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3.". . . ¶ Tuesday, June 8, at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Duo Concertant," and "Union Jack.". . . ¶ Wednesday, June 9, at 8: "Four Temperaments," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Fanfare.". . . ¶ Thursday, June 10, at 8: "Watermill" and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3.". . . ¶ Friday, June 11, at 8: "Irish Fantasy," "Meditation," "Square Dance," and "Piano Concerto in G Major." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 12, at 2: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 12, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 27.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

run through Saturday, June 26—Monday and Tuesday evenings, June 7-8; Wednesday matinée and evening, June 9; and Thursday evening, June 10: "Giselle."...¶ Friday evening, June 11, and Saturday matinée and evening, June 12: "La Bayadère," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Shadowplay." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

ROYAL DANISH BALLET—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée and evening, June 2: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, June 3-4: "Guards of Amager" (American première) and "La Sylphide."...¶ Saturday matinée and evening, June 5: "Four Seasons," "Carmen," and Act III of "Napoli." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, June 20—Tuesday evening, June 8 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 925-5464); Thursday evening, June 10; and Saturday evening, June 12: "Public Domain," "Big Bertha," and "Esplanade."... ¶ Wednesday evening, June 9; Friday evening, June 11; and Saturday matinée, June 12: "Aureole," "Tablet," "Runes," and "Cloven Kingdom" (première). (Billy Rose, 208 W. 41st St. 947-5510. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A new place and a welcome one—sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is at work from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and, on the bandstand, mostly mainstream, occasionally out-there, and always well-amplified jazz. Bassist Walter Booker's quintet performs through Saturday, June 5. Monday and Tuesday, June 7-8, will see another quintet, this one a young, moving affair led by Jackie McLean's son, Rene. On Wednesday, June 9, alto saxophonist **CHARLES MC PHERSON** will arrive with *his* five-part ensemble, which comprises **LONNY HILLYER** on trumpet, pianist **BARRY HARRIS**, bassist **DAVID WILLIAMS**, and drummer **LEROY WILLIAMS**. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Something for nearly everyone: The Savoy Brown blues band leaves after Thursday, June 3. On Friday and Saturday, June 4-5, actor and folksinger Theodore Bikel will appear opposite harmonica virtuoso **LARRY ADLER**. On Sunday and Monday, June 6-7, Elly Stone will sing, among other things, minor anthems to life on the upper West Side, as well as her obligatory Jacques Brel numbers. Tuesday through Thursday, June 8-10, rock singer and pianist Billy Joel will take over. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians—mostly pianists and their bassists—and patrons who like to talk. Norman Simmons and his bassist are here through Saturday, June 5. The Sunday man is **BARRY HARRIS**, whose piano style is subtle and low-volume, with a highly developed melodic sense. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** and his loyal accomplices, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, perform in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one.... **BARBARA CARROLL**, a strong piano soloist who occasionally seems to take a wild delight in her work, is currently filling in for Marian McPartland in the Bemelmans Bar from nine-thirty on weeknights.

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C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A long, narrow college-rustic bar—the place has a small-college-town-hangout feel to it—with rows of neon beer signs hanging from the ceiling. Onstage nightly are local, crude, and loud rock bands. There are no discreet sound checks, no roadies, no extensive (if any) record-company backing, no seating section for the music business, and, often, no place for *anyone* to sit. Music most nights from after nine-thirty; Monday is showcase night.

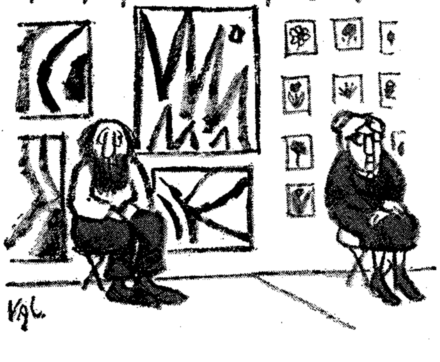
CHURCHILL'S, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (650-1618)—**DUKE JORDAN**, not always visible in recent years, has turned up at the piano here for an indeterminate stay. When he is in top condition, he is a fleet and immaculate player. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven until four. Dining.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Mondays through Saturdays, the forthright **HELEN HUMES** delivers delicate ballads and authoritative blues songs with backing from Jerry Wiggins and bassist Major Holley. On Sundays, boogie-wooglist **SAMMY PRICE** has the floor. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a traditional (what else?) sextet, usually headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). On Tuesday, June 8, tenor saxophonist Scott Hamilton will sit in with the regulars. Red Richards mans the piano, starting most nights at eight-thirty, and alternates with the sextet from nine-thirty. On Sunday, June 6, a quintet featuring trumpeter **THAD JONES**, baritone saxophonist **PEPPER ADAMS**, and drummer **MEL LEWIS** will work out from eight. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A breath of life on the upper East Side. From the outside, this tiny bar appears to be a quiet place, especially in comparison with its singles-bar neighbors, but first-rate jazzmen and quite a few of their admirers are crowded together inside. Wednesday through Saturday, June 2-5, and Monday and Tuesday, June 7-8, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** and bassist **WILBUR LITTLE** work with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**. Music from ten to three. On Sunday, June 6, Chiasson and Little will team up with guitarist Dom Minasi from five to nine. **BROOKS KERR**, a twenty-four-year-old stride pianist and Ellingtoniac; **SONNY GREER**, Ellington's drummer for thirty-odd years; and a swing-oriented trumpet player get together Sunday, June 6, and Wednesday through Sunday, June 9-13, from ten to three. Mondays through Saturdays, from six to nine, trumpeter Gene Roland, guitarist Wayne Wright, and bassist Morris Edwards collaborate.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**JIMMY MC PARTLAND** is in charge here through Monday, June 7; **ROY ELDRIDGE** returns on Tuesday, June 8. The resident sidemen—**CLAUDE HOPKINS** on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—hang in there weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.



JIM SMITH'S VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A cheerful bar on one of the corners where the Village meets N.Y.U.'s academic industrial park. Pianist Lance Hayward plays nightly, except Wednesdays, and is joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The great **JOE VENUTI** and his quintet—pianist **JOHN BUNCH**, drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN**, guitarist **AL CAIOLA**, and bassist **AL HALL**—move out on Saturday, June 5. On Tuesday, June 8, **BENNY CARTER**, a progressive alto soloist in the forties who went on to spend most of the last twenty-five years in Hollywood recording studios, will begin a rare New York club date. He'll be working with pianist **RAY BRYANT**, drummer **GRADY TATE**, and bassist **MILT HINTON**. Music from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups assemble under the canopied bandstand nearly every night. Thursday through Saturday, June 10-12, wily drummer **CHICO HAMILTON** will lead his occasionally exotic-sounding quintet—some of Hamilton's music sounds as though it could be used as a sound track for an epic Moorish movie. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The Amazing Rhythm Aces, a country-rock sextet from Memphis, trade sets on Wednesday, June 2, with Gary Yudman, a comedian-impressionist from New Jersey; his specialties are Mick Jagger, David Bowie, and Johnny Mathis. Thursday through Monday, June 3-7, folkie Dan Hill and comic Bill Crystal will share the facilities. Wednesday through Friday, June 9-11, the **PERSUASIONS**, a remarkable street-corner a-capella soul-and-gospel quintet, will take the stage. And, beginning Saturday, June 12, **DAVE VAN RONK**, a big, bearlike lumberjack of a folksinger, will come in with his raspy-voiced renditions of songs by the Rev. Gary Davis, Mississippi John Hurt, and Joni Mitchell. Shows begin at nine and eleven-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER'S** band plays for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein and Liz Swados finish up their nightly tributes to Kurt Weill on Sunday, June 6. **STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI**, who is altogether charming and who looks more like an aging classical maestro than a hot-jazz player, will be ensconced here beginning Tuesday, June 8. Shows at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Sundays in this appealing cabaret. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club changes from night to night, and passing musicians are welcome to sit in. The club does not advertise, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—This very pleasant upper West Side retreat presents a worthwhile assortment of jazz musicians every night. Each week begins with the house Sunday-night special—**CHUCK WAYNE** and **JOE PUMA** guitar duets. On Mondays, **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece aggregation squeezes into the nook that serves as a bandstand. On Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and on Friday and Saturday, June 4-5, too, **CHET BAKER**, back from Europe, inspires his young cool-jazz acolytes. On Thursdays, saxophonist Eddie Daniels leads a robust quartet. Music weeknights from nine-thirty; Sundays from nine. Snacks.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Another small and reliable place

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

to hear jazz. The hectic schedule includes pianist Walter Davis and his bassist on Wednesday, June 2; the Mike Wolff trio Thursday through Saturday, June 3-5; pianist Steve Kuhn and bassist Harvey Swartz Sunday through Tuesday, June 6-8; and the magical bassist **RON CARTER** and his trio beginning Wednesday, June 9. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—**MILT JACKSON**, who, in this age of four- and five-mallet vibraharpists, needs only two to play satisfying blues on his beautiful Radio City Music Hall of a vibraharp, teams up with the **CEDAR WALTON** trio Tuesdays through Sundays. On Mondays, **THAD JONES, MEL LEWIS**, and sixteen or so other first-rate New York studio musicians meet here, and when they do they form perhaps the best big band in the country. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos that hold forth every night from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Lots of young, enthusiastic patrons but positively no synthesizers, equalizers, talking bags, envelope-dependent devices, digital delay lines, phase shifters, ring modulators, reverb units, fuzzboxes, octave splitters, octave multipliers, compressors, or wah-wah pedals. Nearly all the music here is pre-fifties jazz: on Mondays and Tuesdays, **EDDIE DURHAM**, a trombonist and one of the very first electric guitarists, heads up a quartet. On Wednesday, June 2, **JO JONES**, who takes his drum solos while sitting rigidly straight and smiling directly and placidly at the audience the whole time, is here at the helm of a quartet. Thursdays and Fridays are turned over to five bop-oriented musicians, and Saturdays and Sundays to a combo involving **BUDDY TATE**, Jim Roberts, Ronnie Cole, and Paul Quinichette. Music from nine to one.

Willy's, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—Pianist Jack Reilly, bassist Lisle Atkinson, and drummer Ronnie Bedford finish up on Saturday, June 5. On Wednesday, June 9, pianist Norman Simmons will bring in a quartet. On Sundays, the piano is left in the capable, versatile, and entertaining hands of **JAKI BYARD**. On Tuesdays, after ten-thirty, Dick Cone is in charge of a seventeen-piece band. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Al Green and **Ashford & Simpson**—Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Thursday, June 3, at 8:30; Friday and Saturday, June 4-5, at 8 and 11; and Sunday, June 6, at 7 and 10.

The Crusaders and **George Benson**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, June 4, at 8 and 11:30.

Concert—Odetta, Al Carmines, Judith Cohen, Gerri Griffin, Andrea Marcovicci, Martha Schlamme, and others who have performed at the cabaret Reno Sweeney. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, June 11, at 8.)

Steve Miller Band—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Saturday, June 12, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Carol Anthony—Old fuddy-duddies, crafty infants, and characters in between, sculpted about half life-size in linen mâché and trimmed with real accoutrements (spectacles, roller skates, hats, baseball mitts, medals, champagne glasses) suitable to their age and station. Through Saturday, June 12. (Griffin, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Peter Bardazzi—Abstract paintings with a futurist flavor. Through Friday, June 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

William Merritt Chase (1849-1916)—A benefit showing of more than a hundred portraits, landscapes, drawings, and prints by this Indiana-born Impressionist, who taught several generations of Americans not only what paintings should look like but what *artists* should look like. A display of photos and other memorabilia is well worth a visit to the fifth floor. Through Saturday, June 5. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

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Giorgio de Chirico—A retrospective of paintings and sculptures. Through July 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays.)

Enrico Donati—A retrospective exhibition of works (paintings and sculptures) ranging from his surrealist paintings of the forties to his more recent abstract, textural works. Through June 18. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Peter Golfinopoulos—Oil paintings with a soft color-field quality, subdued in both size and color compared with his previous dramatic works. Through Saturday, June 5. (Kronen, 1094 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

Morris Graves—Still-life paintings of flowers, done in tempera with his characteristic use of feathery white blossoms. Through Saturday, June 12. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Sante Graziani—Historical figures and patriotic symbols are the subjects of this group of paintings. Through June 30. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

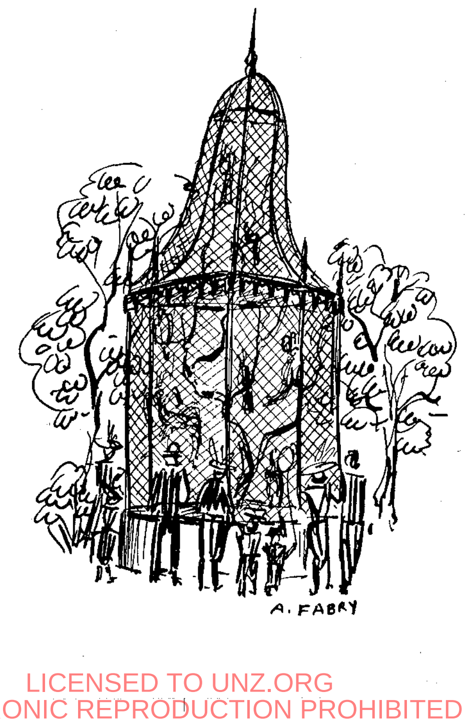
Michael Heizer—Abstract paintings—scrims of a solid color, really—on shaped canvases, plus eight thick slabs of beautiful mahogany that can be fitted together into a perfect eight-foot circle or reassembled in countless designs. Through Saturday, June 12. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

John Hultberg—Landscape paintings suggestive of futuristic cities. Through Saturday, June 5. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

John Kearney—This artist's latest menagerie of creatures built from chromium-steel automobile bumpers includes a rooster nearly four feet tall, hound dogs, mastiffs, pigs, and a figure called "Woman," which looks about as much like Venus de Milo as one can contrive with bumpers. Through Saturday, June 5. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Bernard Langlais—Wooden sculptures of animals, mostly with anthropomorphic faces whose features are built up in layers and then painted; there are Assyrian-looking lions and inquisitive giraffes, plus eagles, bears, cows, and a huge surfacing sea lion with bristling whiskers. Through June 19. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Daniel Lifschitz—Small, elegant pastels by a Swiss artist who achieves an unusual depth for this medium by working on black paper and using several layers of fixative as the work proceeds. Through Friday, June 11. (Touchstone, 118 E. 64th St.)



André Masson—A show of works on canvas and paper, using sand, shells, gouache, and other materials, which is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. Through June 30. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—Watercolors and oils by the German Expressionist. Through July 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Jules Olitski—Conventional studies of nudes, in charcoal and crayon, by this Minimalist painter who likes to get back to life drawing every now and then. Through Saturday, June 5. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Noel Rockmore—Small temperas by a Surrealist painter whose work have something of the delicacy of Persian miniatures and something of the weird subject matter of Hieronymus Bosch. Through Friday, June 4. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Joseph Shannon—Realist paintings that seem to center on groups of scary-looking people caught in antic poses in doctors' waiting rooms, plus an occasional disarming small landscape or still-life. Through Saturday, June 5. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Andy Warhol—Paintings and drawings of cats and dogs; the cat drawings seem to have a little more of the Warhol stamp than the paintings. His first gallery show of original work in New York in ten years. Through Friday, June 11. (Schefler, 212 E. 72nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Francisco Zuñiga—Sculptures and drawings by this Costa Rica-born artist who lives in Mexico and is widely known for his renditions of Mexican peasant women. Through Saturday, June 5. (Brewster, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At **KNOEDLER CONTEMPORARY ART**, 19 E. 70th St.: Paintings by gallery artists Frank Stella, Larry Poons, Robert Goodnough, and others. Through July 30. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: A selection of paintings and drawings by Julius Bissier, Pol Bury, Hans Hartung, and others. Through June 25. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons, *New Yorker* covers, and watercolors by Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, Ronald Searle, and others. Through July 16. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Grace Hartigan, Budd Hopkins, and Stephen Greene are the three of the artists showing works in various mediums. Through June 30.

Sculpture—Figurative forms by gallery members, including Hana Geber, Sahl Swarz, and Cleo Hartwig. Through June 16. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

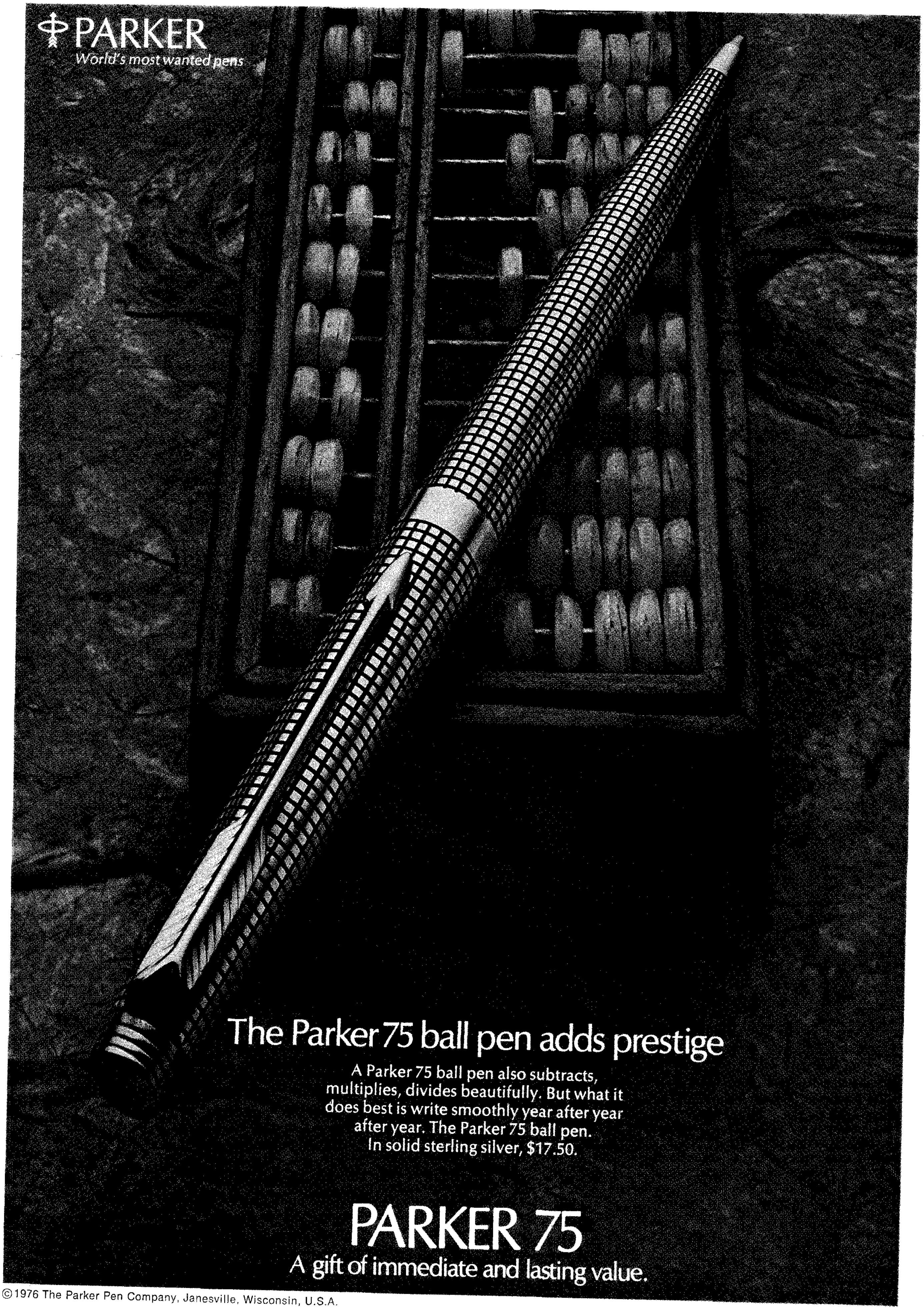
The Cuzco Circle—Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Peruvian paintings, done by colonials and mestizos in the rococo way that their religious teachers (Spanish, Italian, and Flemish) taught them. Through July 25. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Quick List—Other artists whose work is being shown uptown include: **DINA GUSTIN BAKER** at Ingber, 3 E. 78th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5:30); **RUDOLF BAUER** (1889-1953) at Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30); **GABRIEL GODARD** at Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (Through Friday, June 11. Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5:30).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Robert Beauchamp—This specialist in outsize black-and-white drawings full of incident and freely associated ideas is showing, this time around, paintings that convey the same general effect but in riotous color, set against a spattered background; his familiar depictions of apes are present in several of the works, along with handsomely done bananas. Through Saturday, June 5. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Button—Expertly handled gouache renditions of architectural subjects here and there



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in California and in Houston. Through Saturday, June 12. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Irwin Fleminger—Landscapes of another world, where spooky relics remain of the devices with which something intelligent tried to measure and analyze its surroundings, including nearby planets. Through Friday, June 4. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Cletus Johnson—This deviser of miniature façades of imaginary theatres here devotes his attention to the façades of larger architectural subjects, and has added a number of box constructions in which found (or bought) objects (a card of dress snaps, for instance) take on an entirely new character when ensconced among nicely arranged bits of molding. Through Thursday, June 10. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Alvin Loving / Alejandro Reino—Collages built up of strips of torn colored paper interlaced into arresting compositions. / Oil paintings of lonely, sea-worn boulders seen along some misty tidal flat and done in a sort of Magic Realist style by a Spanish artist who lives in Paris. Through Saturday, June 12. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

John MacWhinnie—More in this artist's series of portraits of other artists, this time including Lichtenstein and de Kooning (as a young man), Duchamp (both as a young man and in his metamorphosis into Rose Sélavy), plus a study of Arshile Gorky's mother, an arresting painting of a young Osage Indian girl, and a self-portrait in the raw. Through June 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Judith Murray—Oil paintings of abstract shapes that give the impression of exotic kites flying into the utter darkness of outer space. Through Friday, June 11. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Clifford Ross—Abstract paintings, all in heavy acrylic impasto; first one-man show in New York. Through June 17. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

François Rouan—Drawings and paintings by a young French artist whose pen and pencil works, though largely abstract, have the detail and depth of Japanese prints, and whose "tressages," consisting of braided canvas, add another dimension to the grid patterns so many artists are currently working with. Most of the tressages are of a single, sombre tone, but one or two of them fairly erupt with color. Through Saturday, June 12. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ben Shahn (1898-1969)—Seventy-one drawings, many of which are being shown for the first time, in his characteristic sawtooth line brushed in deepest black onto a stark-white paper expanse. Some of them were done in preparation for (unfinished) murals and paintings. Through Friday, June 4. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Abraham Walkowitz (1878-1965)—A show of works in a variety of mediums and first exhibited between 1912 and 1917 at Alfred Stieglitz's 291 Gallery. As a complement to this exhibit, several Stieglitz portraits, including one of Walkowitz, are on view. Through June 26. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ruckus Manhattan—Parts I and II of Red Grooms' three-dimensional caricature of nothing less than New York City whole, which can be touched, climbed on, and walked through. Parts III and IV, dealing with midtown and uptown, are promised later. A benefit. Through July 16. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Figurative paintings by California artist Geer Morton, plus works by two other artists, Beej Dolnick and Arnaldo Miccoli. Through June 18. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **parsons**, 24 W. 57th St.: Sylvia Guirey, Eliza Moore, and Jonathan Thomas showing abstract paintings. Through Friday, June 11. (Closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Jennifer Bartlett—An enormous project, called "Rhapsody," in which nine hundred and eighty-eight enamelled-steel plates, each a foot square with a grid silk-screened on it, are the working surface for an exploration of what can be done with basic compositional elements—a tree, a cloud, a triangle, a square, a circle—and with basic color relationships. Through Wednesday, June 9. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

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David Hare—The myth of Cronus is the theme of these new paintings and sculptures. Through Tuesday, June 8. (Alessandra, 489 Broome St.)

K. H. Hödicke—This Berlin artist offers what he calls his European Travel Bag, containing relics of his travels—a corkscrew, a couple of bugs he first encountered in Rome but met again in Florence and bottled, a heel of French bread that resembles a breast, and so on, to a total of twenty-eight items. Through June 19. (Block, 409 West Broadway. Tuesdays, 1 to 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Douglas Huebler—Conceptual photographs. Through Saturday, June 5. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Robert Katz—Photographs of Montana farm machinery incorporated into drawings that seem to make something totemic out of them, done by a New York artist who has been teaching among the Indians in Big Horn County out there. Through June 19. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Wendy Meng / Helen Meyrowitz—Large oil paintings of bright-colored tropical fish, some seen as individuals and some in schools. / Painstakingly realistic pencil studies of human feet, clad in rubber sandals and ascending—or perhaps descending—a stepladder. Through Saturday, June 5. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

David Novros—A three-sided walk-in painting is part of an exhibit of abstract oils. Through Saturday, June 12. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Jim Nutt—Colored drawings of odd-looking people who seem to belong in a comic-strip world and who cavort around, usually naked, on some sort of stage, waving their attenuated, useless arms and legs. If eroticism is intended, it misses. Through June 19. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Fred Sandback / Dale Henry—Sculpture that might be called maximum minimal, since it consists of four rust-colored strings grouped together and stretched vertically from ceiling to floor and then for twenty feet or so along the floor, forming a nice right angle. / Drawings—or, at any rate, the *frames* for drawings—with a few streaks or a word or two daubed on the glass with a transparent resinous material. A Leonardo remark about perspectives being seen through a pane of glass is their raison d'être. Through June 16. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

John Tweddle—Rough-cut wooden shapes (they might have been sawed out of a barn door) partly covered with canvas and painted with abstract designs by an artist who lives and works in Texas. Through Saturday, June 12. (Solway, 139 Spring St.)

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Sam Wiener (Evangeline Tabasco)—Heavy chunks of wood and heavy slabs of plate glass bolted together into wall and floor sculptures. Ms. Tabasco, a spiritual descendant of Duchamp's alter ego Rose Sélavy, is responsible for a show of very funny collages, mostly of a political bent, one series of which, Bicentennially, drags George Washington's noble countenance into the forefront of one celebrated painting after another—peeping out of the Mona Lisa's cleavage, for instance, or from a Jasper Johns target, or from a Lichtenstein glass of seltzer water. Through Saturday, June 12. (Lamagna, 380 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—**14 sculptors**, 75 Thompson St.: An exhibit of members' work in stone, wood, plastic, and other mediums. Through Saturday, June 5.... **landmark**, 469 Broome St.: A show of drawings—Janet Fish, Cynthia Mailman, Alan Cote, and others. Through Saturday, June 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)... **o. k. harris**, 383 West Broadway: Nude sculptures by Joan De Andrea, made of vinyl and incredibly lifelike, dominate this show of paintings, sculptures, photos, and conceptual pieces. The other artists are Mark Faverman, Micha Laury, and Michael Martino. Through Saturday, June 12.... **protetch**, 157 Spring St.: Drawings and other works by Jackie Ferrara, Jan Groover, Joel Fisher, and Pinchas Cohen Gan. Through Saturday, June 12.

Quick List—Other artists currently showing their work in SoHo include: **max gimblett** at Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6); **ray wisniewski** at Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6).

OTHER GALLERIES

Group Show—Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Nell Blaine, Sidney Geist, Jacob Landau, and others. Through June 20. (NoHo, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Robert Adams—Landscapes taken in and around Denver, Colorado. Through June 19. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

William Eggleston—Color photographs (figures, still-lifes, landscapes) taken in Tennessee and northern Mississippi. Through Aug. 1. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Gianfranco Gorgoni—Photographs of artists (Agnes Martin and Sol LeWitt are two) and their work. Through Saturday, June 5. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Horst—A retrospective of vintage fashion photographs. Through Saturday, June 5. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Laton Huffman (1854-1931)—Photographs of the American frontier. Through July 16. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Lotte Jacobi—Portraits from the thirties to the present by the German-born photographer, together with a number of her well-known abstract "photogenics." Through Thursday, June 10. (Kimmel-Cohn, 41 Central Park W., at 64th St.)

Nathan Lerner—Bauhaus-influenced photographs done between 1935 and 1945. Through Saturday, June 5. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Saturdays at noon.)

Serve Louvat and Jean de Biré—Prints from the original glass negatives of two turn-of-the-century photographers. Through Friday, June 11. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Klaus A. Schnitzer—Photographs taken in Israel. Through Saturday, June 12. (Rina, 23 E. 74th St.)

Keith Smith and James Henkel—Hand-colored prints and other work. Through June 26. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Edward Steichen (1879-1973)—A large show of gravures from *Camera Work*, and vintage prints from the twenties and thirties, including some of Steichen's most celebrated portraits. Through July 3. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Karen Tweddy-Holmes—Work from the last ten

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

years, including portraits and architectural subjects. Through June 26. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

A. M. Zane—Photographs of torsos, some of them hand colored. Through June 13. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Group Shows—At the **harlow,** 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: A show of portraits, including examples by Nadar, Carjat, and Adam-Salomon. Through July 30. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 6.) . . . **international center of photography,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Exhibitions of photographs by Clarence John Laughlin and John Klosty. Through Sunday, June 6. . . . **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd St.: Eighty photographs selected from the more than three thousand works acquired by the Department of Photography since January, 1974. Through July 13. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **neikrug,** 224 E. 68th St.: Civil War photographs, some of them taken by Mathew Brady. Through July 31. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **south street seaport,** 16 Fulton St.: A permanent exhibit of about eighty photographs—"Peking and Steel Square-Riggers 1885-1957"—shown aboard the four-masted bark Peking. (Admission is $1.50 for adults; seventy-five cents for students and children. Daily, 11 to 5.) . . . **witkin,** 41 E. 57th St.: A show of photographs (by Minor White, Judy Dater, Jan Groover, and others) that are included in Kelly Wise's survey of contemporary photography "The Photographers' Choice." Through June 19. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"American Ephemera" is a show of posters, valentines, advertisements, and other items (all dated before 1935) from the museum's print collections. Through Aug. 8. . . . ¶ A small show of Chinese landscape paintings dating from the eleventh century through the eighteenth. Through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ Forty-one Chinese paintings from the Arthur M. Sackler collection, these dating from the fourteenth century through the twentieth. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—who were noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. Through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than eighty paintings as well as a group of drawings are included in a retrospective exhibition of the Surrealist André Masson. Through Aug. 17. A complementary show is at the Lerner-Heller Gallery, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. . . . ¶ Photographs by William Eggleston. Through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ An exhibition of eighty recently acquired photographs. Through July 13. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **note:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts of experimental music Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A full-scale exhibition of the museum's collection of early-twentieth-century European paintings. Chronologically arranged, the show includes works by Cézanne, Mondrian, Klee, and Miró. Through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A vast historical survey of American sculpture of the past two hundred years, beginning with primitive weathervanes, figureheads, and other naïve works. A really big show, occupying all three floors, which will last through the summer. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Contemporary Japanese ceramics, including about twenty-five pieces by Kitaoji Rosanjin, together with sword guards from a private collection. Through June 27. This exhibit opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Minerals and Gems, occupying one-third of an acre in space, has on display such stones as the Star of India sapphire, the deLong Star ruby, and the Patricia emerald. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts and scores by, among others, Harold Rosenberg, Louis Simpson, and Robert Helps. Also paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Alice Neel, William Kienbusch, and others. Through June 13. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Nearly sixty hand scrolls and hanging scrolls, the majority of them ink landscapes, by Wen Cheng-ming (1470-1559) and by his teacher, Shen Chou. Through Sunday, June 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—Forty-three Edo period kimonos (1615-1868) from the Kanebo collection, including four made with a tie-dye technique that took two years to complete—one year to tie the kimono in readiness for the dye, and another year to untie it. Through July 11. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 7:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of contemporary American quilts. . . . ¶ Clay soup tureens that were designed for a national competition. . . . ¶ Locks and keys dating from the fourteenth century through the eighteenth, on loan from the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design. All three exhibitions through June 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Mechanical and other animated toys, the earliest dating from the seventeenth century, some of which can be handled by visitors. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Abstract paintings and drawings, ceramic sculptures, and wall hangings by Bing Davis. Through June 13. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

New York Grand Opera Company—Vincent La Selva conducting the first American performances of Verdi's opera "Stiffelio," with Norma French, soprano; Richard Taylor, tenor; Theodore Lambrinos, baritone; and others. The last two in a series of performances by the company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, June 4-5, at 8.)

American Chamber Trio—Peter Basquin, piano; June DeForest, violin; and Daniel Morganstern, cello, in the last in a series of concerts, this one with Rami Solomonow, viola. (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, June 5, at 8:30.)

Midnight Concerts—Saturday, June 5: The Ensemble for Early Music and a male quartet, the Early Music Glee Men, in a program of bawdy ballads and ribald songs from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 12: A program of music by the sons of J.S. Bach, performed by the New York Bassoon Quartet; the Allison Instrumental Ensemble; Ingrid Dingfelder, flute; and Gerald Ranck, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911.)

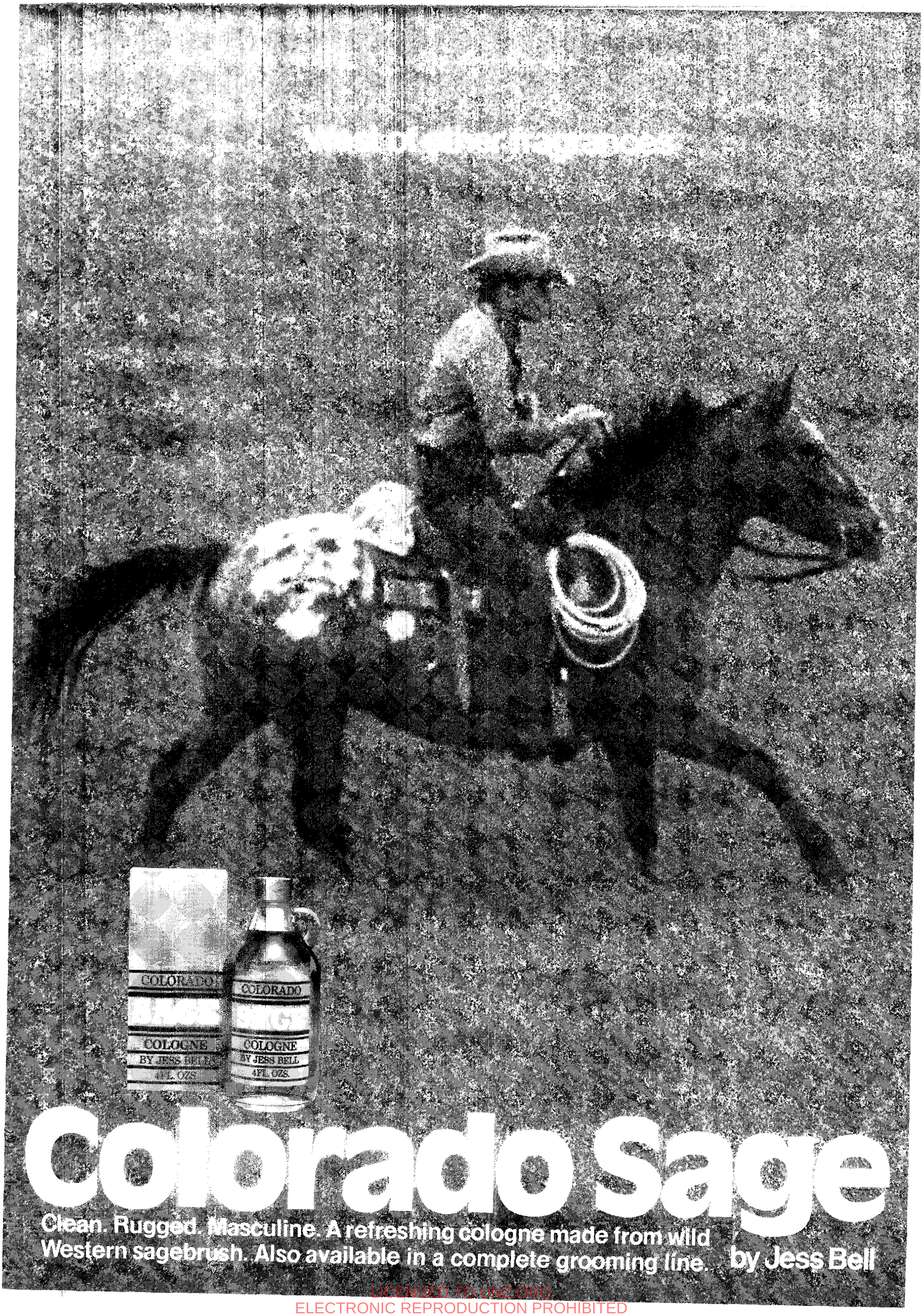
Triad Chorale—Noel Da Costa directing. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Sunday, June 6, at 3.)

Dianne Chilgren—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7459. Monday, June 7, at 8.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano, in a benefit recital postponed from May 5. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, June 9, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Wednesday, June 2, at 8:05, and Thursday,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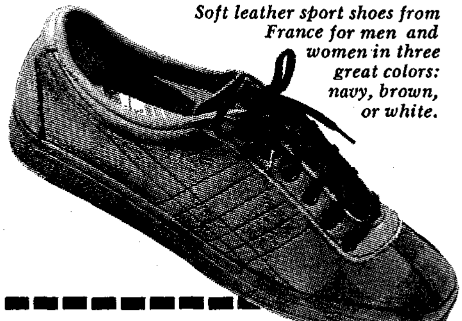

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June 3, at 2:05. . . . YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Oakland, Friday, June 4, at 8; Saturday, June 5, at 2; and Sunday, June 6, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ California, Tuesday through Thursday, June 8-10, at 8. . . . ¶ Texas, Friday and Saturday, June 11-12, at 8.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, June 3-5.)

Racing—At BELMONT: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, June 28. The Mother Goose, Friday, June 4; the Belmont, Saturday, June 5; the Youthful, Sunday, June 6; and the Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 12. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:05, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.). . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Thursday, June 10. The Eugene Mori Handicap, Saturday, June 5. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Friday, June 11, through Saturday, Nov. 13. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Thursdays, at 7:15, from Saturday, June 12, through Saturday, Oct. 2.

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis—Sets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, June 4. . . . ¶ Sets vs. Boston, Saturday, June 5. . . . ¶ Sets vs. Hawaii, Saturday, June 12. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Matches begin at 8. For information about tickets, call 581-6622.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 17. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

ET ALIA

Bicentennial Matters—If you can't beat it, join it: Early American books and papers, among them two copies of the Declaration of Independence, one printed in Philadelphia on July 4, 1776, and the other in Thomas Jefferson's handwriting. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, except Thursdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9.). . . An exhibit of documents ranging from a letter written by Amerigo Vespucci (1476) to the Proclamation of the Louisiana Purchase, signed by Thomas Jefferson and attested to by James Madison, Secretary of State. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.). . . An exhibition that centers on the Revolutionary War: maps, military buttons, ammunition, tools, present-day photographs of battle sites, and so forth. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.). . . "Farewell to Old England" offers a look (by means of photomurals, newspaper accounts, and artifacts) at the lives of three New York citizens before, during, and after the Revolution. (South Street Seaport, 16 Fulton St. Daily, noon to 6.). . . A collection of money and money substitutes used in Colonial America. (American Numismatic Society, Broadway at 155th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9 to 4:30; Sundays, 1 to 4.). . . A show of folk art on paper or made with paper done primarily by New York artists over the last two hundred years. An item of interest is an ink-and-watercolor drawing of New York Harbor that was made for the 1876 Centennial by a Utica schoolboy. (Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Poetry Readings—Dan Pagis and M.L. Rosenthal reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, June 8, at 8.). . . ¶ Spencer Holst and George Quasha reading from their own works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, June 9, at 8:30. Admission by contribution.)

The Great Outdoors—Through Sunday, June 13, the semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until sundown. . . . ¶ Starting Friday, June 4, the Cranford Memorial Rose Garden of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden will open for the season, with more than five thousand rosebushes representing nine hundred varieties; Tuesdays through Fridays, 8 to 6, and Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6. . . . ¶ On Sunday, June 6, there will be a conducted walking tour of Greenwich Village, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, starting at the corner of Gay and Christopher Streets, at 2:30. . . . ¶ The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7. . . . ¶ The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, June 2, at 2: Pre-Columbian and ethnographic art, from various collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 2, at 2, and Thursday, June 3, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese snuff bottles, jades, ceramics, and other works of art; from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Friday, June 4, at 10:15 and 2: Oriental rugs, from many sources. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 10-11, at 2: American paintings, folk art, furniture, and decorations; from several owners. Exhibition starts Friday, June 4.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Automobile Racing—At Pocono International Raceway, Long Pond, Pa.: June 27.

Baseball—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, June 13 (day). Mets, June 14 (benefit exhibition night game). Cleveland, June 21-24 (night). Milwaukee, June 25 (n), June 26 (d), and June 27 (day doubleheader). Kansas City, July 5 (d), July 6 (twi-night doubleheader), and July 7 (n). Chicago, July 8-10 (n). . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Los Angeles, June 15-17 (night). San Francisco, June 18 (n), June 19 (at 4:05), and June 20 (day). St. Louis, June 28-30 (n) and July 1 (d). Chicago, July 2 (n), July 3 (d), and July 4 (day doubleheader).

Crew—Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. July 1-4.)

Racing—At ASCOT, England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting: June 15-18. . . . WOODBINE, Toronto: *The Queen's Plate, June 26*. . . . AQUEDUCT: June 30-July 31.

Soccer—At Yankee Stadium—Cosmos vs. Boston, June 16. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Toronto, June 18. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Rochester, June 30. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. St. Louis, July 2.

Tennis—International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England. June 21-July 3.)

Trotting—At Historic Track, Goshen: July 5-9.

Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, June 18.

Music—The Metropolitan Opera will present concert performances of "Aida" in Central Park on June 15 and of "Madame Butterfly" at Yankee Stadium on June 19. . . . ¶ Caramoor Festival, Katonah, N.Y., June 19-Aug. 22. . . . ¶ Guggenheim Outdoor Concerts by the Goldman Band in Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center, June 23-Aug. 15. . . . ¶ Newport Jazz Festival (Carnegie Hall, Radio City Music Hall, City Center, Loeb Student Center, a Staten Island ferry, the Roseland Ballroom, and Broadway from 50th Street to 54th at one time or another), June 25-July 5. . . . ¶ Mostly Mozart Festival, at Alice Tully Hall (362-1911), June 28-Aug. 28. . . . ¶ New York Philharmonic in Central Park, July 4. . . . ¶ Berkshire Festival, Lenox, Mass., July 9-Aug. 29.

Dance—Pennsylvania Ballet, at the City Center, June 15-20. . . . ¶ Australian Ballet, performing "The Merry Widow," at the Uris Theatre, June 22-July 3. . . . ¶ Russian Festival of Music and Dance, at the Metropolitan Opera House, June 28-July 17. . . . ¶ American Ballet Theatre, at the New York State Theatre, June 29-Aug. 7.

Other Dates—Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Tuesday, June 15. . . . ¶ June Flower Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., June 16. . . . ¶ The first day of summer is June 21. . . . ¶ The Democratic National Convention will start on July 12 in New York City.

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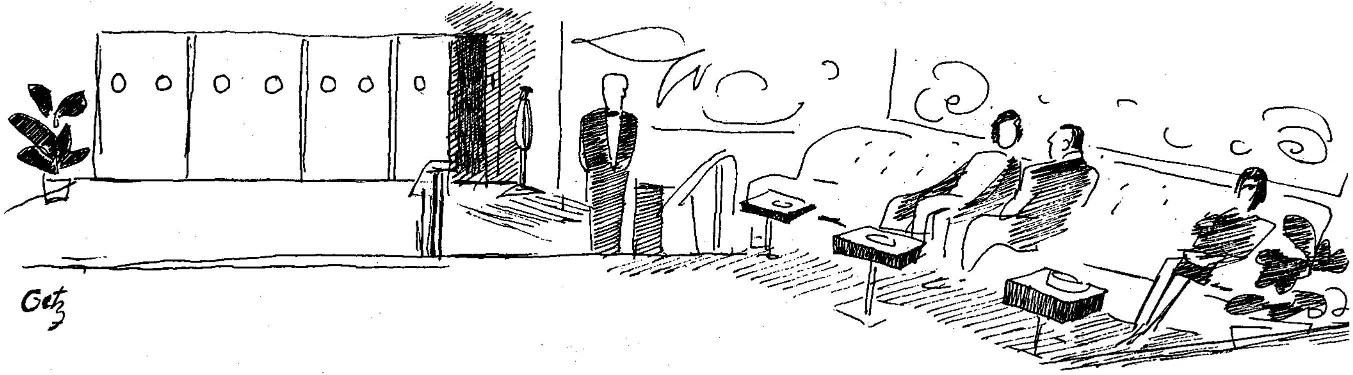

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Family Plot."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through June 8: "The Story of Adèle H." and "Amarcord."
From June 9: "Taxi Driver" and "Shampoo."

12th St. Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (254-4188)
To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 8: "Mahler."
From June 9: "Taxi Driver" and "Shampoo."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 8: "Taxi Driver."
From June 9: "Blazing Saddles."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2290)
Through June 8: "Love and Death" and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."
From June 9: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Family Plot."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Mother, Jugs & Speed."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Missouri Breaks."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Hollywood."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through June 5: "Family Plot."
From June 6: "The Last Woman."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Mother, Jugs & Speed."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Jewish Gauchos."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Man Who Skied Down Everest."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth."

First Avenue Cinema, 1st Ave. at 61st. (688-0143)
Through June 3: "The Bad News Bears" and "The Longest Yard."
From June 4: "Family Plot" and "Frenzy."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Eat My Dust."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Drive-In."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Face to Face."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Guernica."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"All the President's Men."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 8: "Seven Beauties."
From June 9: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Bad News Bears."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Mother, Jugs & Speed."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Leadbelly."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through June 8: "Drive-In."
From June 9: "A Boy and His Dog."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through June 8: "Embryo."
From June 9: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Missouri Breaks."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Embryo."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"La Chienne."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Missouri Breaks."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Seven Beauties."
Theatre 2: "A Piece of Pleasure."
Theatre 3: Through June 8: "The Bad News Bears." From June 9: "Robin and Marian."
Theatre 4: "Legacy."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Hawmps."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Blue Bird."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment, Part 2."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 8: "The Sunshine Boys" and "Smile."
From June 9: "The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox" and "Race with the Devil."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"End of the Game."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Children of Paradise."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Hollywood."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 8: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy."
From June 9: "Robin and Marian" and another feature, to be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Man Who Skied Down Everest."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Seven Beauties."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through June 8: "Blood Feast" and "Blood Bath." From June 9: "Lipstick."
Theatre 2: "Embryo."
Theatre 3: Through June 8: "Drive-In." From June 9: "Winterhawk."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 8: "A Piece of Pleasure."
From June 9: To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Missouri Breaks."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through June 8: "Blazing Saddles" and "Bananas."
From June 9: To be announced.

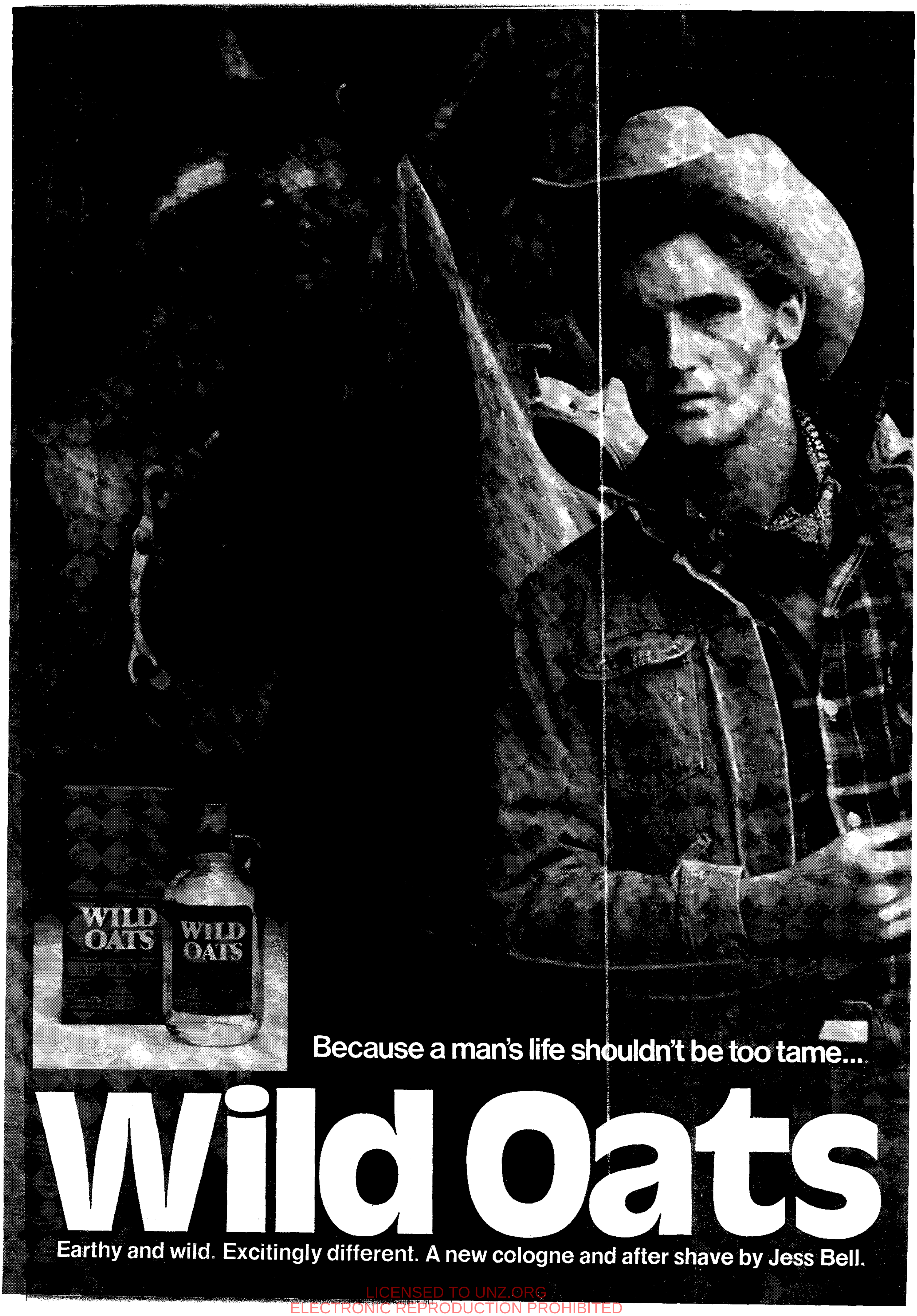
Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 8: "The Story of Adèle H." and "The Romantic Englishwoman."
From June 9: "All Screwed Up" and "The Seduction of Mimi."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres show revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
June 2: "Casque d'Or" (1952), in French, directed by Jacques Becker, with Simone Signoret, Serge Reggiani, and Claude Dauphin; and "Le Jour Se Lève" ("Daybreak;" 1939), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean Gabin, Jules Berry, and Arletty.
June 3: "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "Touch of Evil" (1958), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh.
June 4: "Payday" (†); and "Deliverance" (1972), directed by John Boorman, with Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox.
June 5: "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970), directed by Carl Reiner, with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere.
June 6: "Twentieth Century" (1934), directed by Howard Hawks, with John Barrymore and Carole Lombard; and "The Scoundrel" (1935), directed by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, with Noël Coward.
June 7: "Loves of a Blonde" (1965), a Czech film, directed by Miloš Forman; and "Love Affair." (†)
June 8: "The Fire Within" (†) and "The Thief of Paris." (†)
June 9: "The Importance of Being Earnest" (†); and "Pygmalion" (1938), directed by Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard, with Mr. Howard and Wendy Hiller.
June 10: "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Charles Aznavour.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
June 2 at 6 and 8:30: A program of experimental and avant-garde short films.
June 3: "The Milky Way" (1970), in French,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directed by Luis Buñuel; and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti.

June 4: "Save the Tiger" (†) and "The Arrangement." (†)

June 5: "The Last Picture Show" (†); and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie.

June 6: "Der Rosenkavalier" (1963), a Salzburg Festival performance, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Anneliese Rothenberger.

June 7: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962), directed by David Lean, with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.

June 8: "Shakespeare Wallah" (†) and "Bombay Talkie." (†)

June 9: "Up the River" (†) and "The Whole Town's Talking." (†)

June 10: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada; and "Muriel." (†)

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

Through June 3: "Swing Time" (1936), directed by George Stevens, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness; and "Shall We Dance" (1937), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore.

June 4-5: "All About Eve" (1950), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "The Gang's All Here" (1943), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Alice Faye and Carmen Miranda.

June 6-7: "There's No Business Like Show Business" (1954), directed by Walter Lang, with Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, Dan Dailey, Marilyn Monroe, Johnnie Ray, and Mitzi Gaynor; and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953), directed by Howard Hawks, with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe.

June 8: "Things to Come" (†) and "Transatlantic Tunnel." (†)

June 9: "Law and Disorder" (†); and "Born to Win" (1971), directed by Ivan Passer, with George Segal, Karen Black, Jay Fletcher, and Paula Prentiss.

June 10: "The Ruling Class" (†) and "Bedazzled." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through June 5: "The Outlaw" (1947), directed by Howard Hawks, with Jane Russell, Jack Buetel, Walter Huston, and Thomas Mitchell; and "Angel and the Bad Man" (1947), directed by James Edward Grant, with John Wayne, Gail Russell, and Bruce Cabot.

June 6-8: "Payment on Demand" (†); and "Of Human Bondage" (1934), directed by John Cromwell, with Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Frances Dee, and Kay Johnson.

From June 9: "Follow the Fleet" (†) and "Carefree." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 3 at 2:30: "Hands Up!" (1926), directed by Clarence Badger, with Raymond Griffith, Marion Nixon, and Mack Swain. . . . ¶ June 3 at 6: "Paths to Paradise" (1925), directed by Clarence Badger, with Raymond Griffith and Betty Compson; last reel missing. . . . ¶ June 3 at 8:30 and June 4 at 2:30: "You'd Be Surprised" (1926), directed by Arthur Rosson, with Raymond Griffith and Dorothy Sebastian; and "Open All Night" (1924), directed by Paul Bern, with Raymond Griffith and Viola Dana. . . . ¶ June 4 at 6: Black film comedians, including Bert Williams, Stepin Fetchit, and others. . . . ¶ June 5 at noon: "Ella Cinder" (1926), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Colleen Moore, Lloyd Hughes, and Harry Langdon. . . . ¶ June 5 at 2:30: "Kid Boots" (1926), directed by Frank Tuttle, with Eddie Cantor, Clara Bow, and Billie Dove. . . . ¶ June 5 at 5: Two films directed by, and with, Max Linder—"Seven Years Bad Luck" (1921) and "The Three-Must-Get-Theres" (1922). . . . ¶ June 6 at noon: Five Our Gang comedies, 1922-42. . . . ¶ June 6 at 2:30: "Fine Manners" (1926), directed by Richard Rosson, with Gloria Swanson. . . . ¶ June 6 at 5: "La Naissance du Cinéma" (1947), in French, directed by Roger Leenhardt; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ June 7 at noon: "Open All Night.". . . ¶ June 7 at 2:30: Two films by Max Linder. . . . ¶ June 7 at 6: A program of short films by George Landow. . . . ¶ June 8 at noon: "So This Is Paris" (1926), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Monte Blue, Patsy Ruth Miller, and Lilyan Tashman. . . . ¶ June 8 at 2:30: "The Marriage Circle" (1924), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Florence Vidor, Monte Blue, and Marie Prevost. . . . ¶ June 10 at 2:30: "The King on Main Street" (1925), directed by Monta Bell, with Adolphe Menjou and Bessie Love. . . . ¶ June 10 at 6: A program of short films by Harry Langdon, 1924-26. . . . ¶ June 10 at 8:30: Two films directed by Gregory La Cava, with W. C. Fields—"Running Wild" (1927), with Mary Brian; and "So's Your Old Man" (1926), with Buddy Rogers and Alice Joyce. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through June 6: A video program by William Wegman and John Baldessari. . . . ¶ Starting June 8: "TV Beauty Pageants" (1972-73) and "1972 National Political Conventions," two video programs by Billy Adler and John Margolies. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Vertov, Warhol, Kuchar, and French avant-garde filmmakers. Showings June 2-4 at 7 and 9; June 5 at 2:30, 7, and 9; June 6 at 8; June 8 at 7 and 9; June 9 at 7, and June 10 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Two cinéma-vérité films—"Jane" (1962) and "Mooney vs. Fowle" (1961). Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR *THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE* NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

All Screwed Up—A noisy, sprawling, incident-filled, slice-of-life comedy-melodrama about the corruption of the Sicilians who go to Milan. Wertmüller's point of view is chaotic. The women workers are shown to be acquisitive schemers who manipulate and exploit their men, and there's a ballet in a slaughterhouse which has comic bravura but is so ambiguous that we seem to be asked to laugh at the dead animals. In Italian. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/16/76.) (Olympia; starting June 9.)

All the President's Men—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors; Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. (4/12/76) (Loews Tower East.)

Amarcord (1974)—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. In Italian. (9/23/74) (St. Marks Cinema; through June 8.)

The Arrangement (1969)—Elia Kazan wrote and directed this monstrously unconvincing story of a successful advertising man's breakdown. With Kirk Douglas, Faye Dunaway, and Deborah Kerr. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 4.)

The Bad News Bears—A story of a team of sort of mini-Mets, with Tatum O'Neal as a pitcher, and Walter Matthau as a coach who feeds his team Coke and franks and pours slugs of Scotch into his cans of beer. (Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ First Avenue Cinema; through June 3. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through June 8.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (Thalia; through June 8.)

Bedazzled (1967)—A funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, and Eleanor Bron. (Elgin; June 10.)

Blazing Saddles (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (Thalia; through June 8. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting June 9.)

The Blue Bird—Fly away. With Elizabeth Taylor, Jane Fonda, Cicely Tyson, Ava Gardner, and Will Geer; directed by George Cukor. (5/24/76) (Music Hall.)

Bombay Talkie (1970)—A James Ivory film about a bored English woman novelist (Jennifer Kendal) who destroys the life of a young Indian film star (Shashi Kapoor). Ivory's attempt to use the clichés of early Hollywood melodrama for an ironic effect doesn't work out, but the film is full of fine marginal details—a guru showing his followers color slides of his conquest of Los Angeles, the preparations for a musical film, with plump-bottomed Indian girls dancing on giant typewriter keys. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 8.)

A Boy and His Dog—A futuristic film with Don Johnson, directed by L. Q. Jones. R-rated. (86th St. East; starting June 9.)

Carefree (1938)—Ginger Rogers is particularly sexy and wackily funny in this pairing with Astaire. He's a psychiatrist this time, which allows for the lovely, hypnotic "Change Partners" dance when he puts her in a trance. The plot is on the tedious side, and the supporting cast is less than luminous (Jack Carson, Luella Gear, Ralph Bellamy), but the Irving Berlin score includes "The Yam," and the picture is wonderful fun, for all its faults. Mark Sandrich directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 9.)

La Chienne (1931)—Jean Renoir's story of He, She, and the Other Guy. He is a married cashier and a Sunday painter called Legrand (Michel Simon), who is wed to a shrew of a wife. She is a flour-faced tart called Lulu (Janie Marèze), and the Other Guy is Dédé (Georges Flamant), a dapper pimp. We move, as we so often do in a Renoir film, from discord to incomparable harmony. Greatly rewarding. In French. (5/3/76) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Paris.)

Drive-In—With Lisa Lemole, directed by Rod Amateau. (Columbia II. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through June 8.)

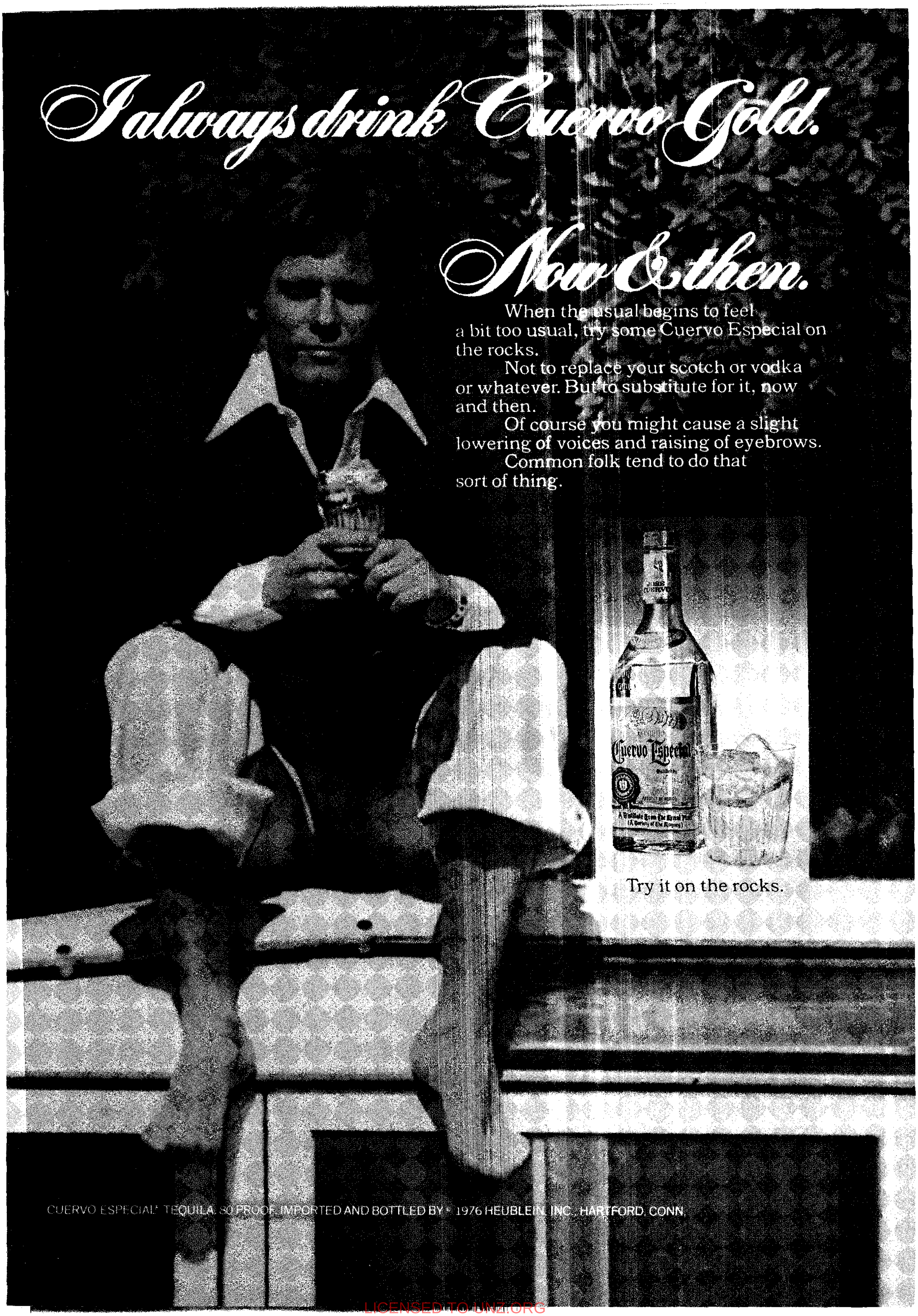
The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox—George Segal, Goldie Hawn, directed by Melvin Frank in what is described as a bawdy comedy-Western. Self-congratulatory, as at an Academy Awards binge. (Playboy; starting June 9.)

Eat My Dust—With Ron Howard, directed by Charles Griffith. (Columbia I.)

Embryo—With Rock Hudson, Diane Ladd, and Barbara Carrera; directed by Ralph Nelson. (Waverly, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through June 8.)

End of the Game—A suspense film, with Jon Voight, Jacqueline Bisset, Martin Ritt, and Robert Shaw. Directed by Maximilian Schell. (Little Carnegie.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Sex (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired take-off on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Kips Bay; through June 8.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvelously vivid and thoughtful—and surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Beekman.)

Family Plot—Hitchcock's fifty-third film, made in his seventy-seventh year, is perhaps his most sparkling and most good-natured, full of sly jokes. Barbara Harris plays a pretty, permanently famished clairvoyant who nearly throttles her boyfriend (Bruce Dern) when their car's brake fluid has been nefariously interfered with. The posh villains are played by Karen Black and William Devane. (4/19/76) (Art, and Murray Hill. . . . ¶ Fine Arts; through June 5. . . . ¶ First Avenue Cinema; starting June 4.)

The Fire Within (1963)—A neglected small masterwork. A Scott Fitzgerald-like young man in Paris seeks out a variety of old friends before putting a bullet in his heart. A beautiful picture, thanks to the acting of Maurice Ronet and the direction of Louis Malle. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 8.)

Follow the Fleet (1936)—Astaire and Rogers at their most buoyant. In this one, Astaire and Randolph Scott are (implausible) shipmates, and Rogers and Harriet Hilliard are (implausible) sisters. (From Hilliard's enervated performance, one would never guess that she would go on to be a TV star.) The material, derived from the play "Shore Leave" (which had earlier become the musical "Hit the Deck"), isn't as sophisticated as in the best-known Astaire-Rogers movies, but the corniness is pleasant enough, the numbers are mostly playful and fresh, and the Irving Berlin score includes "Let Yourself Go," "I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket," and the big finale, "Let's Face the Music and Dance." The cast includes Astrid Allwyn as the villainess bitch, and Betty Grable, Lucille Ball, and Tony Martin. Mark Sandrich directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 9.)

Frenzy (1972)—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch in his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt). Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition. (First Avenue Cinema; starting June 4.)

Guernica—With Mariangela Melato, directed by Fernando Arrabal. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Hawmps—A comedy with James Hampton, Christopher Connelly, and Slim Pickens. Directed by Joe Camp, who made "Benji." (Guild.)

The Importance of Being Earnest (1952)—Oscar Wilde's deliriously convoluted, perfect comedy. This English production, directed by Anthony Asquith, is a bit stagy but marvellously acted, especially by Edith Evans, Joan Greenwood, Margaret Rutherford, and Michael Redgrave. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 9.)

The Jewish Gauchos—A film, with music, about some Russian Jews who resettle in Argentina in the eighteen-nineties. With Pepe Soriano and Luis Politti, directed by Juan Jose Jusid. In Spanish. (Baronet.)

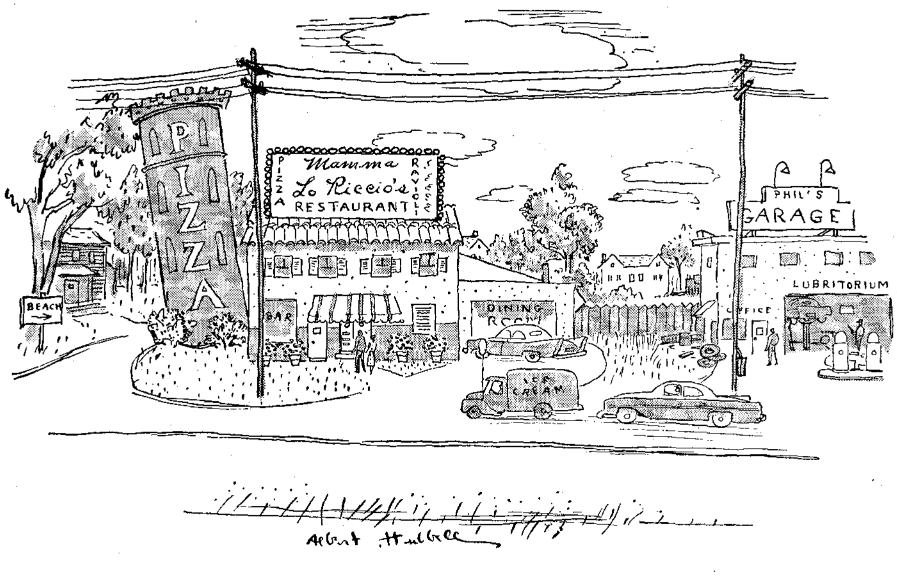
The Last Picture Show (1971)—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 5.)

The Last Woman—With Gerard Depardieu, directed by Marco Ferreri. In French. (Fine Arts; starting June 6.)

Law and Disorder (1974)—While you're watching this comedy about the frustrations and foul-ups of New Yorkers Carroll O'Connor and Ernest Borgnine as they try to protect their families by organizing an auxiliary-police unit, you can tell how the scenes were meant to play and why they don't. You can see that the gifted Czech director, Ivan Passer, doesn't have the unconscious equipment for the look and feel of ordinary American life, and that he is trying to strike a compromise between his feelings and the demands of the American marketing system—and satisfying neither. O'Connor has some fine restrained moments, and Alan Arbus contributes an entertaining bit, but the film is a painful failure. (10/21/74) (Elgin; June 9.)

Leadbelly—Directed by Gordon Parks in banal color. The story of the famous guitarist who became a folk hero in spite of imprisonment. Good-natured but not very distinguished. Still, a sincerely told piece. (Loews Ciné.)

Legacy—Karen Arthur produced and directed this near monologue, written and played by Joan Hotchkis. The heroine's husband is away, her children are at camp, and she has nothing to do but make a fuss about her weight, badger a busy maid about a centerpiece she wants to make for a dinner party, and almost have a nervous breakdown over a serf who has lost one of her silver butter knives down the garbage-disposal unit. A little scathing humor about well-heeled analysands with nothing to do would have greatly helped the picture, a film made by women that is curiously bitchy about women. (5/24/76) (Quad Cinema.)



Lipstick—Smeared. With Margaux Hemingway and Chris Sarandon, directed by Lamont Johnson. (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting June 9.)

The Longest Yard (1974)—Burt Reynolds, as a sellout quarterback turned superstud gigolo, lands in prison; he rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of convicts fight for theirs. The picture is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it: everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Robert Aldrich directed this comic fantasy, centering on a football game between crazily ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, it's almost irresistibly good-natured and funny. With Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters. (10/14/74) (First Avenue Cinema; through June 3.)

Love Affair (1968)—Yugoslav, not half bad, about an affair between—we swear—a switchboard operator and a rat exterminator. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 7.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Festival. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through June 8.)

Love and Death (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Kips Bay; through June 8.)

Mahler—Ken Russell's lurid love for music is well-known: sober and good in his early days at the BBC, where he worked on film biographies of Delius, Elgar, and Richard Strauss, he has lately been producing stinkers, in pieces about Tchaikovsky, Liszt, and Mahler. Mahler is well played by Robert Powell, though he stares through us rather like a medium in a trance. Composing music is not a trance; it's hard work, like plumbing. (4/26/76) (Cinema Village; through June 8.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth—With David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; directed by Nicolas Roeg. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I, and Cinema II.)

The Man Who Skied Down Everest—A documentary. The man is the Japanese skier Yuichiro Miura. (Reviewed in this issue.) (D. W. Griffith, and Regency.)

The Missouri Breaks—Arthur Penn somehow kept this picture afloat in spite of a signal contribution by Marlon Brando that is not so much a performance as a turn, though a scintillating one. He plays what is called a "regulator" in the eighteen-eighties in Montana, brought in to stop horse rustling; Jack Nicholson, who affably allows himself to be overshadowed, gives a very interesting, quiet performance as a roamer become domesticated. Worth seeing for these two performances, but Brando's lazy brilliance at actor's legerdemain sometimes takes the eye off the narrative, which the immensely intelligent Penn probably conceived as a picture about the dying days of the frontier spirit and the undernourished souls of people living on their own myths. Thomas McGuane's script is adept, but jerky and smart-alecky. (5/31/76) (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Greenwich, and Symphony.)

Mother, Jugs & Speed—A comedy-adventure about an ambulance company in Los Angeles. With Bill Cosby, Raquel Welch, and Harvey Keitel; directed by Peter Yates. (34th St. East, Plaza, and Loews Orpheum.)

Muriel (1963)—Alain Resnais's experiment in fragmented flashback and flash-forward editing. The fragmentation, probably intended as a comment on modern life, is more irritating than illuminating. Delphine Seyrig is the forty-year-old antique dealer in whose

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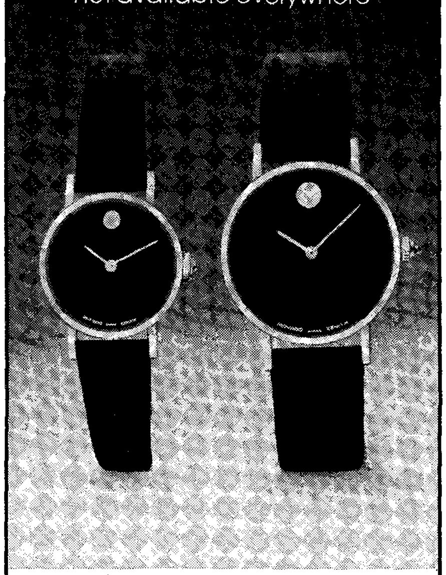

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

symbolic shop (where she also lives) time and memory are scrambled and chopped up. Script by Jean Cayrol; music by Hans Werner Henze, sung by Rita Streich. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 10.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Trans-Lux East, and U.A. East.)

Payday (1973)—A fine film, too long neglected. Shot entirely on location in Alabama, it is an acrid, hardboiled melodrama with a feeling for authentic characters and details. An exceptionally functional script, by the novelist Don Carpenter, makes it possible for the director, Daryl Duke, to cover the grimy country-music scene of a small-time recording star—a goaty, rancidly unromantic third-rate Johnny Cash. Rip Torn, with his smirking satyr grin, will probably never have a role that suits him better. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 4.)

Payment on Demand (1951)—This Bette Davis picture—the story of a hideously bad marriage—was made just before "All About Eve," though it wasn't released until afterward. Davis plays a wrongheaded wife who drives her husband (Barry Sullivan) to success and into the arms of another woman (Frances Dee). Davis has so many outbursts that Sullivan, who has to listen to them, looks benumbed. The wife's treacherousness and racism also affect viewers' minds. By the time the celebrated stage actress, Jane Cowl, turns up as a broken-down divorcée who is reduced to sharing her life with a grubby poet—a spectacle that shatters Davis's wicked complacency and causes her to reform—the special disease of dull "women's pictures" has set in: a sogginess of the intellect. With Kent Taylor, John Sutton, Otto Kruger, Natalie Schafer, Richard Anderson, and, in the flashback sequence, Davis's own daughter, playing her child. Curtis Bernhardt directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 6-8.)

A Piece of Pleasure—With Paul Gegauff and Danielle Gegauff, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through June 8.)

Race with the Devil—With Peter Fonda, Loretta Swit, and Warren Oates; directed by Jack Starrett. (Playboy; starting June 9.)

Robin and Marian—Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn are wittily matched, and their dark-brown eyes are full of life, but the picture's revisionist approach to legends results in a series of trivializing attitudes and whimsical poses. The line between tragic horror and joking make-believe has got smudged; the film is so sententious that it's difficult to gauge when to laugh and when to be appalled. Richard Lester directed from James Goldman's script; with Robert Shaw, Nicol Williamson, and Richard Harris. (3/22/76) (Quad Cinema, and Cinema Studio; starting June 9.)

The Romantic Englishwoman—Michael Caine is the pulp-writer husband, and Glenda Jackson is the discontented wife, and this is another flaccid essay on infidelity, with prissy-mouthed Helmut Berger as the gigolo intruder. Directed by Joseph Losey. (12/8/75) (Olympia; through June 8.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Elgin; June 10.)

The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea—From the late Yukio Mishima's book. Sarah Miles plays a beautiful young widow cursed with an angelic-faced son who is a member of a club of sadistic schoolboys. The boys not only cut up a cat alive but calmly murder the sailor whom the boy's mother means to marry—Kris Kristofferson—because they feel that his decision to become a landlubber husband has broken his sacred compact with the sea. This very Japanese and violent idea of a religious pact has been transferred to, of all places, Dartmouth, in Devon, with its tea shops and benign, mannerly colonels. (4/26/76) (Coronet.)

Save the Tiger (1973)—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 4.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Festival. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through June 8. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting June 9.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through June 8.)

Shakespeare Wallah (1965)—A bittersweet tale of a troupe of English actors down on their luck in India. Directed by James Ivory and with an excellent cast of English and Indian actors. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 8.)

Shampoo (1975)—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who is also the producer). (2/17/75) (St. Marks Cinema, and Cinema Village; starting June 9.)

Smile—A fresh, mussed-up comedy about the California finals of a national "Young American Miss" contest. With Bruce Dern as the chief judge, Barbara Feldon as the girls' den mother, Michael Kidd as the choreographer brought in to stage the beauty pageant, and several talented new actresses—Maria O'Brien, Joan Prather, and Annette O'Toole. Michael Ritchie's direction is highly variable in quality, but he's a whiz at catching details of frazzled behavior. The script is by Jerry Belson. (10/6/75) (Playboy; through June 8.)

The Story of Adèle H.—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through June 8.)

The Sunshine Boys—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. Directed by Herbert Ross. (11/17/75) (Playboy; through June 8.)

TAXI DRIVER—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Gramercy; through June 8. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Cinema Village; starting June 9.)

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT, PART 2—Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire narrate a sequence of clips from the M-G-M vaults, which are presumably up to providing us with "That's Entertainment, Part 2002." There are some splendid things here, full of genuine fun and conviviality, though the narration is of the A = A sort. A mood of buoyancy presides, and so does the child's dream of being allowed to stay up all night ("Singin' in the Rain"). There are the Marx Brothers in the packed-stateroom scene from "A Night at the Opera;" there is Grace Kelly graciously running her finger around the rim of a champagne glass and, as you would expect, not touching the stuff, in Cole Porter's "You're Sensational" from "High Society;" there is Esther Williams swimming and water-skiing magnificently. Highly recommended for kids, and adults are likely to be entranced by the comedic beauty of some of the clips. (5/24/76) (Ziegfeld.)

THE THIEF OF PARIS (1967)—Jean-Paul Belmondo in a very fine account by Louis Malle of the state of mind of a nihilist thief in late-nineteenth-century France. Photographed by the great Henri Decae. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 8.)

THINGS TO COME (1936)—The most elaborate science-fiction movie ever made in England until "2001." H. G. Wells wrote the tendentious screenplay, the celebrated designer William Cameron Menzies directed, Georges Périnal was the cinematographer, and Arthur Bliss wrote the score. It's a handsome movie, with great costumes and some wonderful howlers (by Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson) in the dialogue and acting. (Elgin; June 8.)

TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL (1935)—Though actually a remake of a much better German sci-fi adventure film, this melodramatic English production, directed by Maurice Elvey, has some memorable and gripping sequences once it gets under way—which takes a while. The title tells the story: it's about trying to drive a tunnel under the Atlantic, with all the floods and eruptions imaginable. Strong-jawed Richard Dix, one of the most likable early screen stars, is the lead, with Madge Evans opposite him. (Elgin; June 8.)

UP THE RIVER (1930)—The setting is Sing Sing, and damned if the inmates don't file into their cells at night and break into melodious lullabies, their trained voices ringing in the stone corridors; after vespers, the moonlight pours in upon their sleeping, tranquil faces. In this coeducational prison, gracious women prisoners engage in badinage—and occasional dalliance—with the men. According to rumors at the time, this film, directed by John Ford, was originally planned as a grim melodrama of prison life and then changed to a comedy; however, the little humor there is seems mostly inadvertent. The picture did nothing to advance the careers of two newcomers to the screen—Spencer Tracy and Humphrey Bogart—who, with Warren Hymer, played the leads. Maurine Watkins, author of the play "Chicago," is credited with the script, but since there were other, uncredited hands involved, she shouldn't get the rap. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 9.)

WINTERHAWK—Michael Dante as Winterhawk, leader of the Canadian Blackfeet during the eighteen-forties. Directed by Charles B. Pierce. (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting June 9.)

THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING (1935)—Early John Ford melodrama-comedy about a toughie girl called Bill (Jean Arthur) whom a mild clerk dotes on. Edward G. Robinson is in the picture in a double part, playing both the clerk and a twin-faced gangster. Like many of Ford's movies, the film sweetens the air with its lack of violence and its feeling for human detail. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 9.)

WON TON TON, THE DOG WHO SAVED HOLLYWOOD—A lot of mummified-looking human co-stars in cameo parts playing second role to a hyper-trained dog. (Sutton, and Paramount.)

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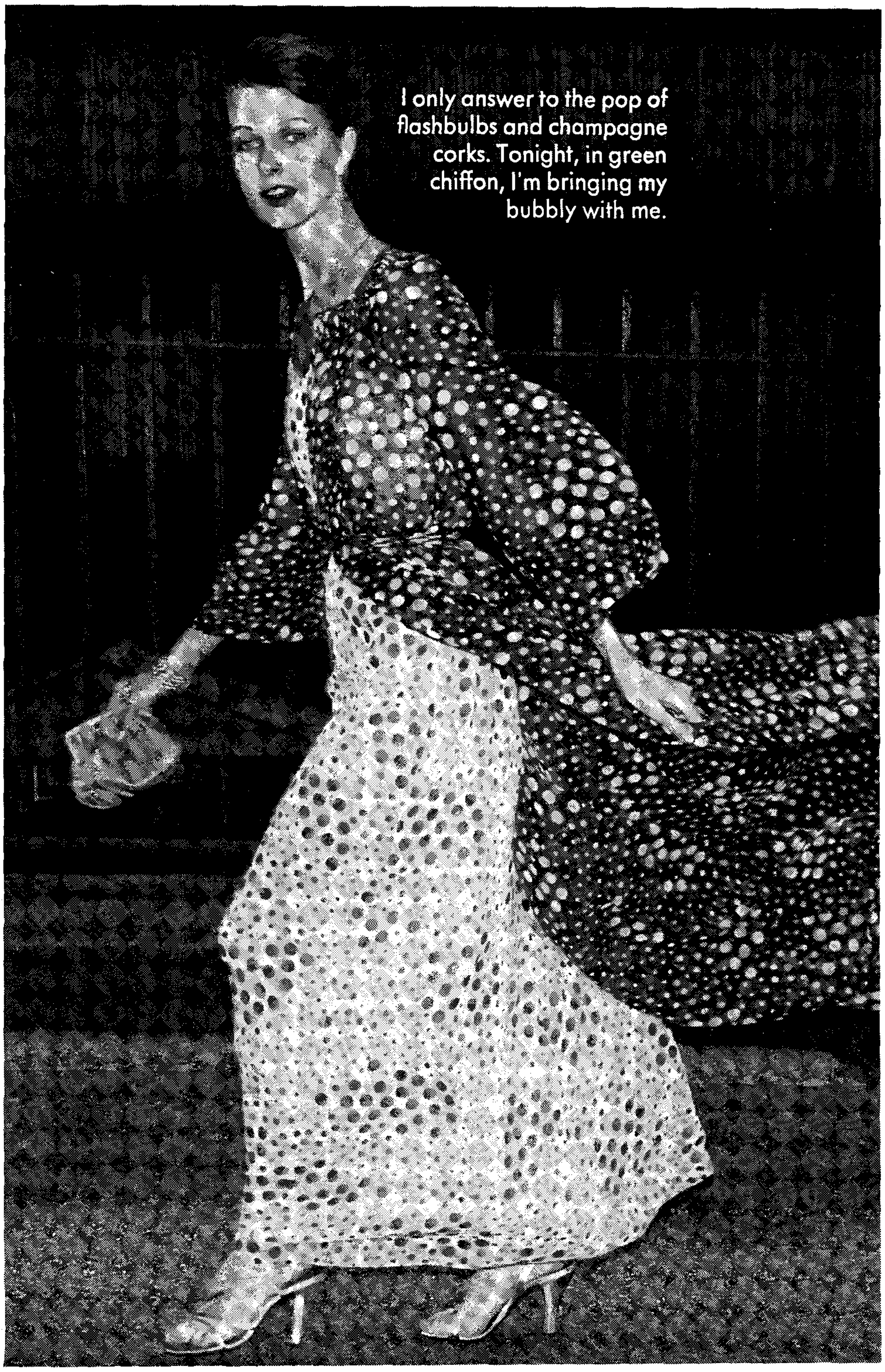

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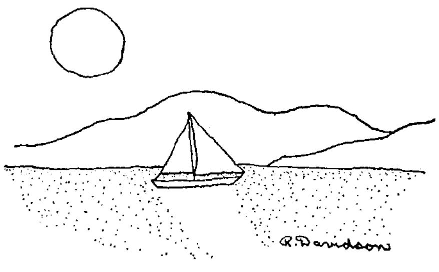
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN the Republican Party primary campaigns this year, a debate on American defense policy has broken out between the Ford Administration and the advocates of a more belligerent policy toward the Soviet Union, who are led by former California Governor Ronald Reagan. Outside the most conservative Republican circles, the tendency has been to dismiss Governor Reagan's position—especially when he addresses himself to the subject of the Panama Canal—but in the White House his position is taken very seriously. A list of Administration moves in recent months which were made at least in part because of the pressure from Governor Reagan would have to include Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller's removal of himself from the Ford ticket, President Ford's abandonment of the word "détente," Henry Kissinger's announcement that he would prefer to step down as Secretary of State even if President Ford remains in the White House, and the postponement of our effort to reach new agreements in the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks. Moreover, Governor Reagan has set the terms of the campaign debate. Attention centers on whether or not the United States is the No. 1 military power in the world. This question evidently holds considerable interest for a part of the public, but it has little to do with the defense policies that have now been in effect for a good twenty years and that seem likely to remain in effect for some time. When nuclear weaponry made its appearance in human affairs, the question of what military superiority was became, at the very least, ambiguous. From the moment when Achilles slew Hector before the walls of Troy until the opening of the nuclear age, the usefulness of military superiority was plain, but once nuclear weaponry developed, the value of increasing one's arms beyond a certain point was lost. Achilles, who fought with a spear, never thought to worry that his strength might be growing too great for the peace of mind of his foe, but the preëminent modern warriors, who possess nuclear weapons, must entertain just this apprehension. They know that if they increase their strength to the point where a first strike would eliminate the retaliatory capacity of the foe, then the foe may be tempted to launch a first strike himself, thereby bringing about what it is the aim of the nuclear balance to forestall: annihilation. Thus, it is one of the countless ironies of the nuclear age that each of the two great nuclear powers depends for its safety on the strength of the other's arms. Considerations such as this have revolutionized the conduct of policy on both sides of the iron curtain. Most notably, both the United States and the Soviet Union have adopted the policy of deterrence, which, far from requiring nuclear "superiority" on either side, requires only that each side have the power to retaliate after suffering a first strike. In fact, it is of the essence of the deterrence policy that clear "superiority" on one side or the other be avoided, because "superiority" would create an imbalance, and an imbalance would destroy the "stability" on which the whole system rests. What the candidates now promise is therefore not merely irrelevant but potentially harmful to the policy of our government. The irony becomes particularly acute when one of the candidates *is* the President, for he is then placed in the position of undermining his own policy. A dangerous gap has grown up between the increasingly secret realm of action and the public realm of political oratory. In the world in which policy is made, the paradoxical rules of the nuclear age are in force, but in the world in which political candidates live and make their speeches, the talk is all of who is No. 1, and we are back in the age of Achilles and Hector.



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Citizen Group

DURING the congressional elections of 1970, 1972, and 1974, the Dirty Dozen Campaign Committee, an environmental-improvement outfit based in Washington, organized campaigns in various congressional districts against members of the House of Representatives whom the committee considered to be particularly guilty, legislatively speaking, of sacrificing environmental interests to commercial interests. In each of these elections, the committee selected twelve members of the House—its "dirty dozen"—as targets. Since it opposed some incumbents more than once, the total number of its targets amounted to thirty-one—nineteen of whom were defeated.

The director of the Dirty Dozen Campaign Committee is a dark-haired, mustached, bespectacled, twenty-nine-year-old man named Dennis Bass, and we had lunch with him in Washington the other day to talk about how his organization operates and what its plans are for this year. "We're a subdivision of Environmental Action, which is one of the main environmentalist lobbies here," he began. "Actually, the dirty-dozen idea was the result of Environmental Action's frustration in getting legislation moving on the Hill. Members wouldn't listen to E.A., because business forces on the opposite side had all the power. So we decided in 1970 to go directly to the people and say, 'Hey, it's up to you! Only you can do it.' Of course, we can't prove *we* beat nineteen out of thirty-one incumbents between 1970 and 1974, but since on the average less than ten per cent of all incumbents lose and in these races the figure was sixty per cent, we feel we made the crucial difference. And more and more members of Congress apparently fear that we're right, because now they're a lot more ready to listen to environmentalists' legislative proposals."

After pausing to take a sip of beer, Bass continued, "We announced this year's dirty dozen late in March, after a thorough survey of various factors. The first was how House members had voted on fourteen key environmental issues, including strip mining, water resources, nuclear energy, solar energy, automobile emissions, pesticide regulation, energy conservation, mass-transit financing, and supersonic transports. Then we checked on each prospective target's district, to see if serious environmental problems existed there, and if there were enough people in the district who were concerned about such problems. We also checked to see if there were enough groups—like the Sierra Club, Friends of the Earth, the Audubon Society, senior-citizen societies, consumer groups, farm groups, the League of Women Voters, labor unions—whose members would be willing to oppose an incumbent with a bad environmental record. Once we were satisfied that there was a chance to beat the incumbent, we went in. Right now, we're sending our staff out to organize coalitions with people we know in these twelve districts. We're really geared up to start moving. Later, we'll be monitoring what's going on, and we'll be drawing up leaflets, placing newspaper ads, holding rallies, and so forth. Local people have to be out in front on this, because it's their district, it's their congressman, it's their concern as citizens. Before going into a district, we also check on the challenger to see that he's good on environmental issues. But if the incumbent has a powerful position in Congress which affects votes on environmental issues, we'll oppose him even if we're less than enthusiastic about the challenger, on the theory that almost any freshman will be better than an incumbent with great power to be used against the health of our planet. We don't endorse anyone; we just oppose the incumbent. We don't spend money in support of a challenger, because under the new campaign-spending law any money we spent would have to be reported under his expenditures. Also, we are an independent campaign committee and intend to remain one. So we publicize the incumbent's record on environmental issues, but in our publicity we rarely mention the challenger's name. We got a big boost the other day when Leonard Woodcock, president of the United Auto Workers, publicly stated that every one of this year's dirty dozen has a 'terrible' labor record, and urged workers to back our campaigns throughout the country—two in Ohio, one each in California, New Hampshire, Iowa, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Idaho, Maryland, Georgia, Texas, and Arizona."

The committee's most prominent target this year, Bass went on, is Representative John Rhodes, Republican of Arizona, who replaced Gerald Ford as Minority Leader. "Of the fourteen votes we based our decision on, Rhodes came out in favor of the environment only once," Bass said. "When our list was announced, he accused us of being subjective, since, he said, there were at least sixty-five other members with worse environmental records than his. Then he filed a complaint against us with the Fair Campaign Practices Committee, which rejected it. And he and a hundred other members also asked the House Republican Research Committee to study the feasibility of a law to restrict public listings like ours. That's a curious way to dismiss citizens' Constitutional right of free speech. But it suggests that he's taking our challenge seriously. We believe he's scared. We also believe that he is leading an organized effort to destroy our committee in order to discourage other public-interest citizen groups from banding together to demand reform in other areas. We think we've got a good chance to beat Rhodes and at least four others of the dirty dozen. If we succeed, that will encourage all kinds of citizen groups, and it will scare the wits out of those special-interest members of Congress who persistently ignore the public's true needs. While our principal goal is to save our earth, our water, and our air, we may also, along the way, show the people that they can have a direct say in how their country is run."

We asked how much money and how many staff members the Dirty Dozen Campaign Committee's efforts require, and Bass answered, "Our current budget is thirty thousand dollars—all of it to be collected from individual donors—but we hope to get more than that by November. As for the staff, there are three of us."

In Central Park

RACE: A hundred and forty-seven people entered the Y.M.C.A. five-mile championship race through Central Park a couple of Saturdays ago. For the most part, the event attracted earnest, amateurish "joy-of-jogging" types, although a few strictly-business ringers were also on hand. When it was all over, a hundred and forty-two people finished the race, and fifty of them received various trophies, plaques, and medals. These figures do not necessarily mean that each contestant had approximately a one-in-three chance of winning something. For instance, Ruth Baker, who is fifty-four years old and finished one-hundred-and-fortieth, was able to take home a medal because the judges simply felt like giving her an award for showing up. Bert Lenner, who is thirty-eight and, as it turned out, finished one-hundred-and-forty-first, stood no real chance of winning anything, but then he was more preoccupied with the basic question of whether he would finish at all. "And I probably will," he predicted. "Just as long as there's some sort of tail wind out there." Lenner, who wore a baseball umpire's blue cap, which he would rotate during the race to take advantage of the wind currents, seemed to be sweating nervously when we spoke with him near the registration desk at the West Side Y, on Sixty-third Street, before the race, but he said he had no real worries. Neither did entrant No. 177, a woman, who nonchalantly told a friend, "I went to the nurse yesterday and she said, 'Why are you here?' I said, 'Because I feel very dizzy.' And she said, 'Of course you do—your blood pressure's only one hundred over sixty, when it should be one hundred and twenty over eighty. One hundred over sixty is very low.' So there's a good chance I'll faint out there. Watch me."

Nicole Rudé-Field, No. 154, who was in the under-thirty age bracket and was about to run in her third race, wandered in and out of the registration room and didn't say anything. "She's completely whacked out before a race," said John Weiss, who coaches the runners at the McBurney Y, on West Twenty-third Street, and owns a shop called Runner's World nearby, on Seventh Avenue. "She's come to me for advice a few times. She stares at me, concentrates on what I tell her, buys the right books, the right shoes, eats the right food. Four months ago, she wasn't really a runner. In four more, she'll be a marathoner. I only take credit for winners."

A late entrant came in carrying a red crash helmet under one arm and wearing sunglasses pushed up over his forehead, a khaki safari shirt, and leather sneakers. Weiss noticed him and said, with more than a hint of derision, "This guy's a ringer. He just joined the Y a couple of days ago so he could enter the race. Supposed to have run a lot of competition. Four-hundred-metre races."

About half an hour before post time, the competitors began to gather near the starting line, next to the Tavern-on-the-Green, at Sixty-seventh Street. Some runners did demi-pliés, others bent to touch their toes, a few just stood around tugging at their T-shirts and discussing their blisters.

One spectator was concerned about entrant No. 105. "Do you have anyone to pace you?" the spectator asked.

"I don't know," said No. 105. "This is only my third time to run five miles."

"Well, if you feel like you're having a heart attack, be sure to stop."

"All right," No. 105 promised. "I'll remember to do that."

The last snatch of conversation we caught before the starting pistol went off was No. 152, a woman, telling No. 29, who looked something like a Marine drill instructor, "*Nobody* can go faster than you." As it turned out, however, seventy-three runners could go faster than No. 29, including David Murray, the winner—clocked in twenty-six minutes forty seconds—and Lauri Pedrinan, the first woman to finish, who came in thirty-second, and whose time was thirty-two minutes seventeen seconds. When No. 29 crossed the finish line (time: 36:56), his mouth looked like the open end of a front-loading cargo plane. A minute or so later, No. 152 sprinted home in a frenzy of primal screams.

All the finishers treated themselves to a dip of water from the water bucket, with as many people pouring the stuff over their heads as drinking it. When the judges had compiled the results, they posted the finishing times on the back windows of a Chevy van parked near the scoring table, and a crowd gathered. At this point, a collective sense of positive reinforcement manifested itself among the competitors, and the people who had run the race in thirty-five minutes kept telling the forty-five-minute runners how well they had done.

There was little bragging, although John Garrison, who is thirteen years old, seemed pleased with his performance—33:44, in forty-fourth place. "That's great," he exulted. "That's a lot better than my other times."

"You did great, Johnny," said a small girl in a red T-shirt and blue corduroy pants, patting him on the back. "A lot better than your other times."

We talked with her and learned that she is John's sister Katharine; is eight years old and in the third grade; and won a race last summer in Van Cortlandt Park, in the Bronx.

"Why didn't you run in the race today?" we asked her.

"Because I'm not in shape," she said.

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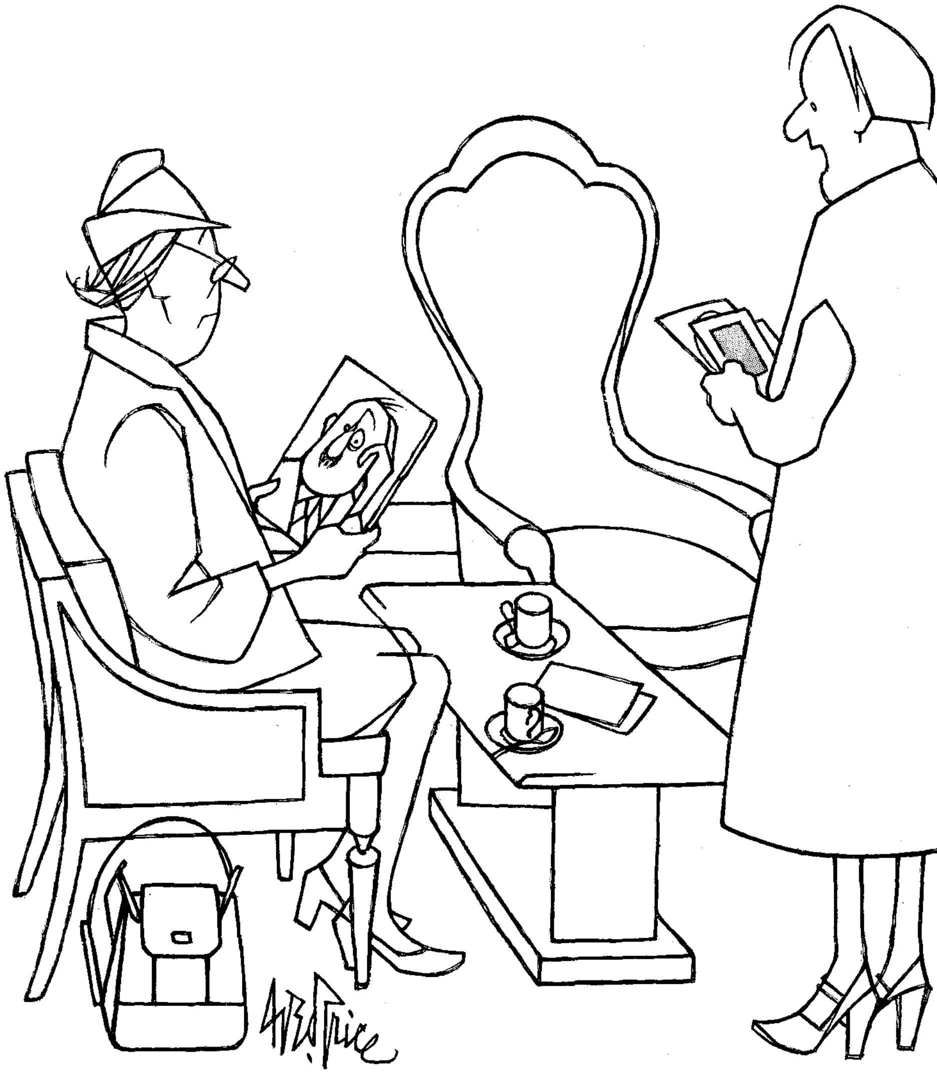
LINES: The Hospitality Industry Foundation of New York City, which was recently set up by a group of New York restaurateurs, sponsored a Saturday food festival in the Mall and Literary Walk area of Central Park, and never before have we seen so many New Yorkers in one place having so much fun. Seventy-two restaurants participated, each with a booth and each selling one or two dishes, sometimes brought over from the restaurant and sometimes prepared on the spot. The visitors ate all the food sold by the participating restaurants, watched musicians and other performers perform, strolled around, and were polite to one another. The police estimated that more than three hundred thousand men, women, and children were present. There were so many people at the festival that a lot of them had to stand in lines, sometimes up to forty-five minutes, just to pay five dollars for a book of twenty tickets that enabled them to buy servings of food ordinarily sold as *spécialités de la maison* at the participating restaurants. Then there were long lines for the food. The line at the "21" Club booth (steak tartare) was about two blocks long. The line at Marvin Gardens (mussels marinière and tabouleh salad) was about three blocks long. The line at Beefsteak Charlie's (slices of steak on a bun) was about four blocks long. There was a line at just about every food booth; and even to get a hot dog from a hot-dog vender who was not an official part of the food festival required waiting in line. No one seemed to mind.

We walked around, and here are some of the things we saw: a man



"That's my Horace in 1957, just before he lost his train of thought."

juggling with cowbells and tambourines; a woman spinning a pie pan on a stick while doing somersaults; a man dressed in black doing magic tricks; a man dressed in black telling jokes about balloons; a clown; a mime; three flamenco dancers; a man playing an accordion; and a puppeteer. We met three boys collecting yogurt-cup tops at the Dannon Milk Products booth. They said that they had already collected seven thousand tops and that they hoped to have enough to be included in the Guinness Book of World Records. We stopped in at the Lost Children Area but didn't see any lost children. We saw six stout Spanish-speaking women with purple jumbo rollers in their hair relaxing under a tree. Near the end of the afternoon, we stopped by the bandshell, where various groups were performing. There was a rock group called Lance, and it was well received. There was a group called the West Side Singers, unaccompanied by any musical instrument. Its members looked like a Better Citizens Committee. They tuned up their voices by singing a few bars of "I'll Never Fall in Love Again." Then they sang all the way through "Spinning Wheel," the old Blood, Sweat & Tears hit, with much vigor and in perfect harmony. By the end of it, they had lost a good many of the younger members of their audience.

Gala

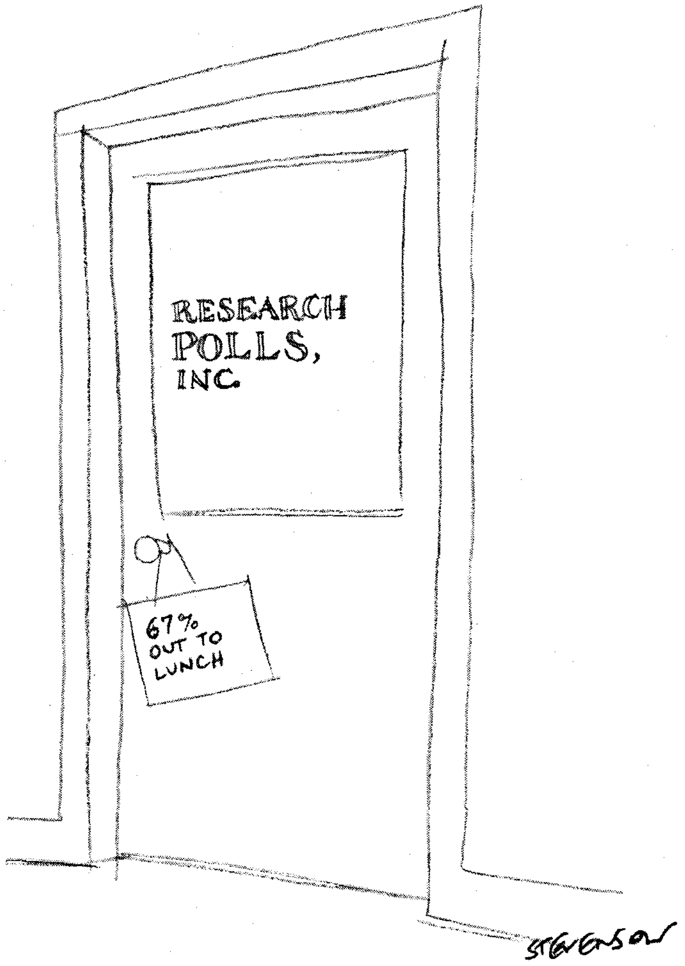
WHEN Carnegie Hall observed its eighty-fifth birthday the other evening, the presents were performances, and the invited guests included members of the New York Philharmonic and of the Oratorio Society, and a galaxy of musical superstars—Leonard Bernstein, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Vladimir Horowitz, Yehudi Menuhin, Mstislav Rostropovich, and Isaac Stern—all of whom have had a long and affectionate association with the house. The occasion was a concert to institute the Carnegie Hall National Endowment Fund, and the house, with a thousand-dollar top, was sold out, raising almost one and a quarter million dollars to get things off to a flying start. Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the evening was the extraordinary musical chemistry that resulted from combinations either of artists who had never performed together before (Horowitz and Fischer-Dieskau; Horowitz and Rostropovich) or of old friends who were performing a particular work together for the first time (Stern, Menuhin, and Bernstein performing the Bach Concerto in D Minor for Two Violins). During brief rehearsals for the concert, two catalysts emerged from the group: Stern, the prodigious fiddler, who had organized the entire concert; and Rostropovich, the protean Russian cellist, who dominated the proceedings with his spontaneous personal radiance. Under the impact of the expansive Rostropovich personality, Mr. Horowitz gradually unbent and began to enjoy himself, and even the towering, remote Fischer-Dieskau leaned down from time to time to return Rostropovich's bear hugs with surprise and delight. (At a party that followed the concert, Mr. Rostropovich got to his feet, beamed across the table at Mr. Horowitz, and said, "I miss my homeland very much. Russians are programmed in such a way that everything connected with their homeland is especially dear to them. And I love Carnegie Hall even more, since Tchaikovsky participated in its opening. That is why I feel here a little like home. It was for me particularly exciting that I played a part from a Rachmaninoff cello sonata with a great musician in whose music Russia speaks. I have learned music from his records for thirty-five years, and this person, for me, continues the Rachmaninoff tradition.")

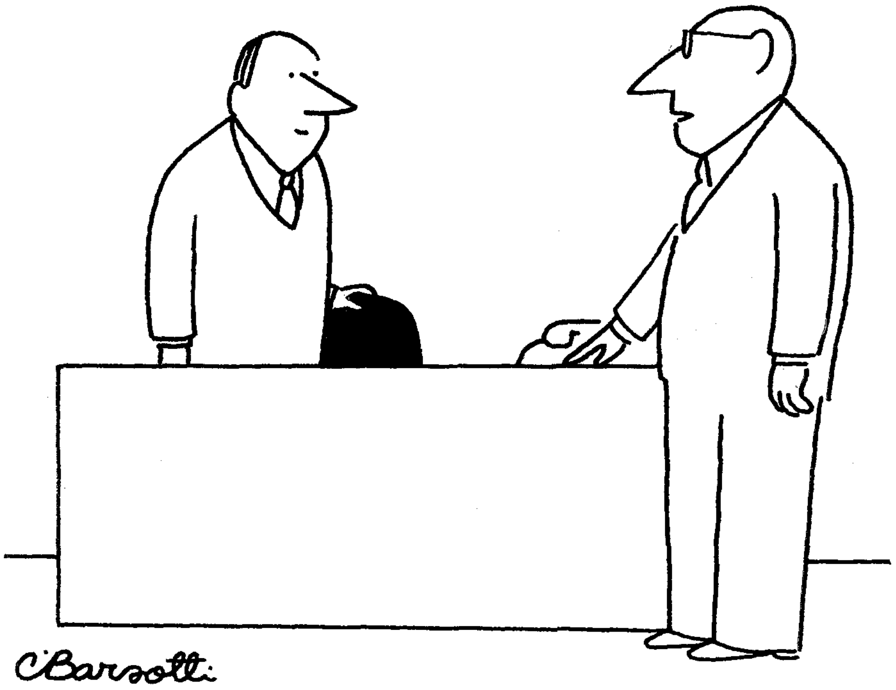
We dropped by the hall late in the afternoon of the day before the concert, and found Mr. Stern, a compact, white-haired bundle of energy, in a small ground-floor office discussing placement of the orchestra and chorus with the house manager, Stewart Warkow.

"Fischer-Dieskau doesn't want to be crowded onstage," Mr. Stern said. "But they've offered their services and we've got a sold-out house. Move them back as far as possible, and I'll try to convince him it's like stage seats."

Mr. Warkow nodded, and Mr. Stern picked up a phone. "Dietrich?" he said. "Martina Arroyo's had to cancel because she wrenched her back. We're trying somebody who sings the Mozart aria, because Lenny's been working hard on the piano part all week, but would you, in extremis, be willing to do five minutes of the Beethoven Scottish Songs with Lenny and Rostropovich and me?" Mr. Stern apparently got an affirmative answer, for he looked relieved. He put down the phone and said, "If anybody else calls, tell them I've just joined an orchestra."

We followed Mr. Stern upstairs to the conductor's dressing room, where he took out his Guarnerius and played a few pages of the Tchaikovsky Trio in A-Minor, Opus 50 (for violin, cello, and piano). "It's coming along well," he told us. "Though together the ensemble always isn't. When I took Slava to Horowitz's house to rehearse the other afternoon, we were late, because of a parade, and didn't get there until two-thirty. Volodya came down in his pajamas and bathrobe and said, 'I have only half an hour, because I have to have lunch.' The rehearsal went beautifully, and we began to refine some points. Then, at three o'clock, Slava jumped up and said, 'I must take a plane to Washington. I have to leave my passport there and I'm having dinner with the Kennedys.' After Slava had packed his cello, Volodya began to play a few notes of the Rachmaninoff sonata for





"This is your desk. Keep it nice."

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piano and cello. The next thing I knew, Slava literally *dove* under the piano for his cello, opened it up, and began to play. Volodya yelled for his wife to find the music, and the two of them read through the slow movement, which was very beautiful. Then they discussed the first movement and played through *that*. So Volodya's immovable lunch took place at 5 P.M., and Slava made the six-o'clock shuttle to Washington. Actually, I've been thinking about the Rachmaninoff to fill the hole in our program if everything else fails."

At five-forty-five, Fischer-Dieskau, a silver-haired man who stands six feet three and has a round face, a snub nose, and a ruddy complexion, poked his head in at the dressing-room door and said, "Make sure I don't stand so close to the edge of the stage that I fall off."

"The piano's being moved back," said Mr. Stern, producing a brilliant ascending arpeggio.

Five minutes later, Mr. Horowitz arrived, looking cheerful and dapper in a brown-and-white checked jacket, rust trousers, a matching rust bow tie, and gray suède gloves. "Where's my baritone?" he asked.

Mr. Stern pointed with his bow to Mr. Fischer-Dieskau's dressing room. "'Dichterliebe' first, then Tchaikovsky," he said.

After a few minutes, the three men walked downstairs to the stage, where Leonard Bernstein had just finished rehearsing the entire New York Philharmonic for its first official Carnegie Hall appearance in fifteen years, to take place a few days later. "This is such a warm, live hall," said Mr. Bernstein, greeting his colleagues. "It cradles and enriches the sound like a good violin. God, how wonderful it is when the musicians can hear one another play!"

Mr. Stern grabbed Mr. Bernstein—who looked exhausted—and pummelled him between the shoulders in a vigorous massage.

"How can anybody play the piano after that?" said Mr. Horowitz.

"You should hear," said Mr. Bernstein.

At six-fifteen, Mr. Horowitz, seated at his personal Steinway, looked up at Mr. Fischer-Dieskau, who was standing in the crook of the piano, and began the first notes of Schumann's tragic and tender "Dichterliebe." A current of electricity seemed to connect singer and pianist, and they rehearsed the entire song cycle without a pause. Mr. Bernstein sank into a first-violin chair and listened in a trance, eyes shut, head thrown back. Mr. Stern, who had raced back into the hall to check the balances, pushed his glasses up on his head and froze in his tracks, still holding his violin. At the end of the performance, there was a breathless hush in the auditorium. Then Mr. Bernstein jumped up and embraced both men. "*Himmlisch!*" he said. "From *'Im wunderschönen Monat Mai'* I knew I was in the presence."

"We are very much together," said Mr. Horowitz, smiling up from the piano. "I feel when you breathe."

"I have never had a performance like this in my life," said Mr. Fischer-Dieskau.

While stagehands were rearranging chairs for the Tchaikovsky trio, we asked Mr. Horowitz if he remembered his Carnegie Hall début.

"I played the Tchaikovsky First Concerto with Beecham here, in 1928," he said. "It was his début, too, and he played from memory and didn't know the score. So I started to go my own way."

"Did you finish any of the movements together?" we asked.

"Never!" said Mr. Horowitz, lighting a cigarette.

After the Tchaikovsky trio, Mr. Bernstein shook hands with Mr. Horowitz and said, "You know, you really played that very well."

"I've never played this Tchaikovsky in public in my life, Lenny," said Mr. Horowitz. "It's very powerful for piano—almost like a concerto—and I cannot help that the piano is dominant."

"It's wonderful and poetic," said Mr. Bernstein.

Our final encounter with the featured artists took place the following night, toward the end of the concert itself. Onstage, the Oratorio Society was singing Tchaikovsky's "Pater Noster." In the stairwell leading to the artists' dressing rooms, Julius Bloom, Carnegie's executive director, was handing out "Messiah" scores to the artists, who were about to go onstage to join the Oratorio Society in the "Hallelujah Chorus," and who now looked at their scores with expressions ranging from discomfort to dismay.

"I haven't got my glasses," said Mr. Fischer-Dieskau. "I can't possibly read the notes."

"If I sing this, nobody will ever come here anymore," said Mr. Horowitz, looking genuinely alarmed.

Mr. Rostropovich beamed and held up his program. "I read this," he said.

Mr. Bernstein, grinning, called for a rehearsal and raised his arm for the downbeat. "Fake it if you have to," he said. "Now, all together. 'Hallelujah! Hallelujah! And He shall reign forever and ever.' " Listening, we could distinguish four singing the bass part (the Messrs. Bloom, Bernstein, Horowitz, and Fischer-Dieskau) and two weak tenors (the Messrs. Menuhin and Stern). Mr. Rostropovich, totally lost, came in enthusiastically on the "Hallelujah"s with a series of yelps.

"You're on," said Stewart Warkow, holding open the door to the stage.

"It isn't *always* that we find time to rehearse these things," said Mr. Bernstein.

"*Da, da,*" said Mr. Rostropovich.

TEST OF "TIMES" READERS BARES PROFOUND IGNORANCE

A SPECIAL test of New York *Times* readers, conducted on selected I.R.T. subway trains and Rockland County commuter buses, has revealed that as a group they know where to find the Op-Ed page and who "Scotty" is but that their general knowledge and appreciation of the paper are appallingly slight. Only three per cent of those tested, for example, could explain the difference between Arthur Hays Sulzberger and Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, and more than 72 per cent incorrectly identified "Metropolitan Briefs" as a discount clothing item advertised at the back of the Sunday *Times Magazine*. A. M. Rosenthal, the *Times*' managing editor, said of the test results, "They're shocking and depressing. It turns out that people know even less about the *Times* than they do about American history. Sometimes I just don't know why we bother."

Altogether, some 2,100 commuters were subjected to the *Times*-Readers Multiphasic Attitude and Information Survey, and most answered no more than 17 of the 50 multiple-choice questions correctly. The highest score was only 38, achieved by a man from Palisades, New York, who later said that he had been saving copies of the *Times* since childhood, and that he liked nothing better of an evening than to sit on the porch and reread some of his favorite issues from the Eisenhower years. In general, women did better on the test than men, and people who live in apartments outscored those who live in houses of their own. Income was not a significant factor in the test results, though people who spent more than $600 last year on diet soft drinks tended to do slightly worse than average.

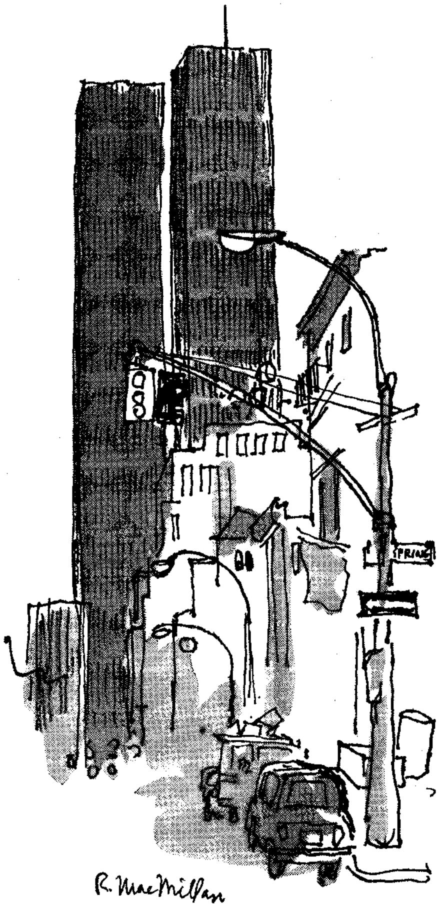
Readers were not equally ignorant about all aspects of the *Times*, however, and a number of interesting patterns emerged from the survey. For one thing, everyone seemed to be more informed about the Sunday *Times* than about the daily. Almost three-quarters of those tested knew that if a year's worth of Sunday *Timeses* were stacked one on top of another the combined weight at sea level would come to just over 1,568 newtons. A similarly high percentage correctly identified "Eurodollars" as the noun most often used in lead articles in the *Times Magazine*. And, in what may well have been the most difficult question on the entire test, a substantial majority was able to distinguish the Sunday *Times* nature editorial from among a group of prose selections taken from Walter Pater, John Ruskin, and Kate Douglas Wiggin.

When it came to a similar question about the daily *Times*, the readers did not fare nearly so well. In this case, they were asked to identify the author of the following passage:

> These, however, are merely short-term considerations, and the turn the economy has taken on the whole is clearly one that, if anything were to come of it, might well be an indication of further changes to be seen in the future. Be that as it may, the question the President must now ask himself is this: "What question should I be asking myself right now?"

Most chose C. L. Sulzberger, and thus missed a very easy chance to improve their scores, for in fact there were *two* correct answers to this question: A. H. Raskin and Leonard Silk. Both wrote the same paragraph last year, though in different issues.

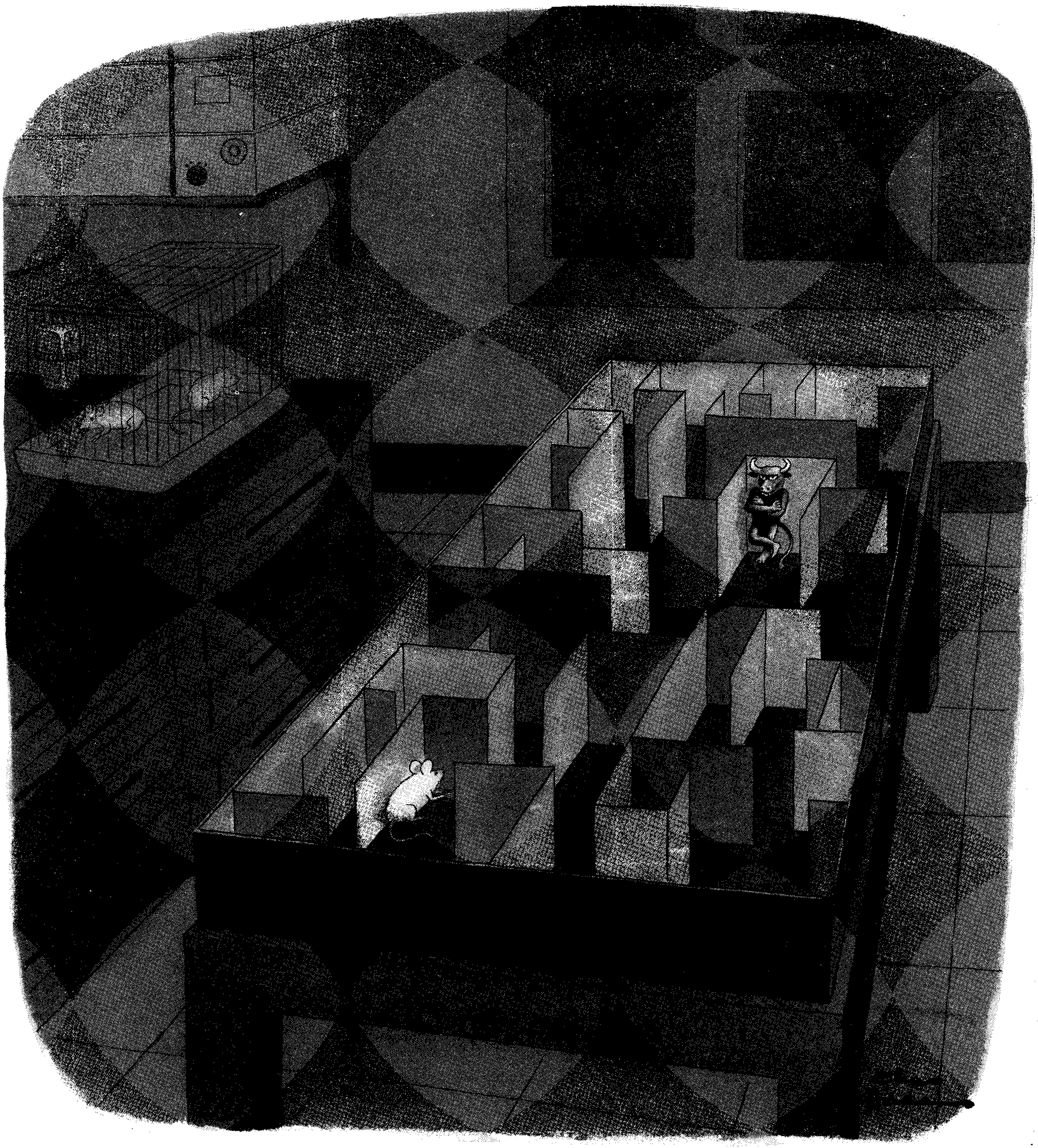
Most readers were also tripped up by the one question that was perhaps a little unfair. Asked how many years Arthur Krock's column had run in the *Times*, nearly four-fifths of those tested said 104 years; a few others said 122 years. What these readers all overlooked, of course, is that from time to time a Krock column still turns up, under various bylines.



NOT surprisingly, the highest number of correct answers came on questions having to do with the *Times* sports section. For example, more than 70 per cent of those tested correctly identified Red Smith as the author of this sentence: "A four-eyed city slicker had to have help baiting his hook with a stewed-meat-and-cheese lure, and while we waited in the rain for the cohos to rise to this tasty entrée, Leo Whicker, who was the lacrosse coach at Mount Holyoke for 47 years, began to tell us about the night he and his brother Ned, who played center field for the Toledo Mud Hens in the late 30's, went to Narragansett Park disguised as nurses." Only 20 per cent, though, were able to distinguish one of Leonard Koppett's similes from similes selected from the works of Homer, Vergil, and "The Certified Public Accountant's Handbook."

The highest number of incorrect answers came, not surprisingly, on questions having to do with *Times* critics. Most readers were unable to distinguish the original version of a Hilton Kramer column from a German translation, for example, and most also vastly underestimated the number of times per month that the phrase "interesting space" appears in Paul Goldberger's architecture reviews. The readers did reasonably well on a question that asked them to study two pieces by John Canaday and then decide which was a restaurant review and which an art review, but they slumped badly on the next question, which asked what generally became of small, charming, inexpensive Village restaurants after Canaday "discovered" them. The majority thought that such restaurants eventually closed down and that their owners, disillusioned with celebrity, took up the study of art history. The correct answer, of course, is that these eateries become smart, well-known, very expensive Village restaurants with rude maître d's, and the owners are asked to model for the "Report on Men's Wear."

The test was also given to a panel of 20 prominent Americans—among them Mary Tyler Moore, Charles Sandman, Jr., Tatum O'Neal, and Cesar Cedeno—and they did even worse than the ordinary readers. As a group, the notables scored well only on



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the nickname question (correctly identifying "Punch," "Sy," "Abe," and Pranay Gupte), and on a question that asked them to read an Anatole Broyard book review and then guess the sex and race of the book's author. They did particularly poorly on a question having to do with "Follow-Up on the News," where answers suggested that some people had this feature confused with the obituaries.

The management of the *Times* is said to be very disturbed by the performance of celebrities and commoners alike, and to be considering ways of improving reader awareness. Associate Editor Clifton Daniel thinks that the *Times* should start printing more stories about itself. "I'd like to see a few pieces on Punch Sulzberger's school days at Loomis," he said recently. "Did you know that he once lived for an entire term on nothing but pears?"

There is also a small faction at the *Times* which would like to punish the readers for doing so badly. "Let's take out all the *good* stuff," Associate Editor Max Frankel has been heard to say. "No more nice pictures of water buffalo on the cover of the Sunday *Magazine*, no more articles about the Pentagon or the protein value of soybeans. Let's see how they like *that!*"

—CHARLES MCGRATH

A STORY IN THE KEY OF C

"YOU make these pronouncements about me, and the truth is you don't know me at all," Joe Fletcher said to me last week, after three years of whatever this is—I'd have called it knowing each other.

"There isn't such a lot to know about anyone," I answered, meaning that the passions that drive us through life are the same in each of us, but Joe took my remark at face value.

"What shallow kind of talk is that?" he said angrily, and he got up and began walking around. We were in the living room of his house on Long Island. "This marvellous house," he'd called it a few minutes earlier. In my opinion that house leaves a lot to be desired, but houses often strike me that way. I'm a decorator. Joe and I met when I was working for some people named Morrison, who live near him, though the Morrisons didn't introduce us—Joe doesn't know them. He came up to me himself one evening when I was alone on the beach. I thought he was the most agreeable man I'd ever met and I still think that, though I've learned that he's also inclined to be argumentative.

"Of course there's a lot to know about anyone," he said. "There's everything!"

"But it all comes down to the same things—love, hate, hunger, fear, sickness, sorrow. Circumstances only ring the changes."

"Only!" he said.

"Would you say you know me?" I asked.

He hesitated and then conceded, "I have certain strong impressions."

I let it go at that, though I wondered why, of the two propositions—equally true, equally false, and equally obvious: that people are different, that people are the same—he'd defended the first, when on the evidence he himself has written off human nature in all its variety or predictability. He lives alone on the tip of the Island, loves his daughter but probably no one else, teaches at a small local college to avoid the encroachments on him that there'd be at a school with more of a name; he rolls his own cigarettes, grows his own vegetables in his own greenhouse, bakes his own bread, repairs his own car and anything else of his that breaks down—he's a scientist, a mathematician. Twenty years ago, when he was thirty-five, he made what was an important contribution to this dry discipline; he simplified some theorem, eliminated a step in some equation. This is a crowning achievement in the eyes of his colleagues, but Joe works ferociously on, indifferent to the question of success or failure. I love his industry, but more than that I love his ordinariness. The sight of him in a navy-blue nylon turtleneck pullover thrills me. The sound of his long, deliberate, confidential (misleadingly so) "Yeah" takes my breath away. He is so on key—the key of C major. Intellectually Joe is in a class by himself, but in his speech, his dress, his mannerisms he's the common man, which is what I was getting at in my "pronouncement." "You're really so average," I'd said. "You could easily be living the most average life."

I meant it as a compliment, a high compliment at that. I was brought up to be different, to be better, with the result that nothing appeals to me more than the common touch. But Joe's upbringing was an ambiguous affair. His mother was Italian, his father English. There was money in the family, but not the background that gives money its charm. There was love, too, but love that ran hot and cold and did more harm than good. Joe is sensitive about this whole picture—sensitive also about himself physically, being neither young nor handsome. Nor particularly well put together. He's too tall, which has given him a stoop. His bottom is thin, his back thick, his legs heavy. His features are well proportioned, but his face has a haggard look. He once mentioned that he resembles his mother, but I think his expression must come from his English father, along with a certain stiffness, a refinement that he sometimes repudiates and sometimes indulges in himself. Most of the time, though, he favors the Italian side of his nature, the side that's given to angry outbursts but also to gestures of the purest sympathy.

He came over and sat down beside me on the sofa. "Are you blue?" he asked.

"No, I'm not blue," I said.

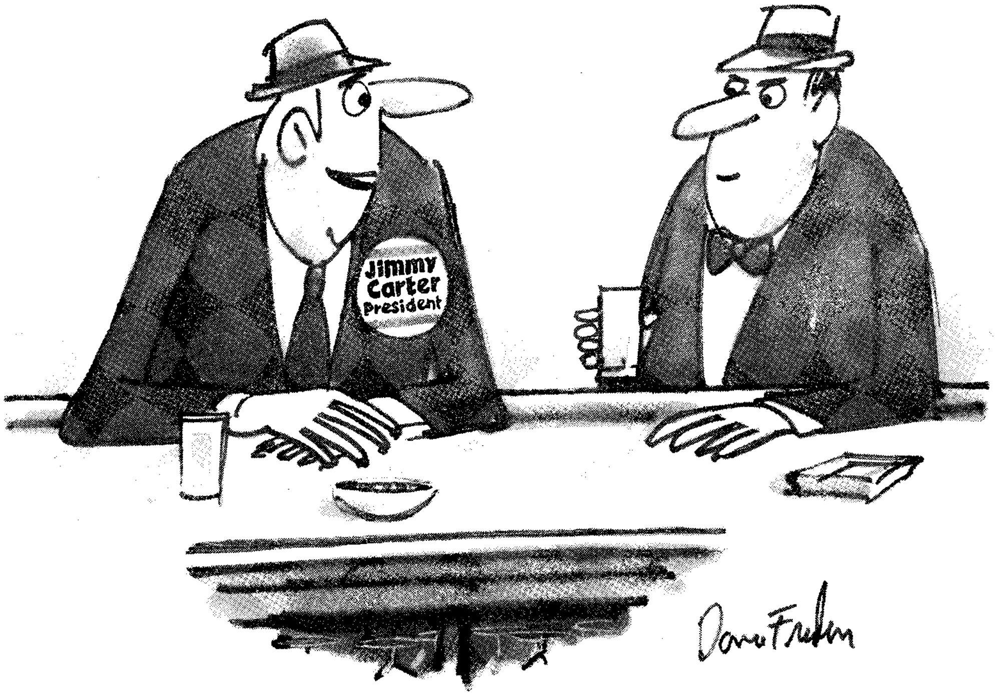
"Are you sure?"

"What would I have to be blue about?" I smiled as I said it, knowing the question wouldn't be answered, for we don't elaborate on our feelings—my feelings, that is; with respect to me, Joe is on the verge of feeling. I wait for him to falter in his self-sufficiency, to stumble into frailty, intimacy, love.

He said, "I'm hungry. What about you?"

It was a little after seven. I'd come out on the two-o'clock train, skipping lunch, but I never feel like eating when I'm with Joe. He absorbs my appetites, leaving me indifferent to food or sleep or exercise. I said, "I'm *not particularly hungry.*"

He was downcast. "Not particularly hungry?" My lack of appetite seemed to take away his. He has an ideal of closeness that real men and women forever fall short of, and the gradual realization of this over the years has driven him into himself and made him uncommunicative. He loves to talk on the phone, though. Dis-



"I like him __because__ he's an unknown quantity."

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tance brings down some barrier, freeing the man I originally found so appealing. "Come back to the house and let me make you some fried clams," he said that first evening, as if we'd been running into each other on the beach for years. The clams were delicious; Joe is a good cook.

"I'm going to eat something, but what?" he asked himself now, and went over to the kitchen. I could hear him keeping up the half-conversation that he often lapses into—unfinished comments, unanswered questions, sometimes just sounds. Solitude is his natural element, and I began to feel extraneous, so I went out onto the deck. From Joe's house you can see the ocean. It was perfectly calm that night, but the sky was full of a raging sunset. The air was cold for the middle of June. In a little while the door opened and he handed me a sweater. Joe is sensible in the way another man might be romantic. Where someone else will bring flowers and pay compliments, he bestows sweaters and advice. He looked out over the sea and up at the sky and then said, "It's damp out here. You'll catch cold." It was no idle comment. Accuracy is a passion with him, and he always means what he says.

I went inside, thinking of the person I was before I knew Joe, hardly recognizing myself. I used to live cautiously, love carefully, measuring every move against a standard of emotional profit and loss, but Joe is beyond my powers of calculation. I love him and live dangerously, catching a train to be with him at a moment's notice, arranging to be home when I think he might call, bending over backwards not to make him jealous, not to be the one to let the distance open up between us. It's a daring course to pursue with someone as mercurial as he is, and yet, if I were to describe the state of my heart that evening, I'd compare it to the calm sea rather than the turbulent sky. He's woken something new in me, a devotion I wouldn't have thought I was capable of—that I would, in fact, had I suspected myself of it three years ago, have wanted to disavow. Like most women I'd rather play the heroine than the supporting part, but heroines, even the mildest, must assert themselves, and difficult though Joe is he inspires me with the opposite of assertiveness—he is difficult out of need, difficult rather than be disappointed, rather than despair; he makes me forget myself.

I followed him to the kitchen and found that he'd fixed two sandwiches of homemade bread, homegrown lettuce and tomatoes. "They look delicious," I said. He sliced the sandwiches, put them on plates, and gave me one. "Don't you want it?" I asked.

He said, "No, it's for you. I made it for you." He poured two glasses of beer and shook some potato chips into a bowl, which he offered me, saying "Don't be shy" in an accent that was pure County Galway—Joe is, of all things, a mimic. I went laughing into the living room, back to the sofa. When he came in he settled himself in his dilapidated easy chair, halfway across the room. He's a bit nearsighted, which he ignores, being also a little vain. "What's the world been up to?" he said, and got up and turned the television on to the news.

"Up to no good," I said as the picture came into focus. A Presidential candidate was being endorsed by a labor leader. Then a holdup victim came on and described his ordeal. Daniel Patrick Moynihan had given a commencement address that day, and afterwards he was interviewed by reporters. "Do you know who he reminds me of?" I called across to Joe.

He said, "Who?"

"Barbara's boyfriend." Barbara is my sister.

Joe said, "What about him?"

I pointed to the screen. "Daniel Patrick Moynihan reminds me of Barbara's boyfriend." Family lore interests him, possibly because in his own family the past seems to wither away—for lack of cultivation, I'd say. When his parents died they were buried unceremoniously. One of his brothers lives in California, the other in London; both are childless, both divorced. Phone calls are rare among them, letters unheard of. That the Fletchers weren't happy could explain their disregard for family ties, but that explanation doesn't satisfy me. My own upbringing was a sorry mess—a broken home melodramatically patched and repatched, over and over—yet my parents and my sisters and I stick together, observing the festivals of our common life as faithfully as if nothing but good times bound us to each other. The truth is, love in families is more or less an effort that Joe, for whatever reasons, can't bring himself to make, though he's curious about our birthdays, wedding anniversaries, graduations, Christmases.

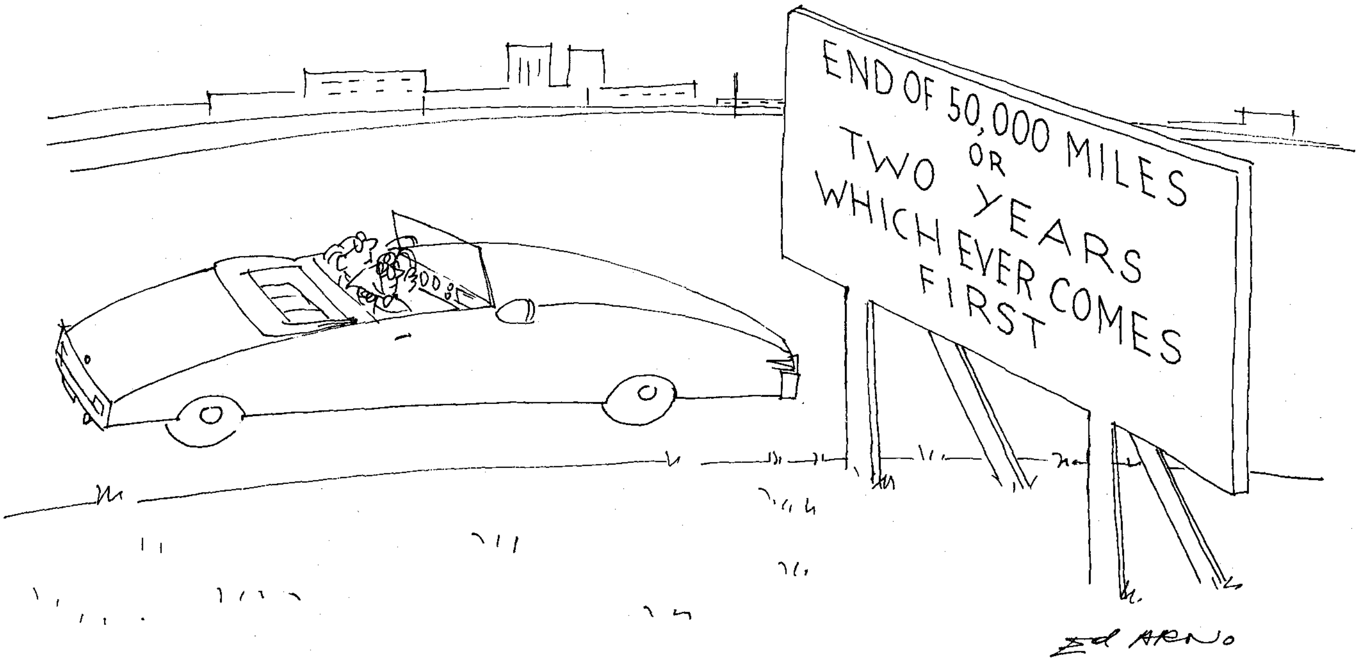
"When's your sister getting married?" he asked.

I said, for the hundredth time (he harps on this), "I don't know."

He shook his head. His own marriage must have been strained to the breaking point by this skepticism, for doesn't habitual expectation of the worst leave the door open to trouble? And on the other hand, isn't hope a prerequisite for happiness? I believe that's so, and it irritates me to have Joe voice his suspicions about my sister's admittedly long-drawn-out romance. "Barbara'd better watch her step," he said.

I said, "Don't worry about Barbara. Harry loves her."

"How do you know?" he asked, not so much doubting as requiring proof, but I had no equation to offer, no



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mathematical certitude—just human word, as unassailable or as full of holes as you'll let it be.

"He says so."

Joe shook his head again but this time with less conviction. Belief affects him. It disturbs him, rousing secret misgivings as to the hard stand he's taken on life. He wouldn't mind discovering he's wrong, but it isn't that easy. Belief is long, and Joe is impatient. He got up and brought his dishes out to the kitchen. I heard him tidying up—he's a meticulous man. His kitchen is spotless, his house immaculate. I took the last bite of my sandwich, drank the last of my beer, and brought him my plate and my glass. "Do you feel like going to a movie?" he asked. If he'd been in good spirits, he'd have suggested a walk along the beach.

I said, "What's playing?"

"I don't know." He shrugged and hooked his thumbs in his belt. He looked tired and forlorn, a man in sudden need of what he so systematically resists—a helping hand.

I went and got the newspaper and looked up the movie listings. "Some Robert Redford thing is at the R.K.O.," I called.

"Still? I saw that two weeks ago with Mary."

Mary is his daughter, a good-looking girl with features like Joe's but dark where he's fair. There are pictures of her all around the house: Mary at her high-school graduation holding a bouquet of roses, Mary as a very young child dressed in a rabbit costume, Mary bundled up in sweaters down on the beach by the water's edge, Mary in a long dress. He loves her without reserve, showering on her the affection and attention that he withholds from others, but Mary will soon be eighteen, and though she loves the beach she spends less and less time there.

I said, "Can you stand Robert Redford again? Not that I'm dying to see him."

"Then we'll stay put."

He turned off the kitchen light and came into the living room and began straightening things up. I amused myself, as I often do, by refurnishing that room in my mind, clearing out the assorted castoffs that Joe has assembled there and replacing them with wicker chairs, tables made of unfinished wood, striped canvas and flowered cotton slipcovers, grass carpeting, straw blinds. The only thing I'd keep is the battered grand piano that stands against one wall, like an enormous and beloved family pet. Joe had left some change on the piano cover. He put the coins in his pocket and went around to the keyboard and struck a couple of chords. When he was twenty or so, he wanted to be a night-club piano player, and he'd have been good at it. He has a straightforward style at the piano and he has the temperament—ruefully personable, world-weary—of the best barroom musicians. He pulled out the bench and sat down and began playing songs from the nineteen-forties. In those years he was a young man, a soldier in the Second World War, and though his hair is completely gray now, his face deeply lined, youth is what he still suggests. Age has made him pessimistic but no less susceptible, and this comes overwhelmingly across when he's at the piano. "Easy Come, Easy Go," "Everything Happens to Me," "I'll Never Smile Again," "Imagination," "Skylark"—I was a child when those songs were popular, when the young soldier was fighting in North Africa. Listening to him play, I felt our lives touch in a way that was remote but conclusive—we'd shared the fear and the danger of war-torn times, when everything was threatened and everyone seemed close. And we'd come through. I'd have liked to go and sit beside him on the piano bench, marvelling with him at our survival and at the happy chance of our paths having crossed, but I knew he wouldn't appreciate it. So I stayed where I was, thinking about him—about how exacting he is, how ambivalent, how intense, how impulsive, how funny in a serious sort of way, how realistic, how direct, how utterly without affectation. I thought of his flat toes, his beautiful teeth, his loud laugh, of the way he swings his arms when he walks, closing his hands into fists. I know a lot about him, really. When he said I didn't, what he may have had in mind was the fact that he himself tells me very little. My knowledge is contraband, acquired by stealth when I'm with him, smuggled away on my person. I looked over at him. He was slouched at the keyboard, as if it were a desk full of papers. His eyes were half closed. He was in another world. He loves to play.

—Elizabeth Cullinan

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London (UPI)—Tossing aside his hovel, Ed Slater stopped to pluck a chunk of sandy colored stone out of the hole he had just dug.—*Santa Rosa (Calif.) Press-Democrat.*

Cellar hole for a statelier house?

HOME

MEMORIAL DAY began badly. It was a dank, indefinite morning, and Michael Gelb called Sussman, who was running for State Assembly, to ask him if he wanted to play tennis. Michael was back in town, from New York, for the weekend. He and Sussman had graduated from high school together five years before, and their hairlines were beginning to recede slightly, above the temple. "Love to," replied Sussman, in a genuinely enthusiastic way. Michael drove over to Sussman's house. The house was large, with a circular driveway, and it was set back from the street by a remarkable expanse of uniformly green grass. Sussman was sitting at the kitchen table, wearing a bathrobe and surrounded by campaign workers—three young men and two girls. A couple were reading the paper and the rest were watching Sussman eat and read the paper. Every once in a while, Sussman would read a story aloud. Michael sat down and watched him. Sussman had a very handsome, thin face; he was so sure of his audience that he didn't look up while he was reading. Michael watched the girls watch Sussman.

"We're the second most interesting race in New Jersey," he said. He looked up in a confident, head-counting way, and then went on reading: " '. . . and in the Twenty-fifth District, Assembly candidate Scott Sussman is making headway in an uphill battle against the local machine.' " He looked at Michael. "Want to get going?"

"Sure," Michael said. Sussman always made him feel awkward.

"When do we have to be back?" Sussman asked Tom, his campaign manager. Tom had beautiful, hooded, glassy-blue eyes—two complete surprises in a puffy, unshaven face. He looked older, more serious, and more worried than anyone else there. "There's a parade at noon. We should make that," he said. He gave Sussman a strange look, an amalgam of envy, admiration, and dislike. Suddenly Michael had the feeling that everyone in the kitchen, himself included, had mixed feelings about Sussman; there they were, however, like iron filings standing on end in the presence of a magnet. Sussman went to get dressed, and the room demagnetized; everybody read parts of the paper, and one of the girls began to make an omelette. The kitchen, like the rest of the Sussman house, was elegant and commodious, filled with objects that were both beautiful and practical. The house was also filled with supporters who had moved in when the campaign began—people who kept wandering in and out in bathrobes, opening and closing the mammoth refrigerator.

Michael and Sussman drove to the courts in Sussman's car, which had a bumper sticker with his name in white on a blue background. The name was followed by a period, as if it were a simple, indisputable fact.

Michael had started to put a sweatband on his wrist before coming over, but then had taken it off. He didn't want to be seen to be taking the tennis seriously. He didn't want to take it seriously himself. Sussman always beat him by a game or two. Michael envied Sussman's smooth, nonchalant form. He tended to choke under his own pressure.

Today was no different. Sussman had a metal racquet. The balls were Michael's. They were a little dead, so Sussman was hitting very hard, both to make them bounce and to show Michael they were dead. Michael really had to struggle to return his shots. It occurred to him that Sussman cared nothing at all about playing tennis that morning; he was preoccupied with politics. But he never cared as much as Michael anyway, which was the reason he won. The air was warm and gray and close; there was no sun in the sky; the park flag hung limply at half-mast. It looked as if it might rain. They were kicked off the court, after playing for twenty minutes, by a fat couple who had reserved it.

"Well, what do you say?" Sussman said, yawning. "Wanna try the Cabots' court?"

"Sure," said Michael, a lump of disappointment in his throat: he was just beginning to return the hard shots, and he was damned if Sussman and fat people would ruin his tennis. They got in the car, and Michael was carrying too many things—keys and balls and racquet and cover. He felt as if he had just been beaten, and was too eager for a rematch. Something had to fall. The balls dropped and rolled under the car as he was closing the door. They drove back to Sussman's house. Michael didn't want to ask about the Cabots' court; he just followed Sussman in, confident that some arrangement would be made.

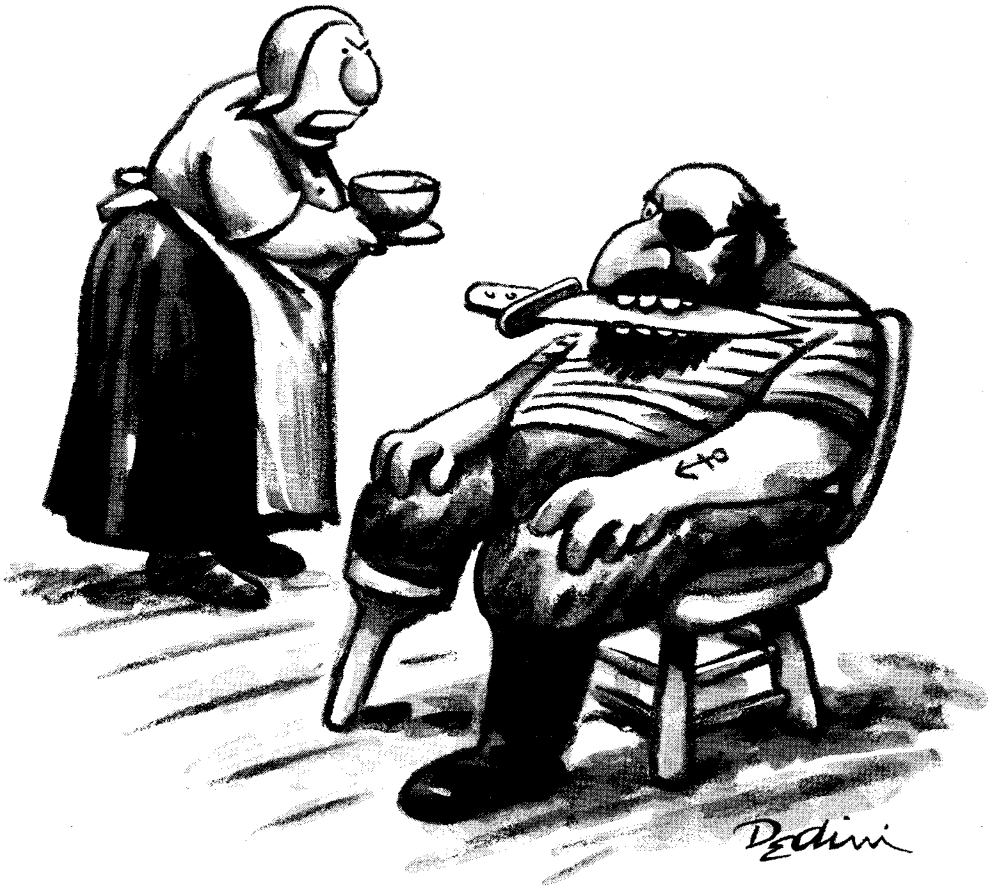
They walked into the kitchen, and the same people were there, in the same chairs.

"I'm going to take a nap," Sussman announced, and left the room.

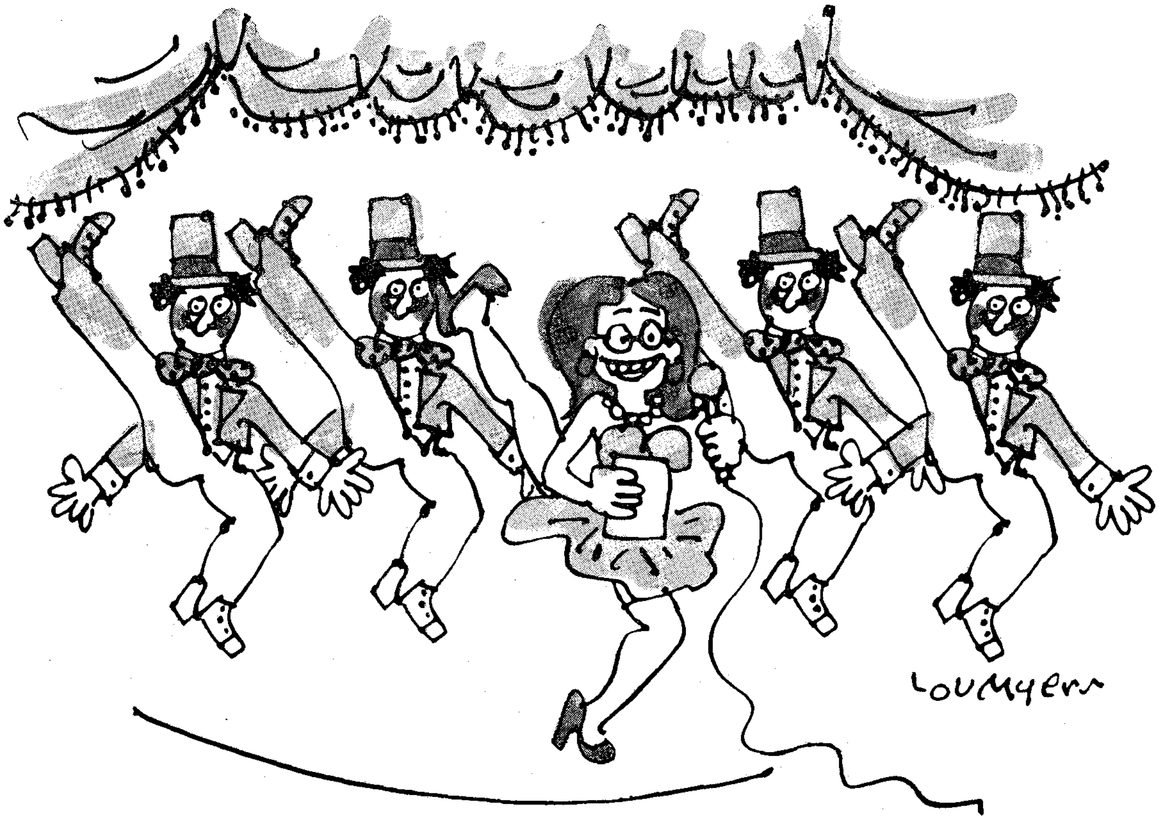
Michael sat for a few minutes, perspiring. The campaign workers looked at him over their toast and newspapers. Then he went to the den, where Sussman lay face down on a couch, his arm around a kitten.

"I'm going to go," Michael said.

"Can you canvass with us this after-



"You're retired now. Relax."



"This is Barbara Walters. Fighting continues in the streets of Beirut . . ."

noon, Mike?" Sussman asked, without looking up.

"Well, I have to go out for a while," Michael said, lying. He was a terrible liar. Sussman was an expert liar, and he knew, without seeing Michael's face, that he was backing off.

"I'll be back at about four-thirty, though," Michael said. "Will you still be walking then?"

"God, yes. We go until eight-thirty."

He felt he had to say something. "Do people offer you dinner?"

"No, we have something afterwards," Sussman said. "Call in, though, when you get back. And Mike?"

"Yeah."

"Can you get off from work and come out on Primary Day?"

"Yeah, sure."

"Great. Thanks a lot, Mike."

MICHAEL went home, put on long pants, and played piano all afternoon. He was trying to learn "The Maple Leaf Rag," and he didn't sight-read well. The flat signs at the heads of the staffs looked like clouds of angry bees. It took him all afternoon to learn the first page, but finally he had something that sounded good, and he was happy. He looked up at the clock and realized he had missed Sussman. He didn't care. The piano was a black baby grand; among all the chaos of the world, its edges and surfaces and tone remained straight and true. Michael loved it. He drank some white wine and his fingers got very light; he faked some Erroll Garner.

His father was standing in the doorway, waving his arms to the music. "Wanna eat?" he said.

Michael washed his hands and went out to the screen porch, where his mother was setting the table. His father was bringing in a platter of chicken he'd grilled outside. Michael's father usually cooked Saturday and Sunday breakfast and Sunday-night supper—a holdover from the first days of his marriage, when he knew how to cook and Michael's mother didn't. Michael's younger brother, Davey, was blowing bubbles in the back yard. At the end of the day the weather had finally cleared—as if the sun were saying Ta-da, here I am, and it was too late. The back yard was golden; the soap bubbles turned slowly and sparkled.

"David, get in here," his father called.

"Michael, where have you been all day?" said Michael's mother.

"Playing piano."

" 'The Maple Leaf Rag,' " said Davey.

"Yes, 'The Maple Leaf Rag,' " Michael said, petulantly, fixing his brother with a stare that said *You have to tell everything you know*? Davey smiled uncertainly. He was growing, uncontrollably, in every direction. He was almost as tall as Michael. He was not doing well in school; he didn't have enough friends, enough interests (or perhaps his interests were too private); his parents were worried. Michael studied him now. There were little pimples on his face; his features (God, especially the nose) were no longer a child's—in fact, he looked uncannily like Michael.

"Davey looks like my father," said Michael's mother through half a mouthful of chicken. Her father had died when she was a girl, and such pronouncements were indisputable.

"He looks like me," Michael said.

"You wish," said Davey.

"How is Sussman's campaign going?" Mr. Gelb asked.

"It's O.K.," Michael said. At home, he felt once more like an evasive adolescent.

"Does he have any chance?"

"I think so. It'll be hard."

"Joe, this chicken is fantastic," said Michael's mother.

"Can I be excused?" Davey asked.

"You may not," Mr. Gelb said.

"Joe, what's the difference?"

"Yeah, Dad, what's the difference?" Davey said, his voice cracking.

"The difference is that I said so."

"How about Good Humors for dessert?" said Michael's mother.

"I'll get them," said Michael, gaining a point on Davey.

"Now can I be excused?" Davey said.

"Sit," said his father.

MICHAEL drove down to the park, where the Good Humor truck sat by the tennis courts on summer evenings. But the truck was gone; seeing this and the sunset, and the girls, Michael felt a sudden pang. The park was a twenty-acre rectangle of grass which had been a rich man's nine-hole golf course at the turn of the century. Now it was full of teen-age girls wearing white painter's pants. They were heartbreakingly beautiful girls. Michael had found that pretty girls in the outside world were chance events, while his home town seemed to be a hothouse for them.

The sun was an orange ball sitting on top of the trees. The girls walked around in little groups, or sat on the grass and watched the sunset. Michael drove to the ice-cream parlor, where he had worked the summer after high school, and ordered hot-fudge sundaes to go for himself, his brother, and his mother, and two Spartan scoops of orange ice for his father, in deference to Cholesterol, who had a lot of influence in Mrs. Gelb's kitchen. There were girl soda jerks this year. They were dressed in yellow, and they were all quite young. In back of the store a hapless, skinny boy with buck teeth and thick glasses stared out from the cockpit of the big, shiny metal dishwashing machine that Michael had once run and hated passionately. Although Michael was overly polite, the girl seemed resentful about making the sundaes.

"I remember feeling the same way," Michael said to her as she scooped his ice cream, but she didn't hear him.

The cashier lady and the candy-counter lady were deep in a conversation, and looked at him quizzically when he came to pay. Michael felt as though he was interrupting something in the ice-cream parlor.

When he came out, the sun had vanished from the sky, and when he went by the park again the girls were gone. He drove home and went in by the back door, and his mother, who was alone in the kitchen, took up a conversation that he didn't remember.

"Sometimes it's *good* to do nothing," she said.

"I know," he said.

"Daddy gets mad when Davey blows bubbles," she said.

"That's terrible!" he said. "Isaac Newton blew bubbles."

"I know!" she said.

"Picasso used to lie down and stare at the ceiling for hours," Michael said.

"That's right," she said. "Why is he like that?" Meaning his father.

"He's just a hopeless Calvinist," Michael said. "Ice cream, everybody," he shouted. Then he saw that his father was sitting on the couch in the den, just outside the kitchen door, listening.

"They had a fight," his mother said.

"Just a bit of standard father-and-son byplay," his father called out, winking at Michael.

"Byplay, my foot," his mother said. "You shouldn't ride him for daydreaming."

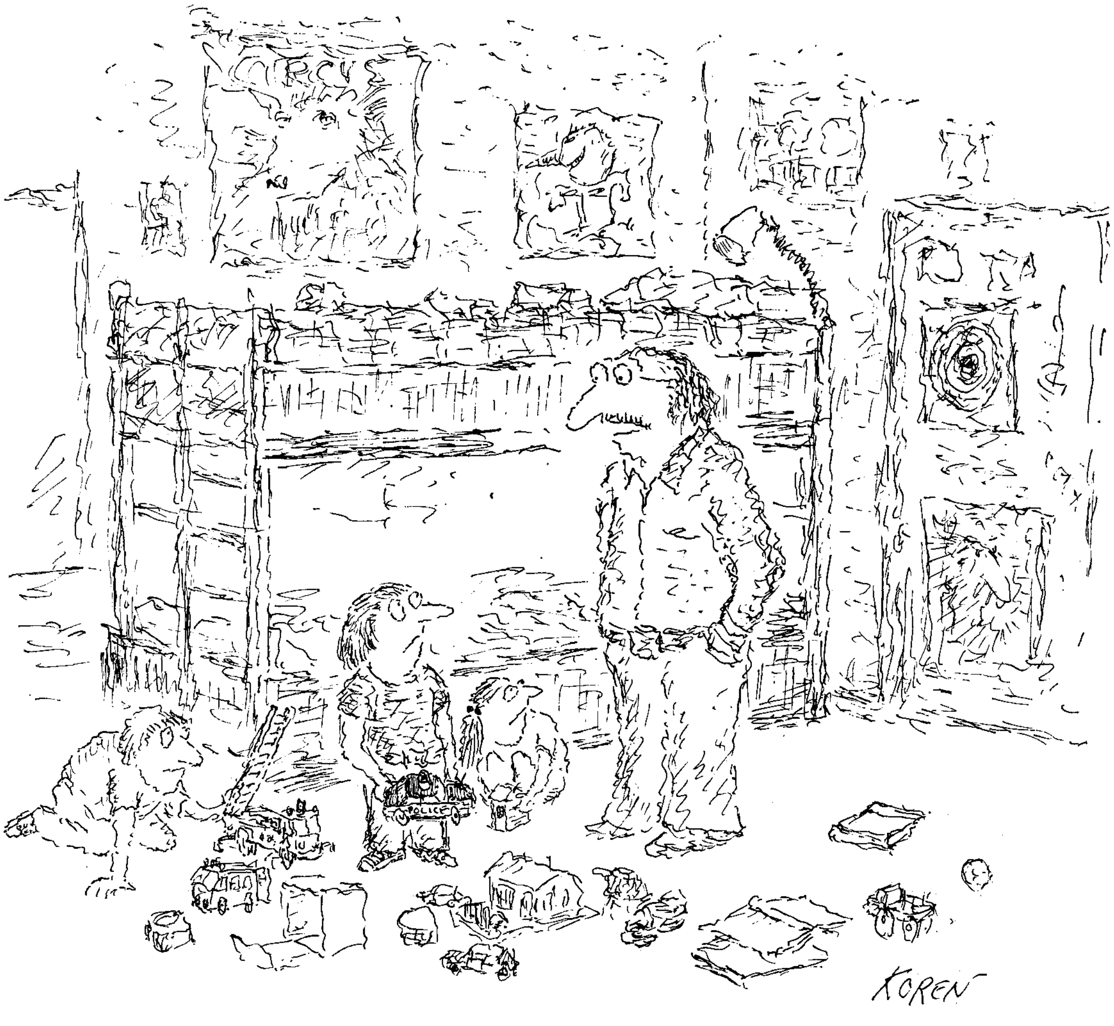
Davey walked into the kitchen. "Poor baby," Michael said, grabbing his thick, kinky hair and pulling hard.

"Cut it out," Davey said.

"Jesus, he's getting too big!" Michael said.

MICHAEL ate his sundae and felt fat. He decided to take a walk. He found a stick leaning against the porch, took his sneakers off, and started up the street, taking long strides. The evening was intimate and sweet-smelling. Wicked-looking azalea bushes grew in the front yards; they stared at him, their rose-purple vibrating against the dark green of the grass. I should write a poem about the azaleas, he thought. They were definitely evil, but in what way? He couldn't quite decide.

He always took the same walk when he was home. It was a circuit: up a long hill that got progressively steeper, to a windswept plateau of luxurious houses, across the plateau, and back down the hill. He walked to think, and found that the sudden levelling out at the top of the hill so strongly suggested the solution to a problem that the solution to actual problems often occurred to him there. Besides, he usually ate too much at home. On this evening, by the time he reached Mountain Avenue, which his street crossed before proceeding on up the hill, Michael felt lighter. He had begun to establish a rhythm of tapping the stick. The pavement was warm beneath the soles of his feet; the sensation was strange and calming. He crossed the avenue and continued to climb. The sidewalk was now so steep that the concrete slabs didn't meet at the joints. A boy and a girl were sitting on a rock by the sidewalk, talking. The boy looked familiar. Then Michael realized that the girl was Shelly



"In light of the continuing fiscal crisis, Nat, I suggest you reconsider your ambition to be a fireman, a policeman, or a member of the Sanitation Department."

Eisenpreis, and that he didn't know the boy at all. Michael just stared at her, and she stared back. He didn't know what he thought of Shelly Eisenpreis. She lived in New York now, too, in a neat studio apartment with posters and a shag rug. One evening during the past winter, Michael and Shelly had lain on the rug watching television, and his arm had crept up to, and then retreated from, her back. They were content to tell each other about their affairs.

"Well," he finally said.

"Well, hello!" said Shelly.

"Shelly Eisenpreis, I haven't seen you in a long, long time. Why is this?"

"Well, where have *you* been, Michael?"

"I'm gonna go in the house," the boy said.

"Michael, this is my brother, Ralph," she said.

He was tall and bearded, handsomer than Shelly, not as sharp. She was wearing a tenty dress; it seemed to Michael that she had put on weight.

"Hello," said Ralph, with an edge in his voice. He was guarding Shelly.

"We're at a party," Shelly explained. "This is my aunt's house."

"What kind of party?" Michael asked.

"Oh, Memorial Day, family. You can see how great it is by where Ralph and I are sitting. Borr*ring*."

"Shelly, I'm goin' in," Ralph said.

"Wait a second, Ralph, I'll go with you," Shelly said. "Do you want some dessert?" she asked Michael. "They have the most delicious cookies, and a magnificent cheesecake."

"Jesus, no, I just had a huge sundae," Michael said.

"Well, how've you *been*, Michael?"

Ralph grunted and went inside.

"Oh, all right, how about you?"

"Superb, I've been dancing my little heart out. I can't say I'm any *good* at it, but I'm just about the happiest I've ever been." There was no middle ground in Shelly Eisenpreis's emotional life. She was either in Despair or Joyous.

They looked at the sidewalk for a while.

"Do you still see what's-his-name—Aaron?"

"From time to time. Not as much as before. I don't have much of a social life anymore, Michael. As a matter of fact, my grandmother asked me how my social life was—"

"Euphemism."

"Right! And for once I told her the truth, I said, 'Nanny, it's *no*where, I don't have any steady *boy*friends, my work is great, and that's all I'm doing right now.' Can you believe it? I was so honest! I see Aaron from time to time, and poor Mort Mahony."

"Mort Mahony?"

"He's very sweet and kind, Michael, but not very smart. I just get sick of *explaining* things. But he's very kind. Oh, he's a drip. How's your social life, Michael?"

It was a grave question. "Lousy," he said. "Pretty bad." Michael thought for a moment. "But, you know, it's really good to see you, Shelly. I really should've called you up, I don't know why I haven't . . ." He was amazed, because he was speaking from the heart.

" 'Cause you're an anti-social snob, but I forgive you," she said. "Are you going up the hill anyway? Why don't you walk me home?" She lived on the plateau. Her father was a brain surgeon.

They walked, taking long strides and not talking for a while.

"Mmm, it smells like summer camp," Michael said, finally.

"Not strong enough," Shelly said.

But it does, he thought; you have to sniff it out.

"What's with the stick?" she asked.

"I'm trying to look Biblical," Michael said.

"Ooh, I can *feel* this in my thighs."

"You're the one who wanted to live on top of the hill."

"My parents."

The hill was very steep. They were both breathing hard; twenty miles to the east, the New York skyline, stretched across the horizon, glittered in the warm wind. A car with its headlights on went past, ascending; for some reason, Michael had a feeling that the driver was about to yell something out the car window, but nothing happened. They came to the crest, and the ground finally levelled off. It was lighter up here; orange afterglow hovered in the trees down the street. There were big, low houses, bats flying in the semi-darkness, horned trees pointing at the sky, and Venus—fat, bright, and alone.

"Look," he said, pointing at the planet with his stick.

They came to Shelly's house. "Well, Gelb," she said.

"Been a pleasure," he said, drawling like a cowboy. It may have been the walk up the hill, but his chest was tight, and he suddenly felt like kissing Shelly Eisenpreis.

"Listen," he said, "if you want, we should really get together sometime and have dinner or something—a movie."

"Of course I want. Just call." She disappeared into the house.

Michael walked along, tapping the stick and thinking about the azaleas.

SPECTACLES

I don't move
but the grass spreads in the window
its smear campaign. Trees revert
to wet green, and the irises

bearing the saliva of high shine
cast even the mud of what *I* can see
blue with a colorfast blood.
I am no longer a man of distinction.

My window fills with resemblances:
a face like mine, the evening's
lawn-damp beard, that same old tramp,
the paperboy, who now wheels awkwardly across

my paired, paned eyes, appearing
only to leave
warped tracks. This is no news,
good news. I do not move

in the dark. My wire-rimmed glasses
sprawl on the desk: either a bright suggestion
to the uncorrected eye, or a small
wrecked bicycle.

—Heather McHugh

• •

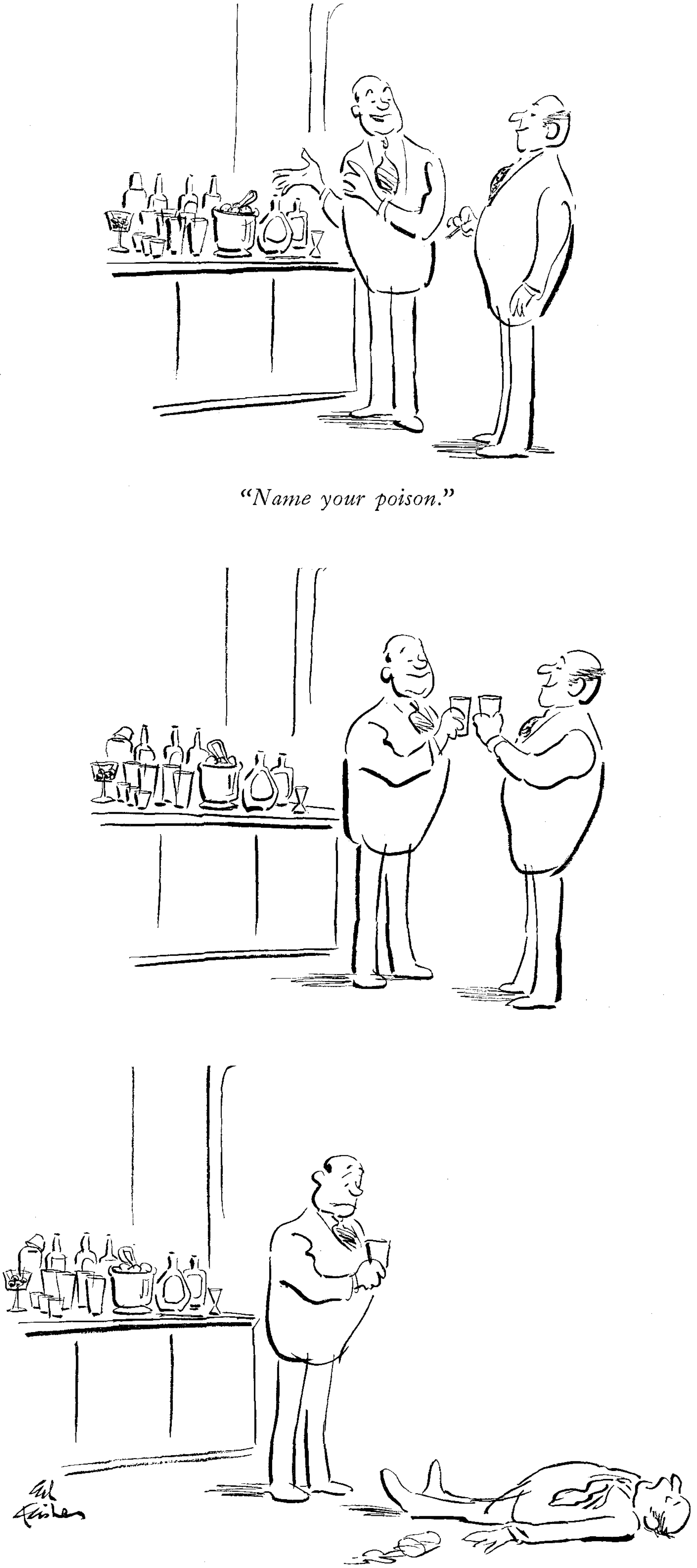
He decided he would write a poem about the evil qualities of azaleas; he would personify them. And he would also write a story about Sussman, perhaps about tennis. Tennis neurosis would build and build; Michael would leap over the net to congratulate Sussman and strangle him instead. Was it something that could really happen? Were the azaleas actually evil?

Rounding the corner, he began to think about his father's father, who used to have a secret project in the basement of his house. Michael had always been scared to go down there. He thought he had heard his parents say something about "patents" and "perpetual motion;" he used to imagine his grandfather, in shirtsleeves, emerging triumphantly from the basement to flashbulbs, having invented something that would never stop moving. *Never*. Now his grandparents lived in a condominium in Florida, and they had no basement. I must write the azalea poem, he thought again. He would write a poem in three parts . . .

The beginning of the descent from the plateau was a steep, wooded tunnel, a street with no houses. It was very dark. In winter Michael walked down this street unafraid, not even thinking of fear. In the spring and summer he understood nature worship. The hillside came alive with vegetation and shadows and odors. A friend of his swore that he had seen a huge, low white animal of some sort there, crossing in front of his headlights one night. Michael, who usually jumped at the cracking of a branch, walked down the street composing the poem. He was at the bottom of the green tunnel, among houses again, having forgotten to be afraid. Suddenly, he felt light and happy; he could do anything. He skipped down the smooth, steep streets.

At the top of his block, someone was having a back-yard party: people were standing around a lighted swimming pool, their faces glowing green, and a man was leading them in snappy songs, shouting "Hey, hey" on the beat. Michael imagined he was coming back from years at sea, with nobody expecting him. Ghostlike, he drifted down through the neighborhood, looking in lighted windows. His own house seemed strange and small. With an intense joy, he saw, through the glass doors, his father and brother sitting and watching television. He joined them without a word, and sat until late watching an extra-inning baseball game. He dreamed all night about Shelly Eisenpreis, only she was someone else.

—JAMES KAPLAN



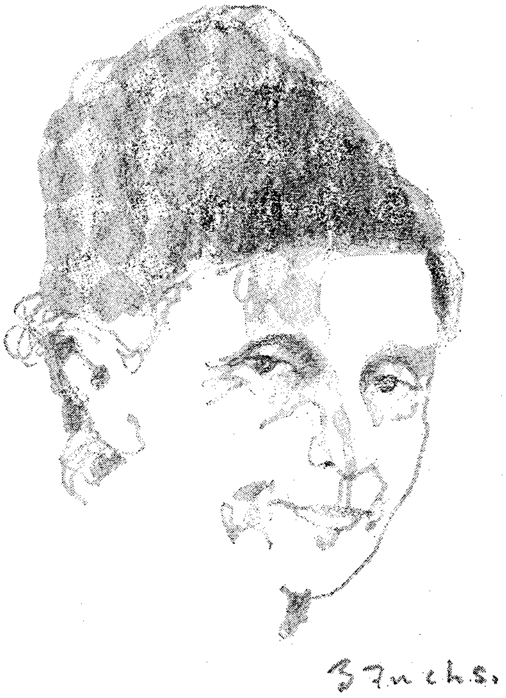
"Name your poison."

PROFILES

THE MOODS OF A STONE

THE general trend of art in this century has been somewhat discouraging for collectors, many of whom still harbor a fugitive belief that works of art ought to serve some decorative purpose. Collectors find it sad and rather perverse that so few contemporary artists paint nice, framable pictures that look good over the living-room sofa, preferring instead to produce giant canvases too unwieldy for anything but a museum wall, or jagged sculptural constructions that imperil one's living space, if not one's very safety, or, worse yet, deliberately ephemeral works—Australian coastlines wrapped in polypropylene, mile-long furrows in the desert—which can be preserved only by means of photographs. Just as it was beginning to seem as though collectors might be phased out of the contemporary art scene entirely, however, a surprising thing happened: A number of leading American artists became interested in making lithographic prints. The old-fashioned, painstaking process of fine-art lithography, which had more or less died out here in this century, has been enjoying a vigorous and widespread revival during the last two decades, and in the living rooms of more than a few collectors lithographs have begun to hang prominently on the walls—even, in some cases, over the sofa.

What is sometimes referred to as a "renaissance" in American lithography is not, strictly speaking, a renaissance at all, simply because there was never a real tradition of fine-art lithography here. Winslow Homer, George Bellows, Arthur B. Davies, Thomas Hart Benton, and others made prints, to be sure, but their lithographic work was not particularly distinguished, and it formed only a minor part of their total oeuvre; until recently, in fact, the only American-born artist who did significant work in lithography and whose lithographs can be said to compare in quality and inventiveness with those of his European contemporaries was James Abbott McNeill Whistler, an expatriate living in England. The reason for this is simple. Lithography, the most complex of the print techniques, requires for its use as an art form the closest possible collaboration between the artist and a printer who is himself a master of this difficult craft. The tra-



Tatyana Grosman

dition of master lithographic printers has survived for well over a century in France, and most of the major French artists, from Toulouse-Lautrec and Manet to Picasso and Matisse, have made lithographs that stand as important works of art. In the United States, however, the commercial applications of the medium have always predominated, and the number of lithographic printers able and willing to collaborate with artists has been extremely limited.

All print techniques, of course, were developed originally for commercial purposes. The woodblock, which had been used in Europe since early Christian times to stamp patterns on textiles, proved to be a cheap and efficient method of illustrating the books that proliferated in the fifteenth century as a result of Gutenberg's invention of movable type. The intaglio techniques of etching and engraving, which date from the mid-fifteenth century and the beginning of the sixteenth, respectively, were from the beginning devoted primarily to reproductive rather than creative ends; for every Dürer or Rembrandt, whose prints are major works of art, there existed hundreds of nameless engravers and etchers who made their living copying pictures by other artists. Lithography is believed to have been perfected about 1798, by Alois Senefelder, a Bavarian printer, who thought of his invention as a cheap way to print literary and music manuscripts. Senefelder's method was vastly more efficient than any of the others; it soon proved, in addition, to have enormous appeal for artists.

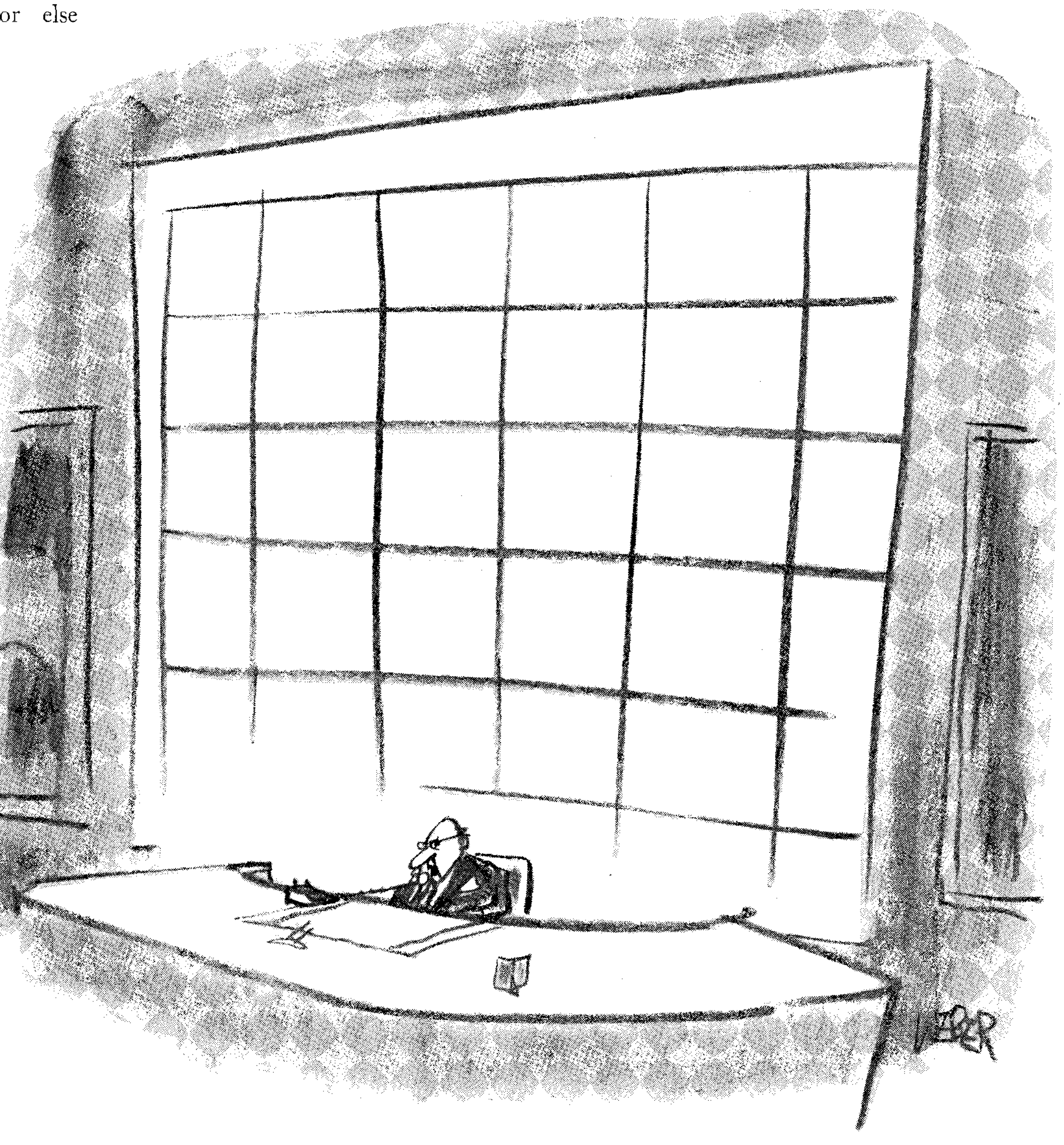
Lithography is based on the mutual antipathy of oil and water. In the classic technique, the lithographer draws with a greasy substance on a smoothly ground block of limestone; the stone is moistened with water, which the greasy markings reject; then printer's ink is applied to it, adhering to the greasy, drawn portions and being rejected by the moist, blank portions; a sheet of paper pressed down on the surface absorbs the ink, and the result is a reversed impression of the original drawing on the stone. With subsequent inkings, the process can be repeated through many impressions before the drawing wears out. For an artist, the method offers a great many advantages. No complicated tools or technologies must be mastered: he draws directly on the stone (the word "lithography" comes from the Greek "*lithos*," or "stone," and "*graphein*," "to write or draw"), using either a special lithographic crayon or an oily compound called tusche, which he applies with a brush. In fact, if he chooses, he can even make his drawing on lithographic transfer paper, which is then pressed down on the stone, leaving a reversed image—one that is re-reversed to its original state when the stone is printed. (Whistler often used this method.) Lithography enables the artist to achieve tones from the densest black to the most delicate shades of gray, and by using more than one stone he can employ a wide and subtle range of color. For this reason, lithography is considered the most painterly of the print techniques. The technical manipulation of the process—the "cookery" involved in graining the surface of the stone to prepare it for the artist; the etching of the artist's design with a weak acid solution, so that it will last through multiple impressions; the inking of the stone and the actual job of putting it through the press; and the adjustment and alteration of the various steps until a proof has been pulled that satisfies the artist—is all done by a professional printer who is a specialist. The printer has spent several years learning his trade and can often help the artist to achieve precisely the effect he is seeking. It has been so in France, at any rate, but until about

1960 it was certainly not so in this country.

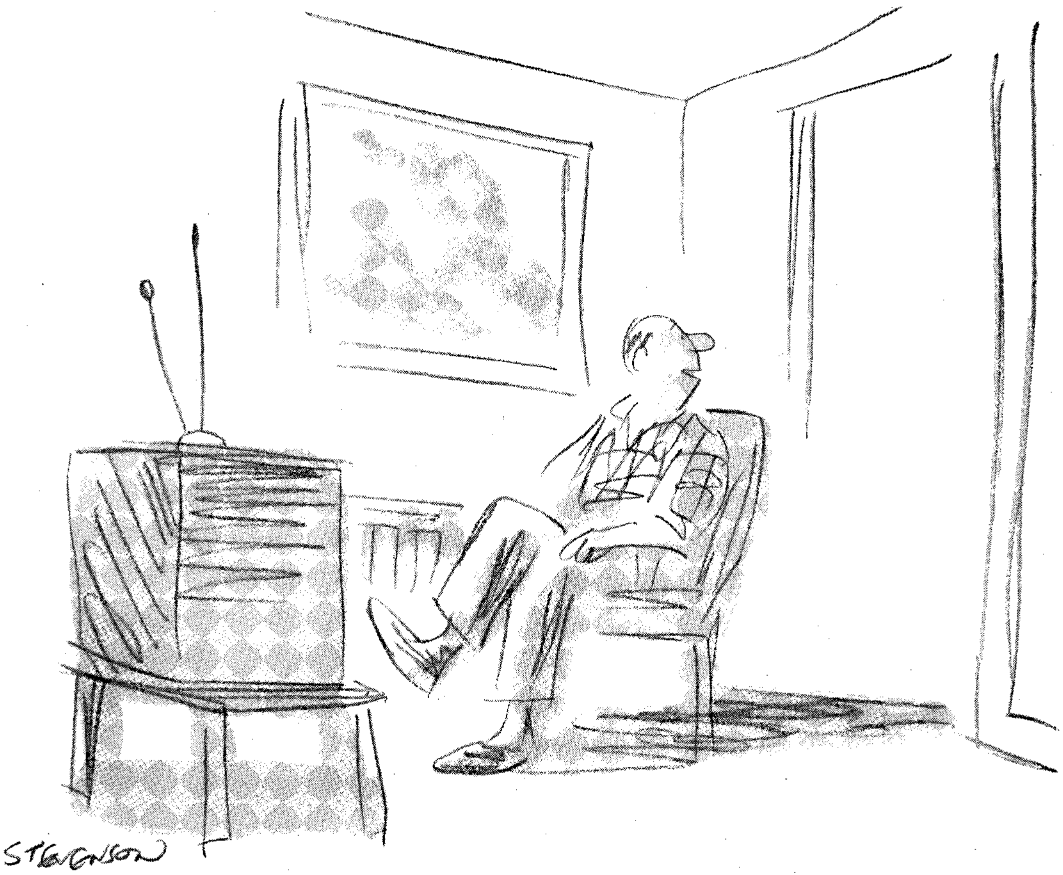
Lithography caught on in the United States about 1818, mainly as a means of mass-producing book illustrations, posters, and popular decorative prints such as those turned out in great quantity by Currier & Ives. The standing rule at Currier & Ives was that the artist who painted the original was not allowed to touch the lithographic stone; his work was redrawn on it by professional artisans, who could presumably copy the scene more efficiently on the stone, and could do so in the approved, highly standardized manner. When photolithography appeared, during the eighteen-nineties, the commercial presses all converted as rapidly as possible to the new technique. Lithographic limestones were replaced by zinc plates and then by aluminum plates. The number of printers who could hand-pull an impression from a stone declined steadily, until by 1950 an American artist who wanted to make lithographs was obliged to print them himself, with inadequate equipment, or else go to France, where the ateliers of Mourlot, Desjobert, and other artisans maintained the tradition of fine-art lithography.

IT is true that a great many non-lithographic prints were being made and sold throughout the United States during the nineteen-forties. The arrival in New York in 1940 of the English printmaker Stanley William Hayter, whose Atelier 17, in Paris, had attracted the interest of many European artists, led Jackson Pollock, Jacques Lipchitz, Alexander Calder, and others to experiment with the intaglio techniques of etching and engraving. Leonard Baskin, Carol Summers, and a few other American artists had rediscovered the woodcut, and a number of young artists were investigating the possibilities of silk-screen printing—a technique that involves the transfer of an image to a stretched square of silk, through whose fine mesh ink is forced in order to make the print. Since the image has ordinarily been transferred to the silk by a photomechanical process, silk-screen prints do not usually qualify as "original" prints—a classification that has been much in dispute lately but usually implies that the artist has created the master image directly on the printing surface. (When the artist draws directly on the silk screen, the resulting print is called a serigraph.) In any event, most of the other printmaking in America was also being done by professional printmakers rather than by major artists. Aside from brief experiments with etching made by Pollock in 1946, none of the Abstract Expressionists had shown any interest in making prints, and not a single artist of stature in this country was making lithographs.

The remarkable flowering of lithography during the nineteen-sixties is due in large part to the unrelated efforts of two women, one on the East Coast and one on the West. On the West Coast, activities got started in 1958, after June Wayne, a California artist and printmaker, stopped off in New York and had what seemed to her at the time a casual conversation with W. McNeil Lowry, the director of the Ford Foundation's newly formed Program in the Humanities and the Arts. Miss Wayne told Lowry that she was going to Paris to make an edition of lithographs, because there was not a single printer in America who could handle the job, and she suggested that the Ford Foundation might sensibly spend some of its millions to revive the dying art. Lowry was interested. Soon after their conversation, he wrote to Miss Wayne asking whether she had any specific ideas on the subject. She did, and the result was the Tamarind Lithography Workshop, established in Los Angeles in 1960 with a grant from the foundation. A brilliantly organized teaching studio, Tamarind has exerted its influence mainly by training master printers,



"What do you mean, what am I doing? I'm plying my trade."



"Quick, Marjorie! They're about to announce the winners of the November elections."

• •

many of whom have gone out and established fine lithography studios of their own.

The East Coast venture had begun in 1957, without subsidy or plan of organization, in a modest frame house in West Islip, Long Island, occupied by Tatyana Grosman and her husband Maurice, a painter. (Maurice Grosman, who died this winter, took no active part in the lithographic operations; he painted, made sculptures, played excellent chess, and took a quiet pride in his wife's achievements.) The workshop has expanded only slightly since then, and the number of artists who have printed there has been limited so far to seventeen. Both technically and aesthetically, however, the prints published by Tatyana Grosman's Universal Limited Art Editions are generally acknowledged to be equal or superior to anything being done in Europe or anywhere else, and a good many of them have been recognized as works of art of a very high order.

"It's amazing how few bad prints Tanya has put out," William S. Lieberman, the director of the department of drawings at the Museum of Modern Art, said the other day. "Maybe one out of twenty-five of her prints doesn't stand up as a work of art, and I don't know of another workshop in the world of which that could be said." Lieberman's museum gets the first number of every edition printed by Universal Limited Art Editions—an arrangement that has been made possible in recent years by the help of Armand and Celeste Bartos, who are themselves ardent print collectors. The museum is grateful for it, because ULAE prints have become exceedingly difficult to acquire, and when the prints of some of Mrs. Grosman's artists change hands after the initial sale, they go for many times the original price. Mrs. Grosman does not concern herself with this form of escalation. Although her own prices have risen over the last decade—a print that might have cost seventy-five to a hundred dollars in 1959 now costs anywhere from four hundred to three thousand dollars—she has never made much money from her operations. "Tanya is completely committed to her artists and to her idea of quality," Lieberman has said. "The commercial side of the operation—if, indeed, there is one—is incidental."

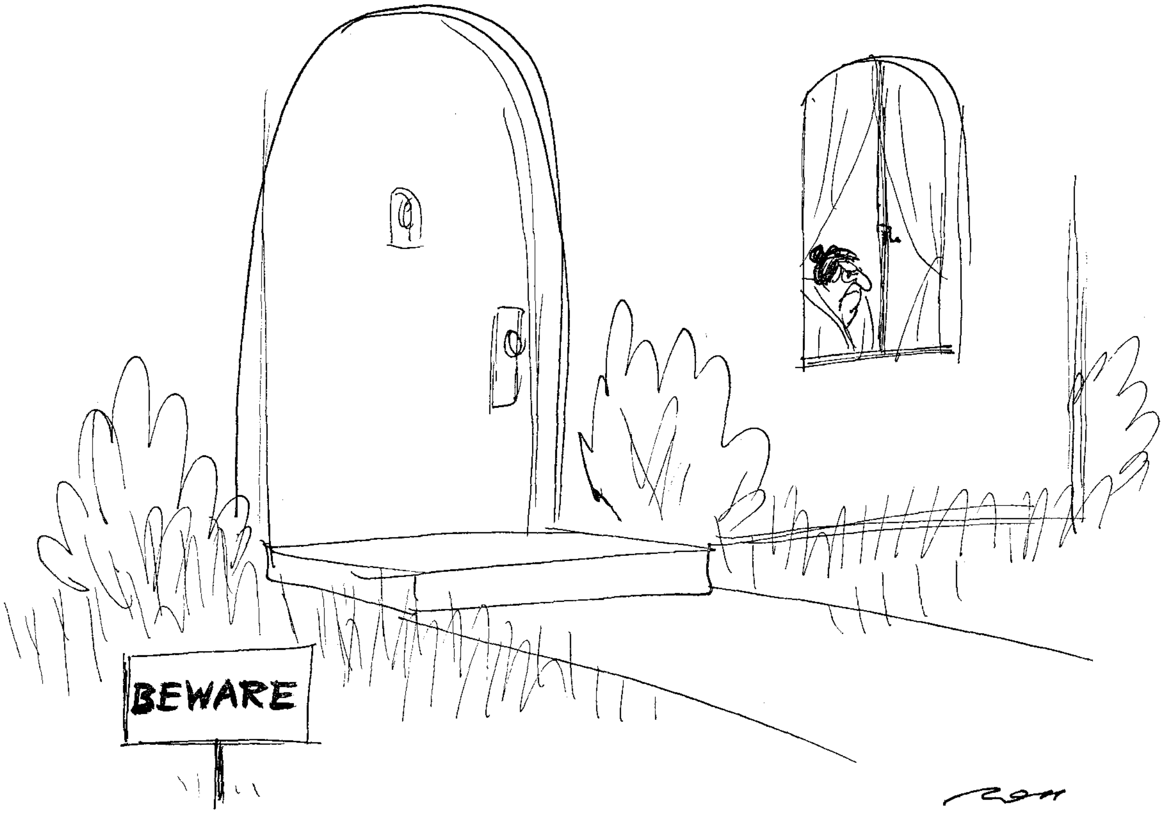
ULAE editions are limited to the number of impressions that the printer can pull from one stone in a day's work, and sometimes by other considerations as well. Jasper Johns, one of the artists who work with Mrs. Grosman, maintains that if there were only five sheets of a particularly beautiful paper in the world, she would make an edition using just those five sheets, no matter how much money she lost on it. When one of her editions appears in a quantity that seems eccentric—seventeen, for example, or twenty-three—the reason is usually that the prints issued were the only ones that met Mrs. Grosman's exacting specifications, and she had the rest destroyed.

TATYANA GROSMAN, as her first name suggests, is Russian by birth, and after more than thirty years in this country her English is still so freighted with unfamiliar accents and inflections that most people have great trouble understanding what she says. Now seventy-one, she is a tiny, soft-spoken woman with a manner so exquisitely polite and considerate that one is tempted to apply to her the antique term "gentlewoman." She is also, in her quiet way, implacably persistent. Mrs. Grosman spends a good deal of time on the telephone. She will often excuse herself from a lunch table or from a gathering of people in order to telephone someone in a remote part of the country or the world, and, as the late John McKendry, the curator of prints and photographs at the Metropolitan Museum, pointed out a few years ago, there is always a very specific point to her call. "Whenever Tanya calls me," McKendry said, "with all that incredible charm of hers, I know there's a reason, and that something good will come of it, and that I'll have several hours' or days' work to do as a result." Once, McKendry and Henry Geldzahler, the Metropolitan's curator of twentieth-century art, had both been invited to Mrs. Grosman's house for lunch, but both of them had bad colds and would have preferred not to make the train trip to West Islip. After discussing the matter, though, they decided that it would be easier to go than to explain why they were not going. "She can be embarrassingly generous," according to McKendry. "She has this great maternal thing—she takes care of her artists, makes sure they eat a lot, gives them lavish gifts, insists on paying the check in restaurants. But at the same time she expects a great deal from you—and you always find yourself working twice as hard for her as you would for anyone else. She's so gentle and yet so strong—strong enough to be flexible where it matters."

The flexible side of Mrs. Grosman's nature has enabled her to work more or less harmoniously with some exceptionally strong-willed artists, nearly all of whom made their first lithographs as a result of her persistent urging. The first of these was Larry Rivers, who was introduced to stone printing by Mrs. Grosman in 1957 and has continued to make lithographs at her studio ever since. Then came—in chronological order—Fritz Glarner, Sam Francis, Grace Hartigan, Jasper Johns, Helen Frankenthaler, Robert Motherwell, Robert Rauschenberg, Jim Dine, Lee Bontecou, Barnett Newman, Marisol, James Rosenquist, Cy Twombly, Edwin Schlossberg, Claes Oldenburg, and R. Buckminster Fuller. Several other well-known artists would like very much to work with Mrs. Grosman, but she has no wish to enlarge her "family" of artists, and she has been quite firm in stipulating that her workshop is not a printing facility. The family, by and large, includes several of the most innovative and influential artists now at work in America, and this fact is often cited as a primary reason for Mrs. Grosman's extraordinary achievement. With the exception of the work of an occasional genius like Piranesi or Callot, the great prints and the major developments in printmaking have all been the work of major artists of a period. Mrs. Grosman has been interested exclusively in publishing work by the artists she admires. The results, which have been extraordinary by any standards, are even more remarkable when one considers that Mrs. Grosman herself, by her own frequent admission, knows surprisingly little about the craft of lithography.

"Even today, I don't know anything about lithographic techniques," she noted quietly one recent afternoon, while sitting with a friend at the long dining table in her sunny kitchen. "The way we work is very simple—the artist makes his drawing on the stone, the printer makes a proof, and then the artist decides what he likes or doesn't like, and makes changes, and maybe I make some suggestions, and we select the paper, and that's how it is." Although she does know that the process is a good deal more complicated than her explanation of it, Mrs. Grosman prefers to leave the technical details to others and to concentrate her own attention on the rather mysterious, intangible qualities of the medium. "I think what happens here is that I'm not very interested in production," she said. "Barnett Newman said a wonderful thing: he said that printing is like music—the artist is the composer, and the printer is the interpreter. And the interpretation is so important! Here the intention has always been that whatever the printer can do in one day, that becomes the size of the edition. If he prints twenty, thirty, forty, then that's it, and I don't want him to continue the next day and do more, because his touch will be different, everything will change. The printer must be *with* the work. He is not imitating a machine, because a machine can do much better as far as speed is concerned. The printer must be with it, like music; he knows that here is a crescendo, here a diminuendo—he feels it!"

Mrs. Grosman paused reflectively. "I don't know how these things happen, really," she continued after a moment. "You see, my husband was a painter, and through most of our life together it was his work that interested me—that was my life. And then, in 1955, when we were living in Manhattan, Maurice had a bad heart attack, and I brought him out here to get well—we had been spending summers in this little house since 1944—and then the doctor told me that Maurice would never be so strong again, and I knew that I would have to do something, right away. What was I to do? My great interest, my real passion, had always been books, books with visual images. I had just read a lovely book that inspired me very much, a book by Monroe Wheeler called 'Modern Painters and Sculptors as Illustrators,' in which he spoke about artists doing graphic work to illustrate books of poetry—Picasso and Matisse and others did that in France—and he said that the ideal thing would be for an artist and a poet to work together on a book. The idea seemed very beautiful to me. I had already started to work with artists I admired—on silk-screen prints. Then, by pure luck, I found two fine lithographic stones in the front yard of our house—real Bavarian lithographic stones, which had been discarded years and years before and were being used as part of a path. And somehow I got the idea that I could use these stones to



make a book of the kind Mr. Wheeler had described. I went to see Mr. Rosset—Barney Rosset, of the Grove Press—to ask if he could perhaps suggest a poet for such a book, and he suggested Frank O'Hara. Well, I read some of O'Hara's poems, but I didn't really understand them very well, they were so abstract. But then a few days later Maurice and I drove out to Larry Rivers' studio, in Southampton. Larry had also been a friend for some time. I talked to Larry about this idea of a book that would be a real fusion of poetry and art—a real collaboration, *not* just drawings to illustrate poems—and Larry listened, and then he called out, 'Hey, Frank!' And down the stairs came a young man in bluejeans. It was Frank O'Hara. And that is how things have happened to me in my life. They have just worked out, somehow."

WINTER LETTER TO DAN MARSTELLER FROM SOUTH BOSTON IN JANUARY, 1975

A quarter buys two games of hard pinball
And, worse, three balls each. Massachusetts snow
Tastes like sooty salt. A cool glass of beer—
Bally, Lite, or Blue—costs eighty cents. A bus
(Its windows taped for stone) full of small black
Children speeds by at eight and three. The sea?

What will I ever say about the sea
After Valéry? After Coleridge? Black
At night? Brilliant blue at noon? The great snow
Swallower? Oh, if I could drink the beer
The ocean drinks, I'd forget about the bus,
Write real poems, and concentrate on pinball.

If odes on trees, why not an epic pinball
Masterpiece? File under FUTURE. The sea
Today is out of sight in clouds. The black
Schoolchildren shiver twice under the snow
And names from lovely women high on beer
Who will never send their kids by bus

To school in Roxbury. The word "bus"
Is Gaelic. They translate it hatpin, ball
Bat, knife, or dope. "Forget about the sea
Today," the dense cloud says again. It's black
As midnight and only five o'clock. Snow
Keeps falling. Thirteen inches now. A beer

Is out of the question. Too far to walk. Beer!
Guinness Harp and Stout! I wish a Greyhound bus,
Loaded with Guinness and a brand new pinball,
Would pull up to my door. Lord, what a sea
Of drunkenness would float under me, what black
Poems I'd compose lying in the snow!

My mother writes to tell me, "A huge snow-
Storm blanketed Omaha. The polar beer
At Doorly Zoo loved it." I'm buying a bus
Ticket back to where a game of pinball
Costs a dime. I came to Boston for the sea,
Gordon Cairnie, and the poet's life. A black

Viral hatred blackens the Boston snow.
Cobblestones and beer bottles crash through bus
Windows. Even pinballs! I'm putting out to sea.

—JOHN MCKERNAN

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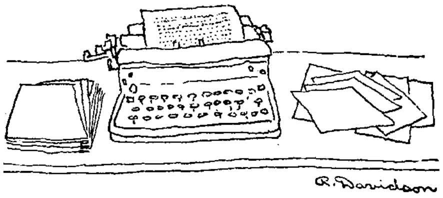
ALTHOUGH Mrs. Grosman rarely thinks about the past these days, she does retain a few vivid memories of her childhood. She was born in Ekaterinburg (today it is called Sverdlovsk), in the Urals—the city where Czar Nicholas II and his family were imprisoned and then executed by the Bolsheviks in 1918. Tatyana was fourteen at the time. She remembers her father, Semion Michailovitch Aguschewitsch, who was the owner and publisher of *Ural Life*, the leading paper in that area, bringing home a proof of the next day's front page, with its headline on the execution. While the family were at dinner, the doorbell rang, and the maid announced that two officials of the Ekaterinburg Soviet wanted to see Mr. Aguschewitsch. He received them in his study, and returned to the dining room about fifteen minutes later. After telling his wife and children to say nothing about the royal family's deaths, he went back to his office and remade the paper, which had not yet been distributed, substituting an edition that made no mention of the shootings. They were only reported in the paper two weeks later.

Up until 1918, not much had happened to disturb the comfort of this well-to-do family. Tatyana's father had come out to Ekaterinburg around 1900 to found the paper, and its success and his were a reflection of the city's growth as an important mining and industrial center in the early years of the century. *Ural Life* was read in Moscow and St. Petersburg and throughout Siberia; like the newly completed Trans-Siberian Railroad, it served as a link between western, European Russia and the vast eastern region that stretched from the Urals to China and the Pacific. The paper had a regular literary page, with occasional contributions by political exiles in Siberia, writing under pseudonyms. Aguschewitsch himself was something of an intellectual, and was also a hardworking and astute businessman, who invested his money in real estate. As a result, Tatyana and a younger brother grew up in an atmosphere of modest wealth and liberal culture.



Nearly every summer, the family went to visit grandparents in Munich. Tatyana rather enjoyed the trip, which used to take thirteen days by train—later it was reduced to six—but she would have preferred to spend her summers in some Russian village with friends. Mrs. Aguschewitsch's family had emigrated from Russia to Bavaria in the nineteenth century, and, according to Tatyana, her mother, who had grown up in Germany, never really became used to living in the Urals. "My mother was somewhat eccentric," she recalls. "She was full of energy and

"And yet another Bicentennial hype."

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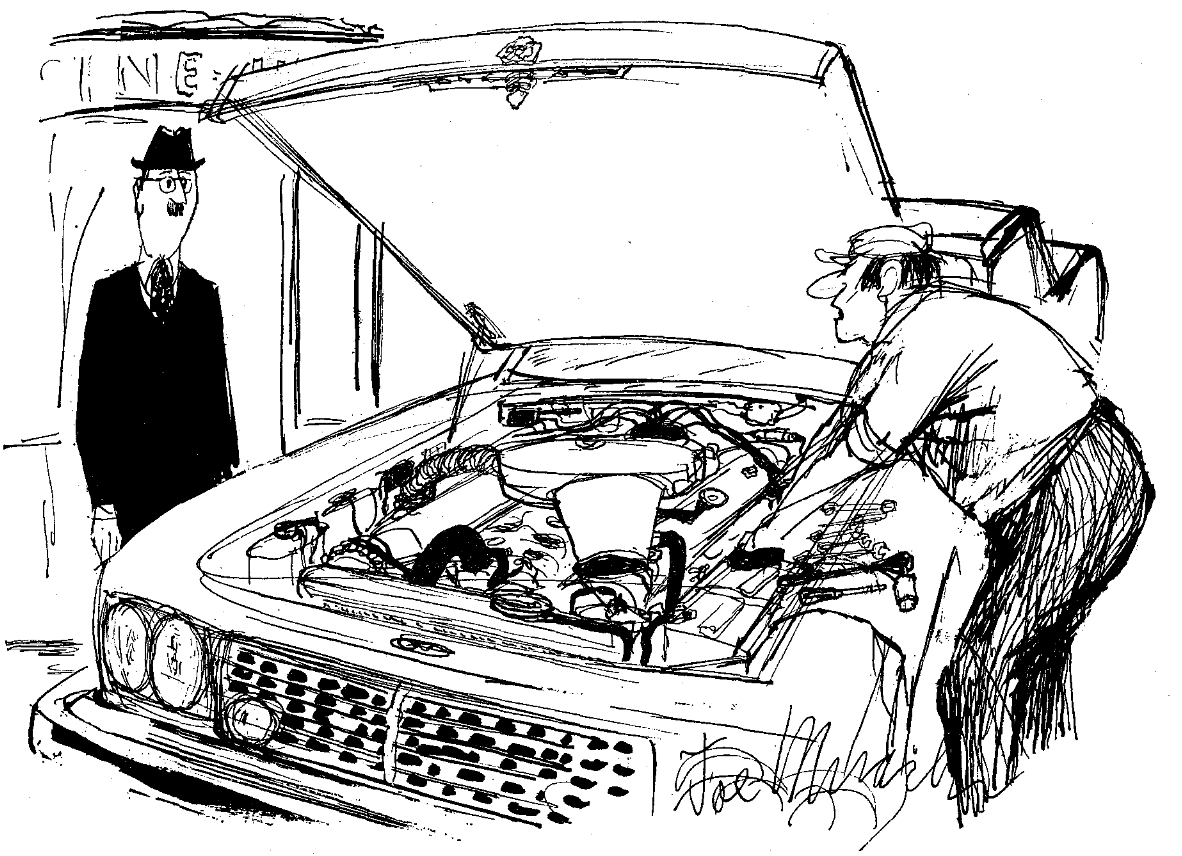
was very gifted. She spoke several languages with ease, played the piano, and was always travelling, always doing things. I admired her, but I felt that I could never be such a person as she was. When I think about it now, it seems to me that I was a very inward child—that I had nowhere to grow but inside. I was reading very much, always. The theory in our house was that a child must read only good literature, whether or not he understood it, and in Russia even the children's books were mostly excerpts from the major authors—Turgenev and Dostoevski and Nekrassov and, of course, Pushkin. The visits to Western Europe every summer were a torture for me, but still those days on the train were a time when I could be alone with my books and the passing landscape. The theatre also played a great part in my imagination. I think my exact, precise first memory was of going to the theatre, to see a play by Gogol. My father loved the theatre, and he had two permanent seats, for every performance. There was one theatre in the town, and it presented opera half the year and drama the other half. The most important companies from Moscow and St. Petersburg came. Ekaterinburg was not really so provincial. It was a very wealthy city, and was growing rapidly. I remember Father was always building extensions to his printing plant."

The Aguschewitsch children and their mother spent the summer of 1914 in Berchtesgaden. When the war broke out, that August, they went first to Switzerland, where the Russian consulate arranged for them and a group of other displaced Russians to travel by ship across the Black Sea to Odessa. Back home in Ekaterinburg, a thousand miles from the fighting fronts, they were scarcely aware of the devastation going on in western Russia and in Europe. They spent the summer of 1916 in the Siberian village of Krutikha, on the edge of the taiga. The following summer, while Alexander Kerenski's provisional government sought ineffectually to cope with the revolutionary chaos following Nicholas II's abdication and Russia's withdrawal from the war, the family took a leisurely boat trip down the Volga from Kazan to the Caucasus and the spas of Kislovodsk and Essentuki. "I was enchanted," Tatyana recalls. "Everything reminded me of Lermontov's poems. And it was on this trip that I read Tolstoy's 'War and Peace' for the first time—an encounter that has stayed with me to this day. Actually, the Revolution was relatively peaceful for us until 1918."

After the October Revolution brought the Bolsheviks to power, in the fall of 1917, local groups of Bolshevik workers and soldiers seized control of most of the leading towns and cities, including Ekaterinburg, but Aguschewitsch continued to put out his paper, the children continued to go to school, and life was much as it had been. Then, in the summer of 1918, the counter-revolutionary White Army of Admiral Alexander Vasilievich Kolchak joined forces with several regiments of Czechoslovak troops who had deserted to Russia early in the war, had been sent to Siberia, and were now trying to fight their way home again, and they drove close enough to threaten Ekaterinburg. It was at this time that the Ekaterinburg Soviet, fearing that the advancing Whites would liberate the Czar, sentenced him and his family to death.

The Whites did succeed in taking Ekaterinburg. A year later, however, the tide of battle turned and the Red Army advanced on the city. Aguschewitsch and his family, though they had survived thus far without serious hardship, now decided to leave Ekaterinburg temporarily. Accompanied by several trunks full of belongings and by one of their maids, they took the Trans-Siberian Railroad east to Vladivostok,



"Have you been tinkering with this machine?"

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which was still in White Russian hands. After a stay of several months, they went on to Japan, where they lived in the European section of Yokohama for about ten months. "We did not feel that we were emigrating," Tatyana recalls. "We were just going to wait until things had settled down at home, and Japan was the nearest country. My parents engaged a Russian tutor for me, so that I would not get behind in school, and I also attended the Sacred Heart Convent school in Tokyo. But eventually my parents realized that they had to make a decision. Russia was not settling down, it seemed. We could not go back. My parents were thinking about Europe, and their first idea was to go to Switzerland, where the children would have good schools. But for Switzerland, and also for America, there was too long a wait for visas. Somehow, we were able to get a transit visa to Italy, and so we sailed for Venice—the whole family and Maria, the maid. I remember that the ship visited many ports for long stays and we went sightseeing. The trip took fifty-eight days."

FROM Venice the Aguschewitsch family went to visit Mrs. Aguschewitsch's relatives in Munich, and shortly thereafter they moved to Dresden. They still hoped to go eventually to Switzerland, but Mr. Aguschewitsch managed to find a comfortable house in Dresden and soon began investing in other properties, so they settled there instead. Tatyana spent the next eight years in Dresden, and they were lonely ones for her. Although she spoke fluent German, she felt like an outsider at her school, a German lyceum. "Germany at that time, after the First World War, was very coarse—the coarseness that George Grosz reflected so well in his work," Tatyana recalls. "The family always went to the mountains at Christmastime, and in the spring my mother and I went to the Czechoslovakian spas or to Prague, Vienna, or Paris. The summers we spent at North Sea resorts or in Italy. As you can see, I was a very devoted daughter, and I accompanied my mother everywhere, doing everything a young lady is supposed to do. But there were very few people I could relate to, and I spent a great deal of time reading." For a period after her graduation from the lyceum, she did nothing, but then, more to secure her independence than for any other reason, she enrolled in the Dresden Academy of Applied Arts, and through friends there she met Maurice Grosman, a young student from the nearby Academy of Fine Arts. Grosman had been born in Poland, but he had lived most of his life in Germany. He was a free spirit, attractive, and poor, as art students are expected to be, and although he had started to make a name for himself and already had pictures hanging in several museums, Tatyana's parents did not approve of the friendship. When the inevitable crisis occurred, Tatyana went off by herself to the Alpine skiing village of Lech, where she decided, after much thought, that she would have to break with her family. It was a painful decision. Soon after making it, she became seriously ill, and had to spend two months in the hospital. When she recovered, early in 1931, she and Grosman were married.

They went to Paris, settling first in the little suburban town of Herblay, on the Seine, where a daughter, Larissa, was born in 1933. Eventually, they moved to a tiny apartment in Montparnasse. Their friends were foreign artists and writers—men like Jacques Lipchitz, Chaim Soutine, and Ossip Zadkine—who had been drawn to Paris for the usual reasons. Generally speaking, the Grosmans had little contact with the White Russian exile colony. (Tatyana Grosman has never been subject to the kind of passionate nostalgia that afflicts so many exiles from prerevolutionary Russia. Today, she rarely thinks about the country of her birth, and her memories of it tend to come mainly from the books that she read as a child.) They lived on Maurice's meagre earnings as an artist, supplemented by a small allowance from Tatyana's father. Although Maurice was receiving some recognition, and had been given a one-man show at the Vignon Gallery, life became increasingly difficult for them. Often, there was barely enough money for food. Mrs. Grosman can still hardly bring herself to speak of the tragedy that engulfed them at this time. "Larissa was a beautiful child," she once confided to a friend. "She gave me the greatest moments of happiness in my life. One day, she became suddenly and inexplicably ill. We took her to the hospital, and she died there the

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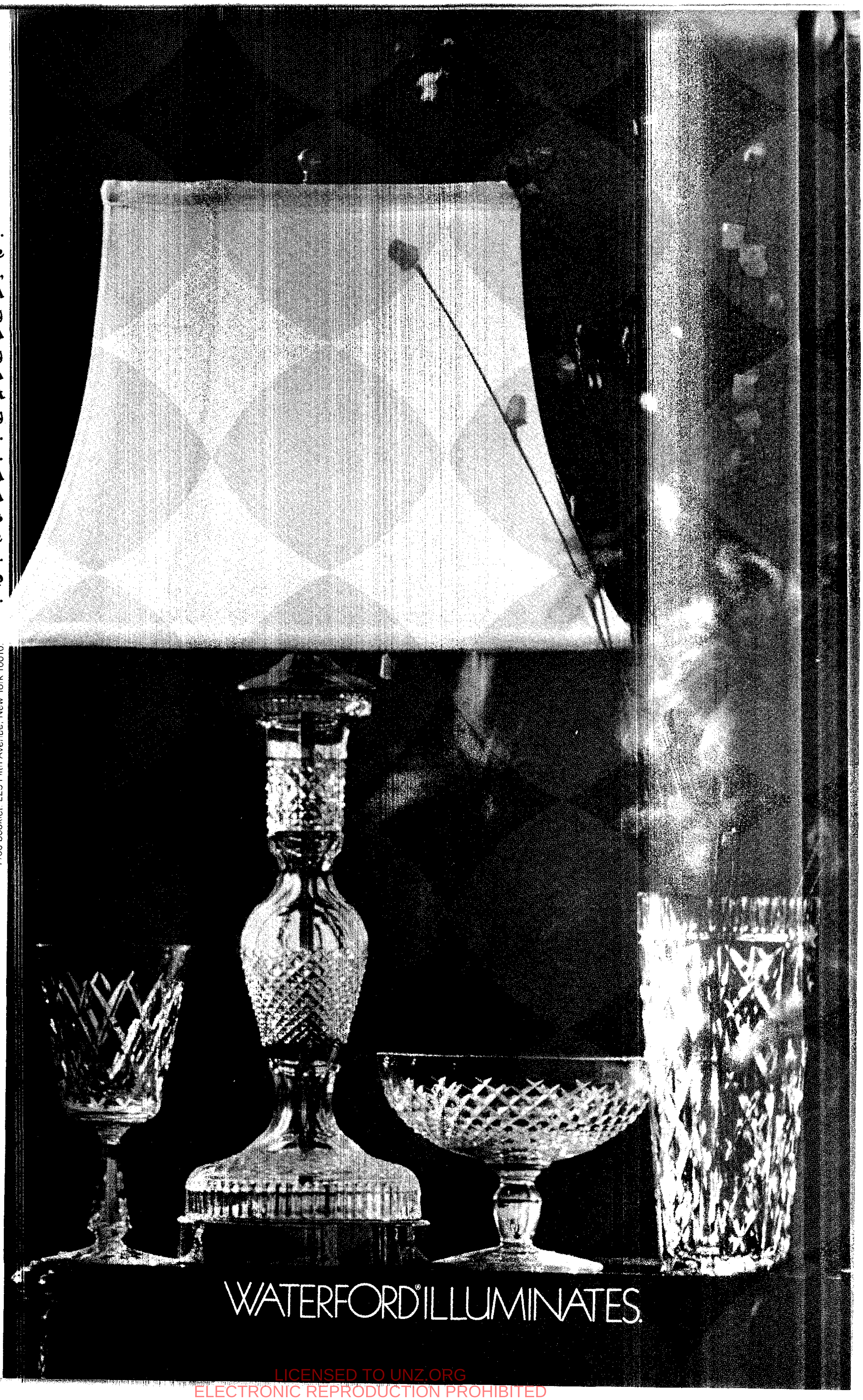

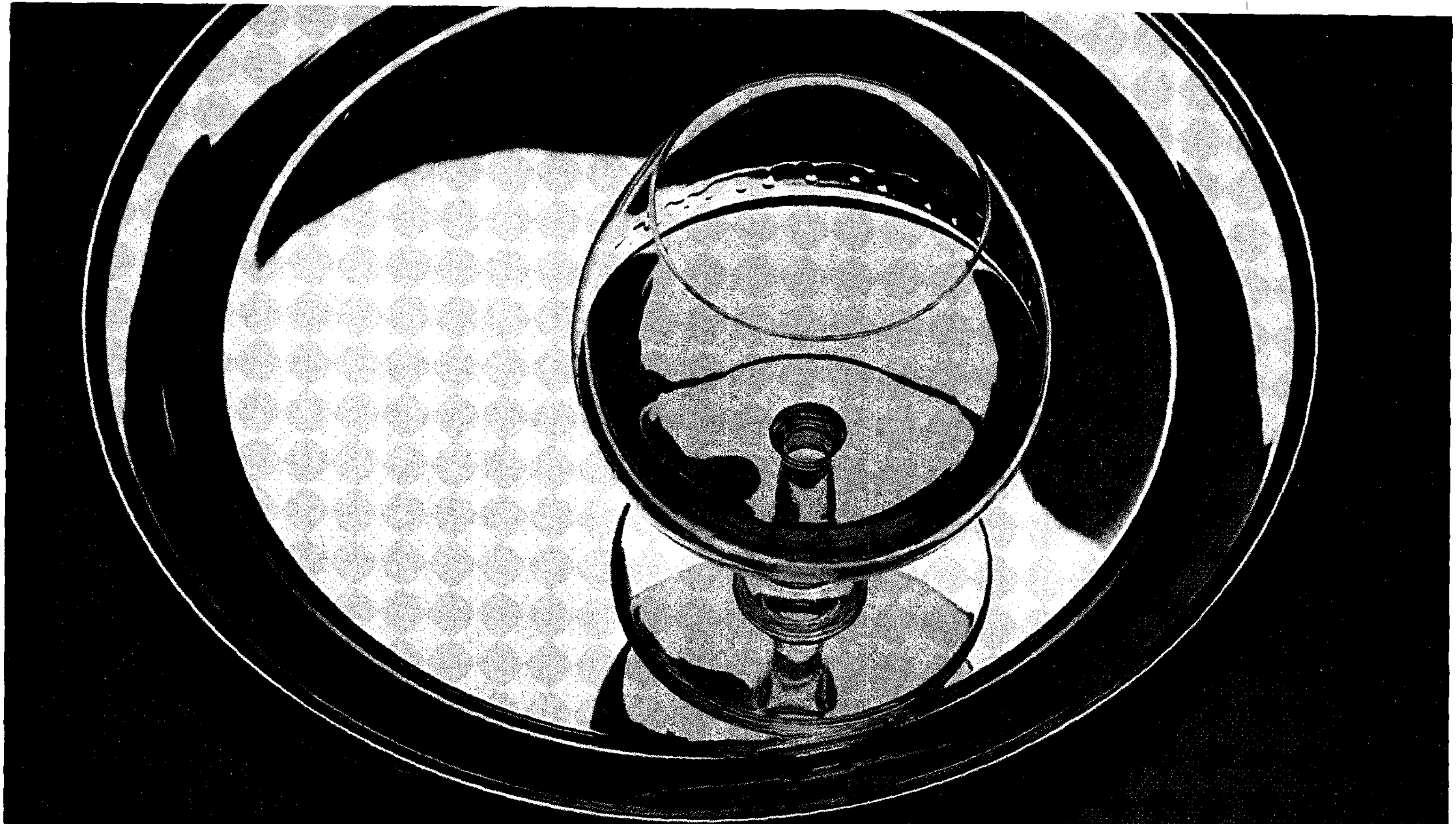

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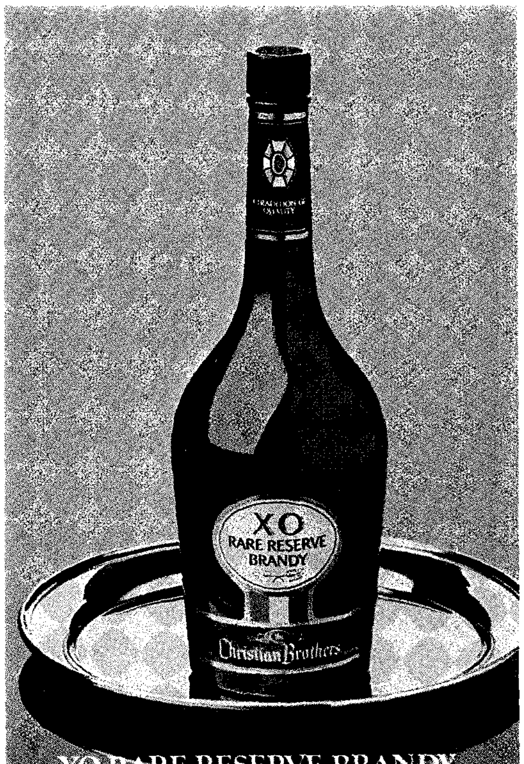

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following day. She was sixteen months old."

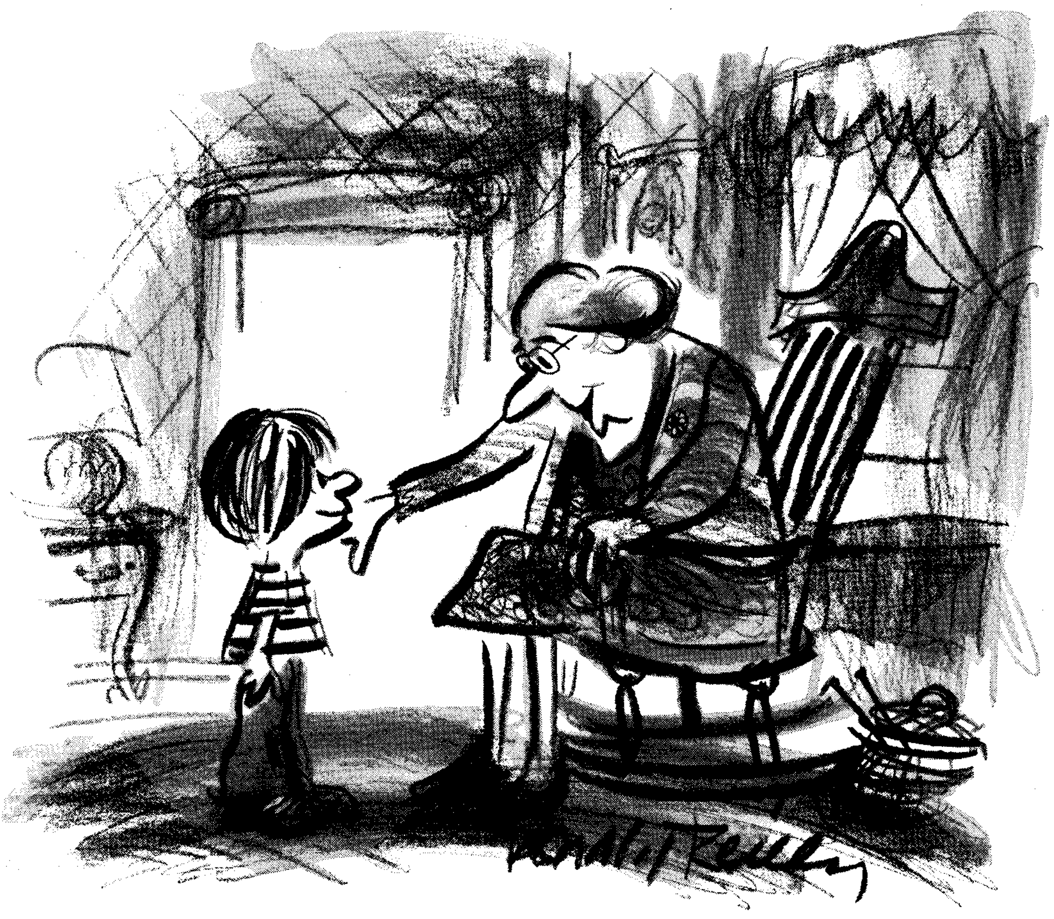
IN the Siberia of her childhood, Mrs. Grosman had heard many tales of exile and flight. She often had occasion to recall these stories during the years between 1940 and 1943, when she and her husband lived in daily fear of being apprehended, because they were Jewish. Two days before Paris fell, they left the city with the exodus. They were invited by their concierge to join her and some of her women friends and their eleven children in an ancient truck driven by a young boy. After three weeks on the road, with frequent bombing and strafing attacks by German planes, they reached the tiny village of Céret, in the Pyrenees, where the Grosmans lived for the next year. Céret, which had been something of an artists' colony before the war, and where they had spent several summers, for a while seemed a fairly secure refuge. As time passed and the Nazi policy toward Jews became clearer, however, unoccupied France began to seem less and less safe. In the hope of getting a visa to the United States, the Grosmans moved in 1941 down to Marseilles. There, one day, without warning, the police arrested several thousand Jews. Maurice was among them.

Instead of being shipped to one of the dreaded camps, Grosman had the good fortune to be sent to a *résidence assignée*—a sort of limited detention—in the village of Alzon, above Nîmes. Tatyana joined him there. The following spring, a letter came from the American consulate in Marseilles saying that their visa had been approved and that they should present themselves for immigration. In order to leave Alzon, Grosman had to have a permit signed by officials in all the towns between Alzon and Marseilles. Obviously, it would take weeks to get the necessary signatures by mail, so Tatyana took the permit to each official in person, got all the necessary signatures, and brought it back within a few days. The permit was valid for fourteen days. Maurice and Tatyana hoped that on receiving the visa they could leave aboard the ship Nyassa, which was then anchored in Marseilles Harbor. But the American consulate now informed them that another document was needed: an official statement that neither of them had ever been convicted of a crime. Frantic letters to Paris elicited a police statement clearing Maurice, but a similar clearance for Tatyana was delayed. When it finally did arrive, the Nyassa had sailed and Maurice's fourteen-day permit had expired. A friendly policeman told them that the only way to get the permit extended was for Maurice to be hospitalized, and so, in desperation, they went around to all the hospitals they could find, trying to have him admitted. A private sanitarium for the insane, near Marseilles, finally took him in, for the logical reason that he appeared to be "nervous."

Tatyana returned to their lodgings, a small room in a cheap Marseilles hotel, and they waited. One night, the police came to the hotel and knocked at the entrance. She went to the roof and hid behind the chimney of an adjacent building while they searched the premises. Hearing them leave, she crept back inside, but as she started to get dressed she heard another knock at the hotel entrance. This time, she clung to the roof, then jumped to a balcony of the next house, and hid in the bedroom of a terrified teen-age girl until morning.

The next day, Tatyana learned of an announcement that had come over British radio the night before: All Jews in France were to be arrested. She left her belongings in her room upstairs, asked the hotel's owner to tell the police that she would be back, and went to Maurice's sanitarium, where she spent the next few weeks hiding under his bedclothes every night and slipping out to be the "first visitor" every morning. A woman patient was deeply impressed by her devotion. "*Ah, quelle femme!*" she would sigh every time she saw the Grosmans together. Then, one morning, a Sûreté official came to the sanitarium to arrest Maurice. The doctor in charge succeeded in stalling him off, and the Grosmans fled.

After several weeks of hiding out in the dwellings of various friends, they managed to procure false identity papers, and with the help of a friendly Vichy official—a man they had known in Céret before the war—they made their way to a small town in the Pyrenees, not far from Céret, called Le Boulou, where they arrived in November of 1942. Le Boulou was very close to the Spanish border. A local resi-

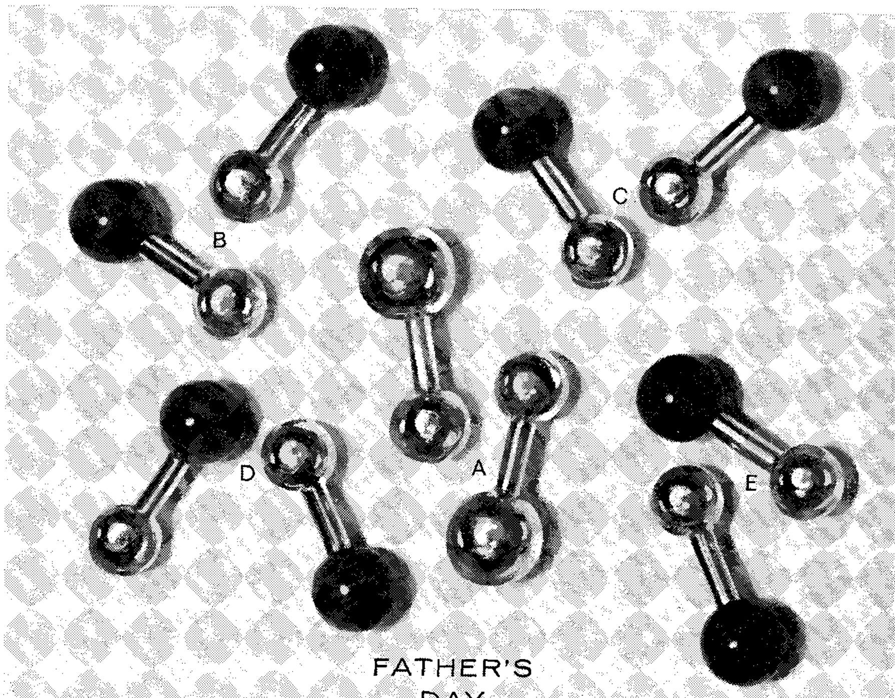


"And I hope that someday, dear, you'll come up with a winning format."

dent gave them rough directions for crossing the mountains. They set out at noon the following day, on the theory that the border guards would be having their lunch at that hour. To make their intentions appear innocent, Maurice carried his easel and paintbox, and Tatyana wore her fur coat. They had no other possessions with them.

They climbed into the mountains, crossed the border before nightfall, and spent the night in a Spanish farmer's cottage. Before starting out the next morning, Tatyana insisted on hiding all their false identification papers in the beams of the barn; the only document they did not destroy was a copyist's permit that had been issued and stamped by the French Ministry of Fine Arts four years before—for Grosman had once copied a Velázquez in the Louvre while they lived in Paris. Then they started walking toward Barcelona. The trip took three weeks, and along the way Mrs. Grosman was reminded vividly, over and over, of stories she had heard as a child. The forests of Catalonia seemed as familiar to her as the cedar forests of Siberia, bringing all the old Russian tales of escape and miraculous survival freshly to her mind. Only once were they stopped—by a Guardia Civil officer, who asked to look at their papers. Maurice, who had seen him approaching in time to get out his sketch pad and begin drawing a tree, held up his copyist's permit, and the ministerial seal satisfied the officer's curiosity. "All during that walk through Spain, I was absolutely so *happy*," Tatyana recalls. "I was never afraid, and I felt free. Somehow, we just discovered what we needed; we found food to eat and places to sleep. Later, in Barcelona, when we were finally able to legalize ourselves, I was almost sad."

The Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society (HIAS) helped them to get visas and transportation to Lisbon and from there to the United States, which they reached in the summer of 1943, landing at Philadelphia and going directly to New York. The HIAS authorities here told them that Maurice would have to work in a factory, but Tatyana scolded them so severely—artists were in too short supply and their training too valuable to be thus ignored, she said—that they said he could do as he pleased. With the help of Ossip Zadkine, who had preceded them to New York, the Grosmans found a small studio apartment on Eighth Street. They had no money at all. Maurice supplemented the income he got from selling his paintings by giving private



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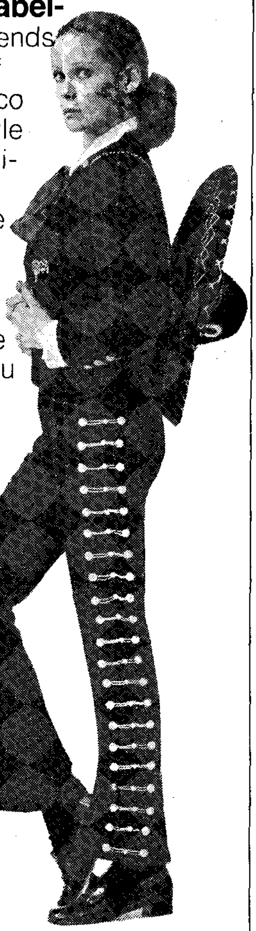

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lessons in drawing and painting at the studio. He also taught himself the technique of silk-screen printing, and used it to make copies of modern paintings, which were sold by the Marboro Book Shops. They lived quietly and inexpensively, on the fringes of the New York art world, which was rapidly becoming the vital center of new energies and a new style in art.

People who knew the Grosmans during the nineteen-forties and the early fifties remember Tatyana as being very much in the background. Maurice was the center of the household; his work and his ebullient personality were the predominant elements. All this changed abruptly after Maurice's heart attack in 1955, although in retrospect it could be seen that the strength and resilience that Tatyana then showed had been there all along. Her first step was to get rid of the Eighth Street studio and move Maurice out to the clearer air of West Islip. The house they lived in there was one they had rented for a number of summers and then, in 1949, had scraped up enough money to buy. Now the problem was how to develop enough income to stay there.

It was at this point that Tatyana decided to go into business as an independent publisher of silk-screen reproductions. Her editions would be small and of the highest quality, and, most important, in each case she would get the artist to collaborate actively with Maurice in the reproduction process—to supervise the matching of colors, the choice of paper, and all other details. The first artist she approached was Mary Callery, the sculptor, whom she had met once at the Curt Valentin Gallery, and who happened to live in nearby Huntington. Mary Callery readily agreed to the idea. She made a drawing for Maurice to reproduce on a screen, and she came over regularly to West Islip to discuss and correct the work. Tatyana was so grateful that she decided the edition must be printed on a special paper, handmade for the purpose, and her search for someone qualified to do the job led her to Douglass Howell, in Westbury. Howell, who specializes in handmade papers, produced a beautiful run of paper in which each sheet was slightly darker than the last, so that the series started white and ended brown. Mary Callery was delighted with the final edition, of twenty-eight prints—a minuscule production, by most commercial standards. Mrs. Grosman herself was so pleased that she took several of the prints to New York and showed them to William Lieberman. Lieberman asked whether Mary Callery had actually done the drawing on the silk screen, and when Mrs. Grosman said she had not, he said, "Why did you tell me? Now I can't buy it—it's not an original."

Only slightly daunted, Mrs. Grosman managed to sell most of the prints in this initial venture to friends or commercial establishments. Another silk screen done by Maurice from a drawing by Mary Callery turned out equally well, and it was followed by reproductions of works by Max Weber and by the Grosmans' old friend Jacques Lipchitz. Mrs. Grosman next paid a call on Carl Zigrosser, the greatly respected curator of prints at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Zigrosser was impressed by the quality of the work, and said so. He also suggested that Maurice himself sign the prints, since they were in effect his original work *after* Callery, Weber, and Lipchitz. Maurice, who did not believe in lending his name to anything he considered commercial, refused. Tatyana was nevertheless so buoyed by Zigrosser's encouragement that she returned to West Islip determined to put the venture on a fully professional basis, under the somewhat grandiloquent title—chosen some time previously—of Universal Limited Art Editions.

JUST about this time, in the spring of 1957, Mrs. Grosman discovered that she had two lithographic limestones in her front yard. Limestone with the strength and surface texture suitable for fine lithographic work is extremely rare. In fact, all of it comes from the Bavarian quarries where Senefelder got his original stones. Commercial lithographers in this country sometimes experimented with Texas, Indiana, and Vermont limestones, but for subtlety and precision of tone nothing has ever been found to compare with the Bavarian stones, whose smooth, soft texture gives an artist the feeling that his crayon or brush is gliding on a film of air. Since the quarries in which the Bavarian stones were found are now exhausted, artist-lithographers in recent years have had to reclaim hundreds of old stones that were discarded by the commercial lithographers when they converted their shops to photolithography. Each stone can be used over and over—the grinding process that effaces the previous image removes only a very thin layer—but eventually the stone does wear out, and unless some new source of lithographic limestone is

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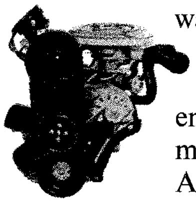

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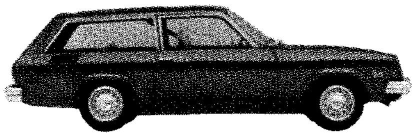

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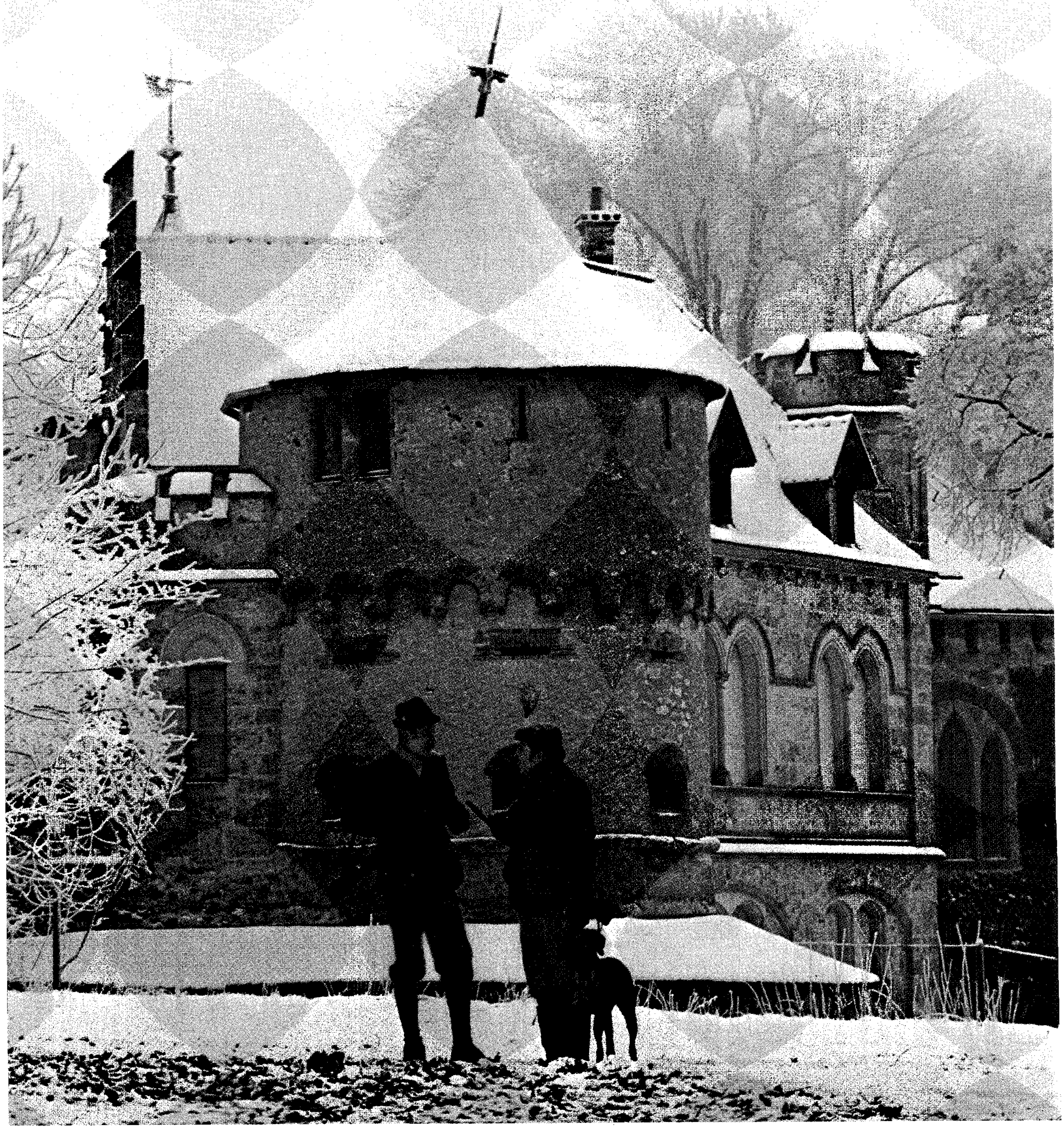

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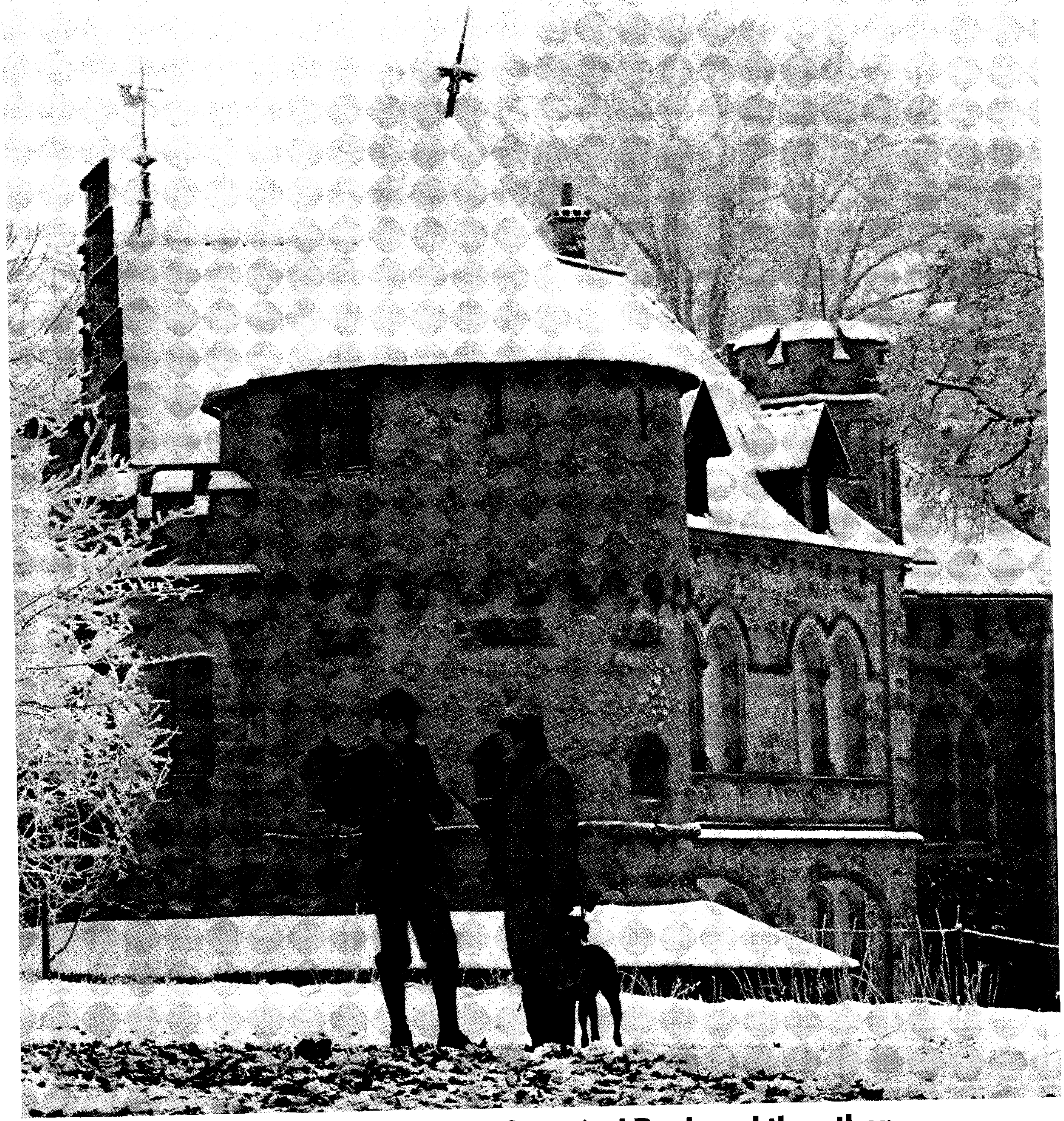

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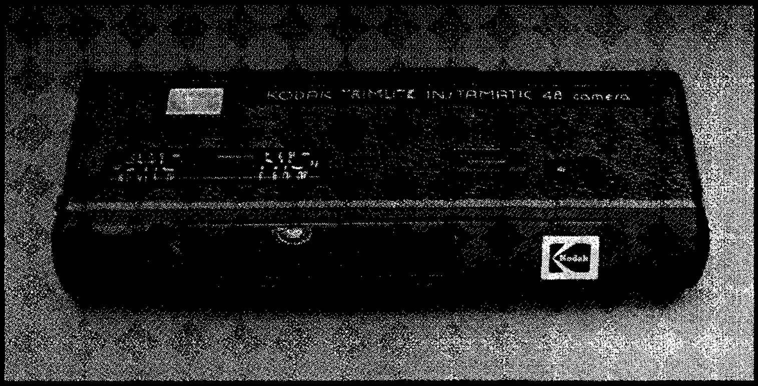

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found, future lithographers will have to make their drawings on zinc or aluminum plates, or some other substitute. The two stones that Mrs. Grosman found in her front yard were small but excellent examples—about fourteen inches square by four inches thick.

"William Lieberman and Carl Zigrosser had made me realize the difference between work made without the artist's collaboration and original prints, in which the artist himself participates," Mrs. Grosman said. "After that, I knew I wanted to make originals, and the fact was I didn't much like silk screens—didn't like the smell or something. What I really wanted was for the artist to work with his hand on a surface, and, by some miracle, here were the two stones." By another coincidence, a man and a woman came by one evening to ask the Grosmans to sign a petition having to do with bathing rights at the local beach. The four got to talking, and it turned out that the neighbors were commercial silk-screen printers, too, and that they had an old flatbed lithography press that they were not using. The Grosmans signed the petition; they also bought the press, for fifteen dollars. A few days later, Tatyana Grosman took her two stones out to Larry Rivers' studio in Southampton, and her real work began.

"Stones," the work consisting of lithographs and poems that Larry Rivers and Frank O'Hara started to work on in 1957, was not published until 1959. Rivers and O'Hara had completed their work on the stones long before that, but Mrs. Grosman wanted to have a special paper made for the edition, and the paper she chose was so difficult to make that Douglass Howell could turn out only a few sheets a day—"if it didn't rain." The choice of paper has always been extremely important to Mrs. Grosman, who remembers her father's going to Finland to buy good-quality paper stock, and who now buys papers from special sources in France, Switzerland, Italy, and Japan. She tends to think of the paper for an edition in much the same way that a sculptor thinks of stone or wood—as the material for the creation of works of art. And from the outset of her printing operations Mrs. Grosman has wanted to print nothing but works of art. "Stones" itself, which started out to be a book, became in the end a portfolio of twelve loose prints, the first number of which was purchased by the Museum of Modern Art. Twenty-five portfolios were printed, and they came, as Mrs. Grosman's editions usually do, in an elaborate and costly folder. The

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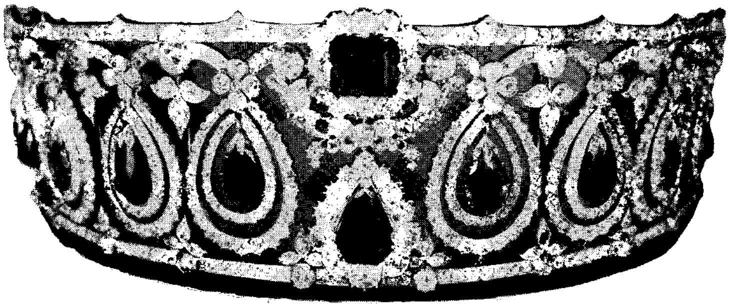

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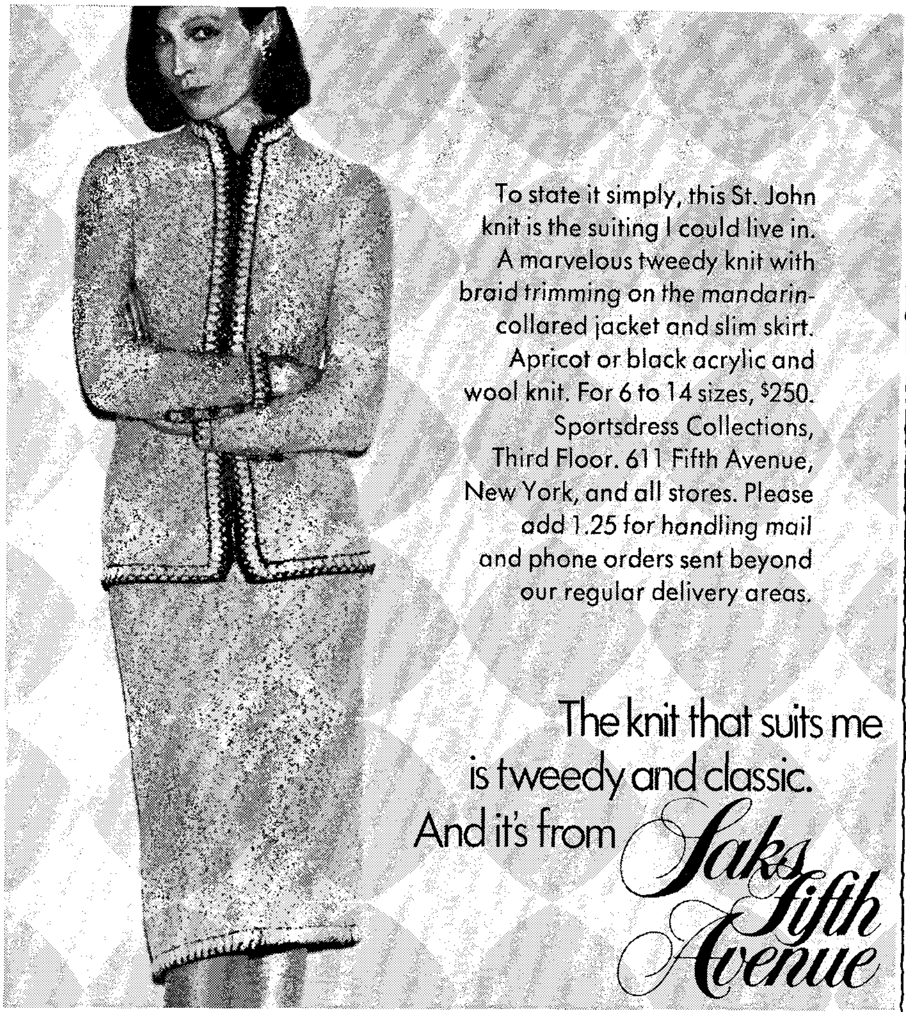

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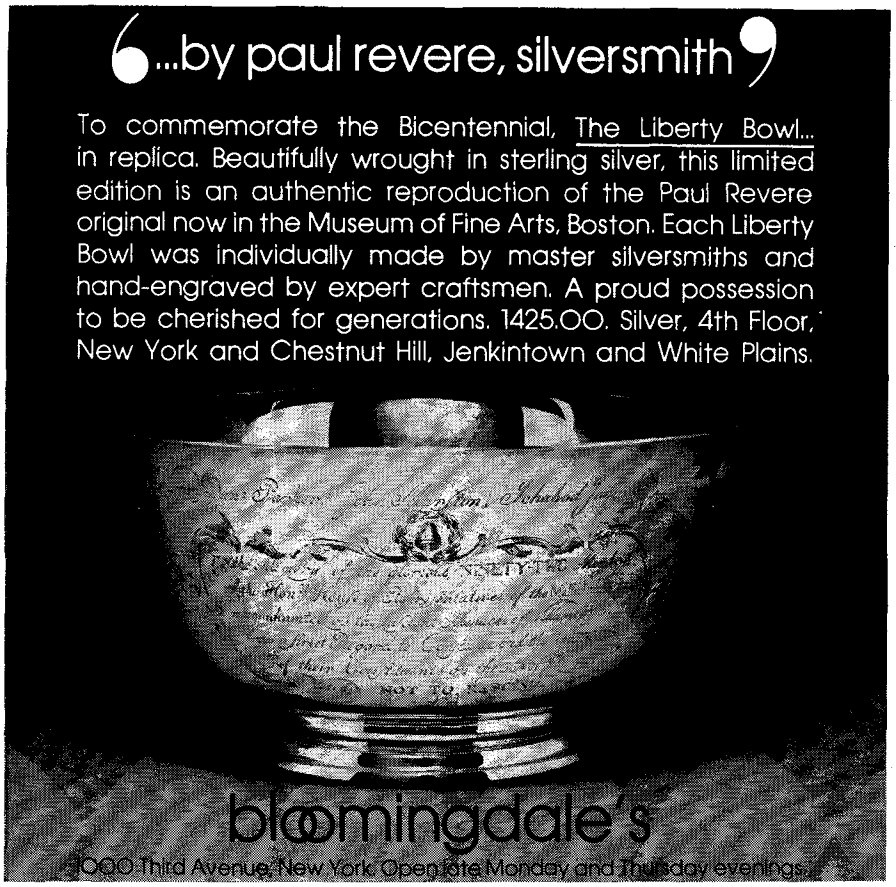

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paper for "Stones" was made from linen rag cuttings and the paper for the folder was made from blue denim. "The first time I saw Frank, he was in bluejeans," Mrs. Grosman explained. "Most of the time they both wore jeans—that was their uniform—and so I asked Mr. Howell could he do something with bluejeans, and he tried, and did it."

While Rivers was waiting for O'Hara to work with him on "Stones," he executed several more lithographs, which appeared as individual editions. "He was eager to experiment, and his impatience really got me started in single editions," Mrs. Grosman says. "Until then, I had been thinking only of books." Although he chafed at the extremely slow pace of hand printing, Rivers found that he liked the medium, and he greatly enjoyed trying to shock "this Siberian lady Tanya," who, as he later wrote in an essay on the experience, "had dedicated herself with a gentle fury to the production of lithographs." These first Rivers prints were put through the fifteen-dollar flatbed press by Robert Blackburn, a lithographer who had his own commercial studio in New York, and whom Mrs. Grosman, with her usual persuasiveness, had induced to come out several times a week to West Islip. At first, the printing was done in the living room there; later, they bought a somewhat larger secondhand press and moved their operation into the garage. When a print came up to everyone's expectations, Mrs. Grosman showed it to a few carefully selected people—Lieberman; Zigrosser; Una Johnson, at the Brooklyn Museum; Adelyn Breeskin, at the Baltimore Museum; Jacob Kainen, at the Smithsonian. "These people have been my teachers," she says. "Also John B. Myers, at the Tibor de Nagy Gallery, and, later, Leo Castelli have been unfailingly helpful." Eventually, for reasons of her own, she sometimes decided to launch a new edition in Boston or Philadelphia, or even in Detroit. She had no trouble at all placing her prints or finding buyers for them; her primary concern, always, was to place them where they would be properly understood and appreciated.

In 1958, Mrs. Grosman invited a second artist, Fritz Glarner, to make an edition of prints. Glarner was a friend of Mary Callery's, and Mrs. Grosman liked his abstract, Mondrian-influenced paintings. "I thought it might be an interesting counterbalance to Larry to invite an artist who was very pure and very calm," she

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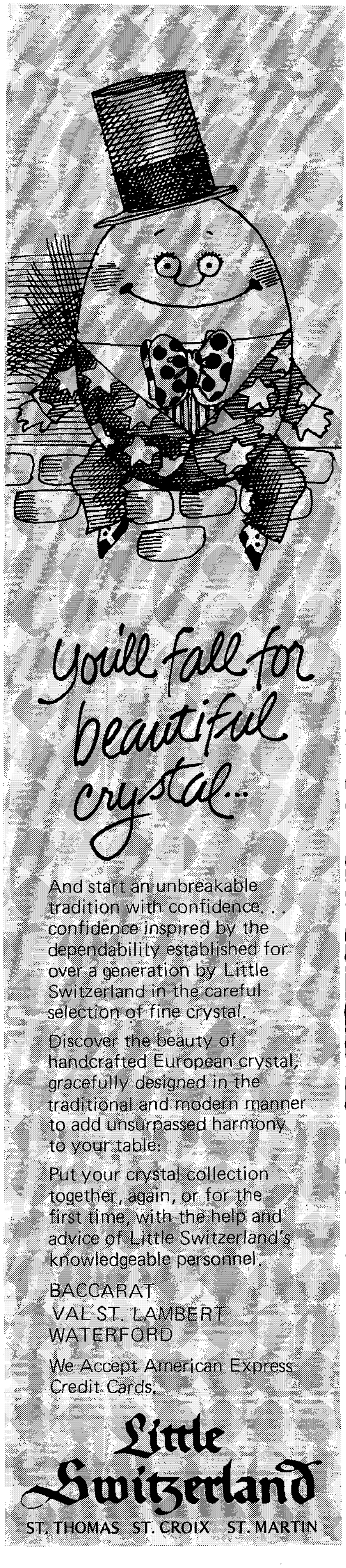
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said. "Glarner happened to live near Mary Callery, in Huntington, so I took him some stones. Mr. Blackburn had told me where to buy more lithographic stones, so I had several by this time. It's funny—when Max Weber heard that we were doing lithographs, he told me, 'You must invite *young* artists, so they can carry those heavy stones.' " Even the smallest stone weighed about forty pounds; Mrs. Grosman always had to recruit a strong assistant to transport them.

Following her own instinct and choosing artists whose work appealed to her, she took stones the following year to Sam Francis, a peripatetic abstract artist (he went to Japan before finishing his work on the stones, and Mrs. Grosman kept them inviolate until he returned, nine years later, and finished), and also to Grace Hartigan, who belonged to the second generation of Abstract Expressionists. Since 1958, Mrs. Grosman had been following with great interest the work of Jasper Johns and Robert Rauschenberg, two young painters whose use of objects and images from everyday life was to be of such crucial importance for the new, post-Abstract Expressionist generation. "I really wanted to invite Rauschenberg first," she recalls, "but I was a little afraid that I might not be strong enough, that he would be too disruptive. And then I saw Jasper Johns' target painting at the Museum of Modern Art, and I wrote to him a letter, and he answered—a card—saying that he was in South Carolina but that he would come out when he returned. And one day he did. He came with his little animal—I must not call it a monkey—which he put in the catalpa tree in the yard." (The animal was a kinkajou.)

Johns and Rauschenberg then had studios in the same loft building, on Front Street, on the edge of the downtown financial district. When Mrs. Grosman took three large stones there for Johns to work on, Johns got Rauschenberg to help carry them upstairs; the stones were so heavy that they had to enlist the additional aid of a passing derelict, who provided it for wine money. Rauschenberg was fascinated by the archaism of the whole idea—that in the middle of the twentieth century anyone should be "drawing on rocks." The backbreaking labor of getting the stones upstairs made Johns decide that he would never again work on them in his own studio, and from then on he, like Mrs. Grosman's other artists, went out to West Islip to make his prints.

A GOOD many people today consider Johns the most important printmaker of our time. His graphic work is in great demand—both the Philadelphia Museum of Art and the Museum of Modern Art devoted one-man shows to it in 1970—and the prices now paid for his prints are well beyond the reach of most collectors. Johns, a highly enigmatic artist, has said that he began making lithographs because, knowing nothing about the process, he wanted to see how much he could complicate it. His first lithographic project, started in 1960 but not completed until 1963 (it took Mrs. Grosman three years to find the right paper), was a series of thirty lithographs portraying the Arabic numerals zero through nine. Each print in this series is, in a sense, a portrait of one of the numerals, all ten of which appear in a double line at the top of the print. The series is repeated three times—in black ink on off-white paper, in gray ink on unbleached paper, and in colors on white paper, making thirty different prints in all—and Johns was able to complicate it very successfully by deciding that the entire series be printed from one stone. Taking the zero first, he saw it through its three separate printings, then altered the image and redrew, on the same surface, the figure one; in that print and thereafter, however, Johns took care not to efface the previous image entirely, so that each successive numeral bears traces of the one preceding. The table of small numbers above the main image also underwent constant transformations throughout the series. As a result of Johns' incredibly skillful drawing and the transparency of the lithographic inks, the series is not only a bravura demonstration of the possibilities of the medium but a subtle essay on change, seen in the visual symbols of change.

By the time Mrs. Grosman had ordered the right paper to print "0-9," Johns had made several other individual prints, and ULAE had acquired a new printer—a young man named Zigmunds Priede, who succeeded Robert Blackburn. Priede, Blackburn's former assistant, proved to be a wonderfully sensitive and resourceful printer, and as much of a perfectionist as Tatyana Grosman. Working very closely with Johns, who came out from New York to stay at the Grosmans' house, he was able to solve the difficult tech-

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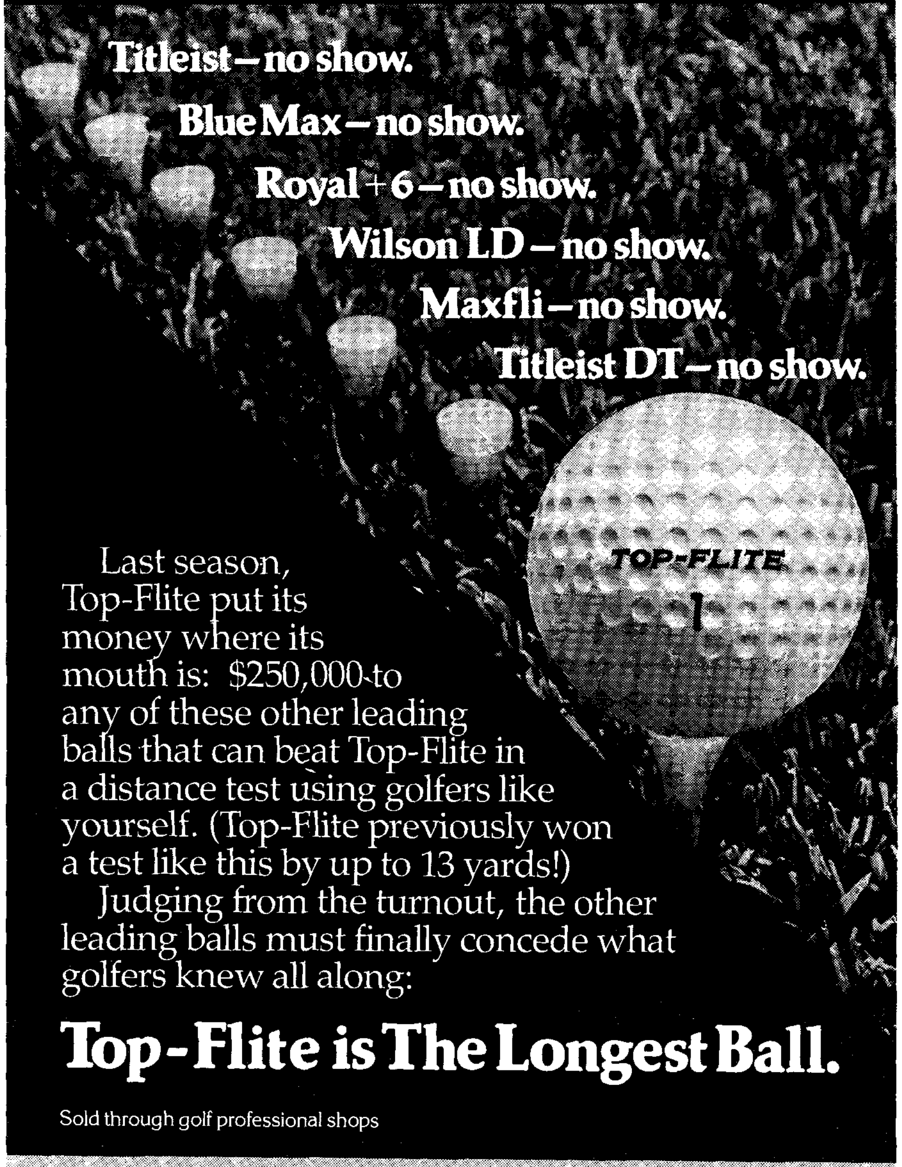
nical problems of "0-9" and to pull impressions whose delicacy of tone revealed every nuance of Johns' drawing. Mrs. Grosman still marvels at the results: "First, the zero, very classic, in black ink on off-white paper, and then printed in gray on the unbleached paper—very mysterious and moody—and then once again, very luminously printed in yellow on pure white, like sunshine! And after that came the metamorphosis to the number one, but you could still see the zero through the one. What a discovery—that the same stone could have so many moods! And that is what fascinates me to work with Jasper. His subjects are so familiar—flags, targets, numbers, alphabets. Everything is so known. But it is so unexpected each time. In lithography, on stone, or in etching—in etching with aquatint—or on the hand-fed offset press, he is really playing each medium as an instrument, and the subjects become different personalities. Zigmunds Priede said about working with Jasper that he had the overwhelming feeling of being present while great art was being created."

Johns has made more than a hundred lithographs at ULAE since 1960. When the news gets out that he is going to make a new print, Mrs. Grosman is besieged with orders for it, most of which cannot be filled, because the ULAE editions remain quite small; there were ten impressions of each of the "0-9" series. Johns' 1964 "Ale Cans," a lithograph whose glossy, lustrous blacks, subtle gold and green tones, and uncanny three-dimensionality have made it probably the most coveted of modern prints, came out in an edition of thirty-one, which Mrs. Grosman sold originally for a hundred and seventy-five dollars apiece. The fact that a print of "Ale Cans" was resold recently for ten thousand dollars came as no particular surprise to Mrs. Grosman; she herself has always referred privately to this print as "Peter and Paul," because from the moment she saw it the image (of two rather meticulously rendered cans of Ballantine's Ale) struck her as a miraculous modern icon. According to Johns, Mrs. Grosman decided very early in her printing career that ULAE was going to be the finest lithographic studio possible, and nothing has happened since to change her mind.

This insistence on preëminent quality creates certain problems. "Everything that happens out there happens awfully slowly," Johns has said. "When something doesn't come out just right, for example, Tanya gets upset and has to



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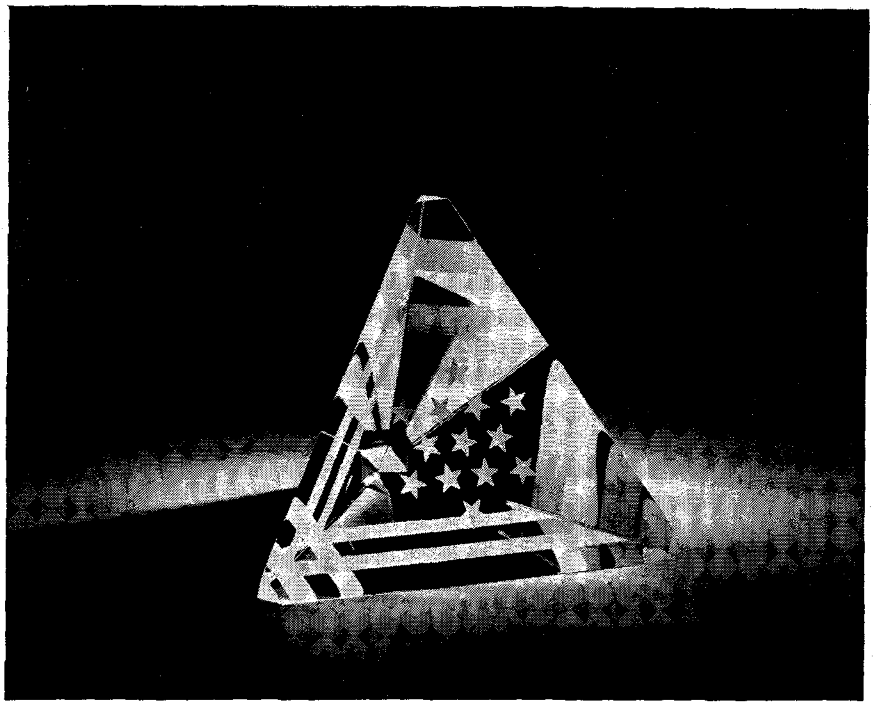

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figure out why. It may be that if the same process is repeated it will come out fine the second time, but she can't accept that—she has to *know*. Sometimes, when there are two ways of doing something, I will ask her which one costs more. Tanya won't tell me—she'll say that that's for her to worry about. Usually, I don't care which way we do it, and knowing about the cost would help me to decide, but she won't have that. Also, she's terrifically secretive. One day when I was working out there, she took a bunch of prints in to New York to show to Bill Lieberman at the Museum of Modern Art. When she got back in the afternoon, I asked how it had gone, and she said that Lieberman had been called into a meeting just before she arrived, and so she had turned around and brought the portfolio back home. She wouldn't dream of leaving her prints with somebody's secretary! There are times out there when it takes weeks before you can see the results of some decision you've made, and by then you may have decided otherwise. All Tanya's prints show the effects of this kind of slowness, this deliberation. They're more dense, maybe. Somehow, everything that comes out of there gets stamped with her personality."

By 1962, Mrs. Grosman felt strong enough to invite Robert Rauschenberg to her studio. "Tanya called me so often that I figured the only way I could stop her was to go out there," Rauschenberg has explained. He immediately fell in love with the lithographic process. "It's such a paradox," he said recently. "The stone is so heavy and clumsy and immobile, and yet at the same time it's the most flexible, responsive surface there is. And every stone is different. Some stones will be much better for me than others—easier to work with. It's like you're drawing on the skin of the stone."

Where Johns had been interested in complicating the process, Rauschenberg had taken a wholly experimental approach to it. In all his work, Rauschenberg likes to feel that he is "collaborating" with materials rather than using them to carry out some preconceived notion of his own. The collaborative aspects of lithography, the interdependence of artist and printer, appealed to him very much, but he also wanted to explore the medium, and try all kinds of methods and materials that had not been used by anyone else. He tried pressing leaves from trees, magazine pages, and various other objects down on the stone to see whether they contained enough natural oil to leave

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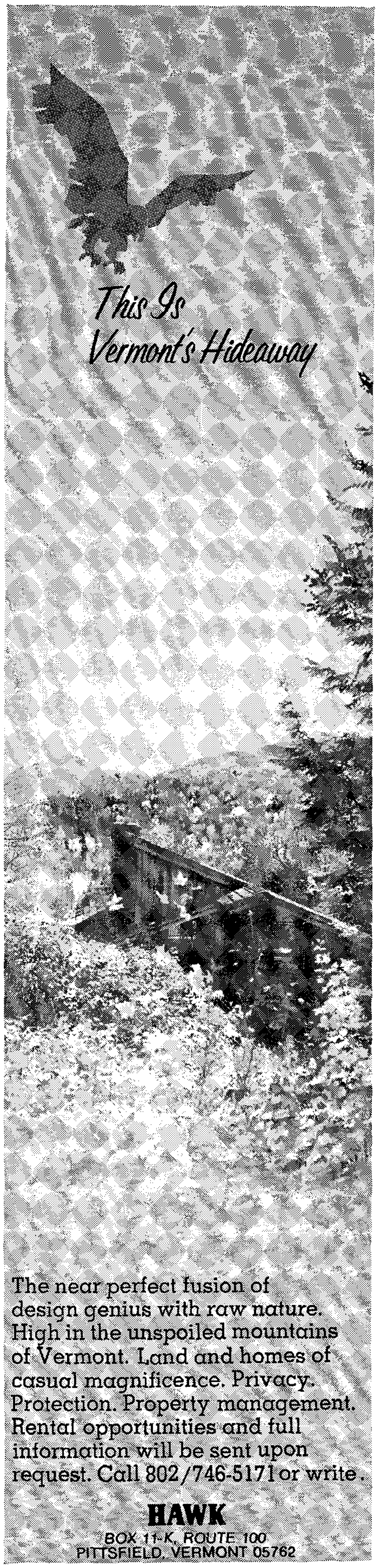

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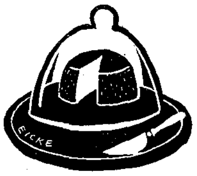
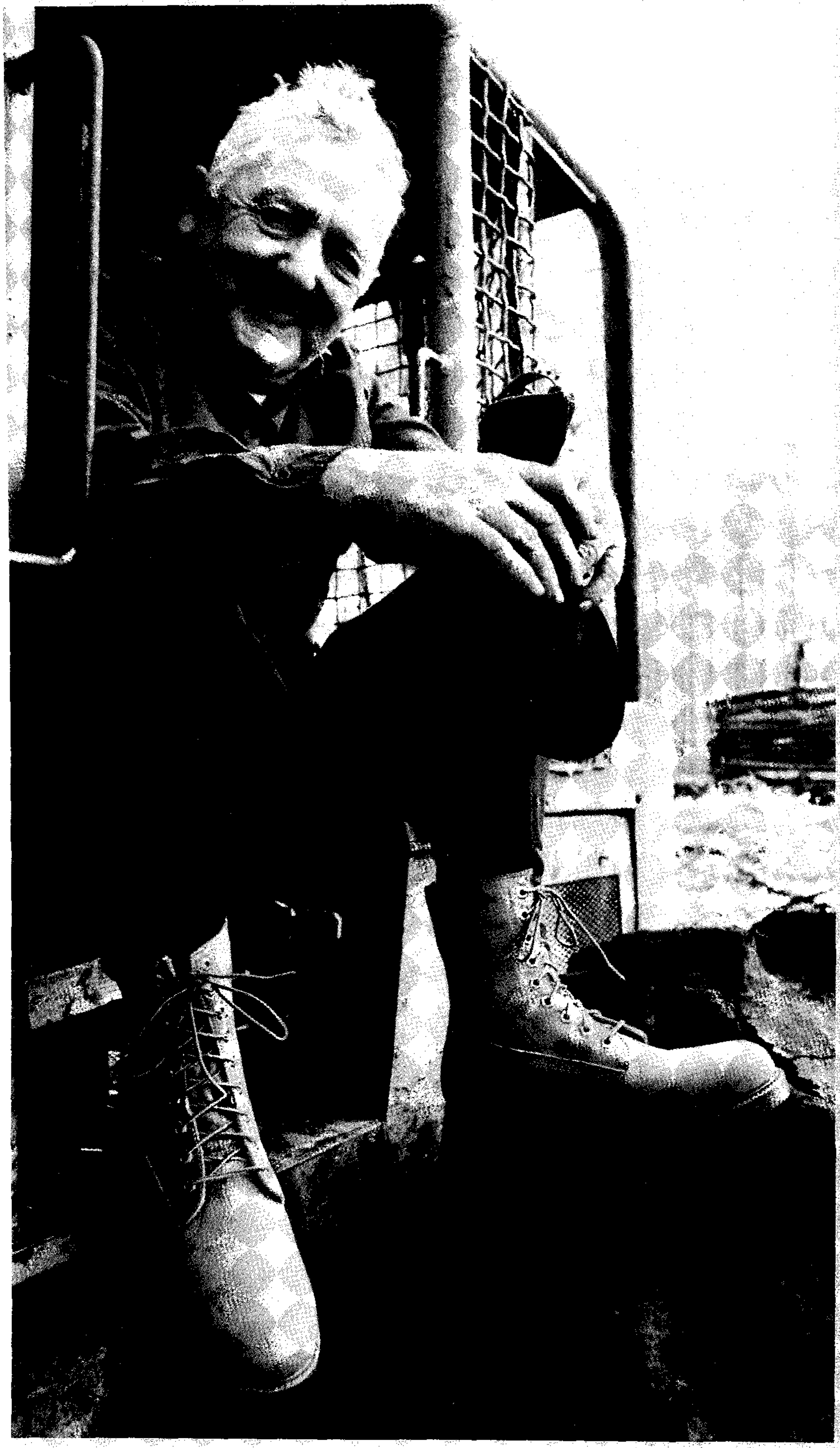
an imprint that would hold ink; some did and some did not. He went to the *Times'* plant and bought leaded type and zinc cuts of old news photographs, which he then dipped in the greasy lithographic tusche and used to create images on the stone. By such means, he was able to adapt his collage technique in painting to lithography, and to make prints that were direct visual reports on the contemporary world. While one of these early Rauschenberg stones was being put through the press for its first proofing, it cracked in half—a fairly rare but not unprecedented occurrence in hand printing. Rauschenberg re-created the images on another stone, which also cracked (it turned out that a small piece of cardboard lodged under the roller was causing uneven pressure on the stone), whereupon Rauschenberg told Robert Blackburn, who was still doing the printing then, to go ahead and print the edition anyway, using the cracked stone. Blackburn was incredulous—such a thing had never been done. Taking some of the chips of stone that had fallen from the break, Rauschenberg dipped them in tusche and applied them around the edges of the crack. Months later, Zigmunds Priede managed, with great difficulty, to print from the broken stone. The result was one of the most striking prints ULAE has published—a collage of images that seem somehow to be unified, rather than separated, by the jagged fissure running down the middle. Twenty-nine impressions were made of this lithograph, which Rauschenberg, logically, decided to call "Accident," and everybody who owns one considers himself extremely fortunate.



Rauschenberg points out that Mrs. Grosman, in spite of her dedication to the classic methods of lithography, has been willing to go along with all his experiments, and has given him and her other artists complete freedom to satisfy their curiosity about the medium. For her part, Mrs. Grosman is enormously fond of Rauschenberg, whom she treats like an especially gifted son. "Bob is always bringing something new, some new discovery," she has said. "Like the 'book' he did, called 'Shades,' which is a series of lithographs on Plexiglas. Nobody had ever heard of printing on Plexiglas, but he wanted to try it, and we did, and it worked. And those photosensitive stones that he and Zigmunds Priede and Bill Goldston, Zigmunds' apprentice, did in 1969. Together, they worked out the chemistry, the technique of somehow coating the stone with photographic emulsion and using night as a darkroom—I don't know *how* it was done. Afterward, Goldston said, 'You know, Bob, it worked, but we don't know why it worked, or why sometimes it doesn't work.' With Rauschenberg, there is always a conquest, a subduing of something, the conquering of something unprecedented and unexpected—and he utilizes it all."

THE instinct for complexity and experimentation led both Johns and Rauschenberg to make prints at the Gemini G.E.L. workshop in Los Angeles, a much bigger and better-equipped establishment than that of ULAE. Founded in 1965 by Kenneth Tyler, a former technical director of June Wayne's Tamarind workshop, Gemini has chosen to concentrate, as Mrs. Grosman has, on graphic work by leading young New York artists. Tyler went out of his way to accommodate these artists' technical needs, installing presses capable of handling very large stones, for example, and developing the means to produce three-dimensional objects in multiple "editions." The revival of interest in printmaking has taken a highly technological turn in the last few years, and many artists are now experimenting with aluminum, mylar, polyurethane, vinyl, and other plastics to produce what, for want of a more precise term, are still being referred to as prints. The results, for the most part, tend to be more novel than aesthetic. At Gemini, however, Johns, Rauschenberg, Frank Stella, Claes Oldenburg, and others have made prints of exceptional quality; and, because the Gemini editions until recently were large (seventy-five was a common printing there), and because the international market for contemporary artist prints continues to grow, some artists have profited rather handsomely. Tyler himself left Gemini two years ago, came East, and established another workshop, Tyler Graphics Ltd., in Bedford Hills, New York. The number of fine-art printing workshops keeps multiplying, meanwhile, and a few artists, including Rauschenberg, have even set up printing facilities in their own studios.

In view of Tatyana Grosman's personal and somewhat possessive feelings toward the artists in her family, it is hardly surprising that she has mixed emotions about their work at Gemini



It was two of those fellers from the city come up the road in a big green car, asked me if I wanted some new boots. I didn't. Already had boots, had 'em for seven years. But they talked and we drank some, and then we looked at the boots some, and I tried 'em on. Now, I have to say, they did seem to have my size. So I walked 'em about for maybe a week, and once I went over and stood in Orville Wade's creek, just to see if they were waterproof, which they were. When those boys came back from the city, this is what I said. One, I said thank you for the fine boots, which are warm and dry as a hen's bottom. Two, I'd like a pair of 13-wides for Cousin Luther, double-wide on the left foot where the tractor run it over."

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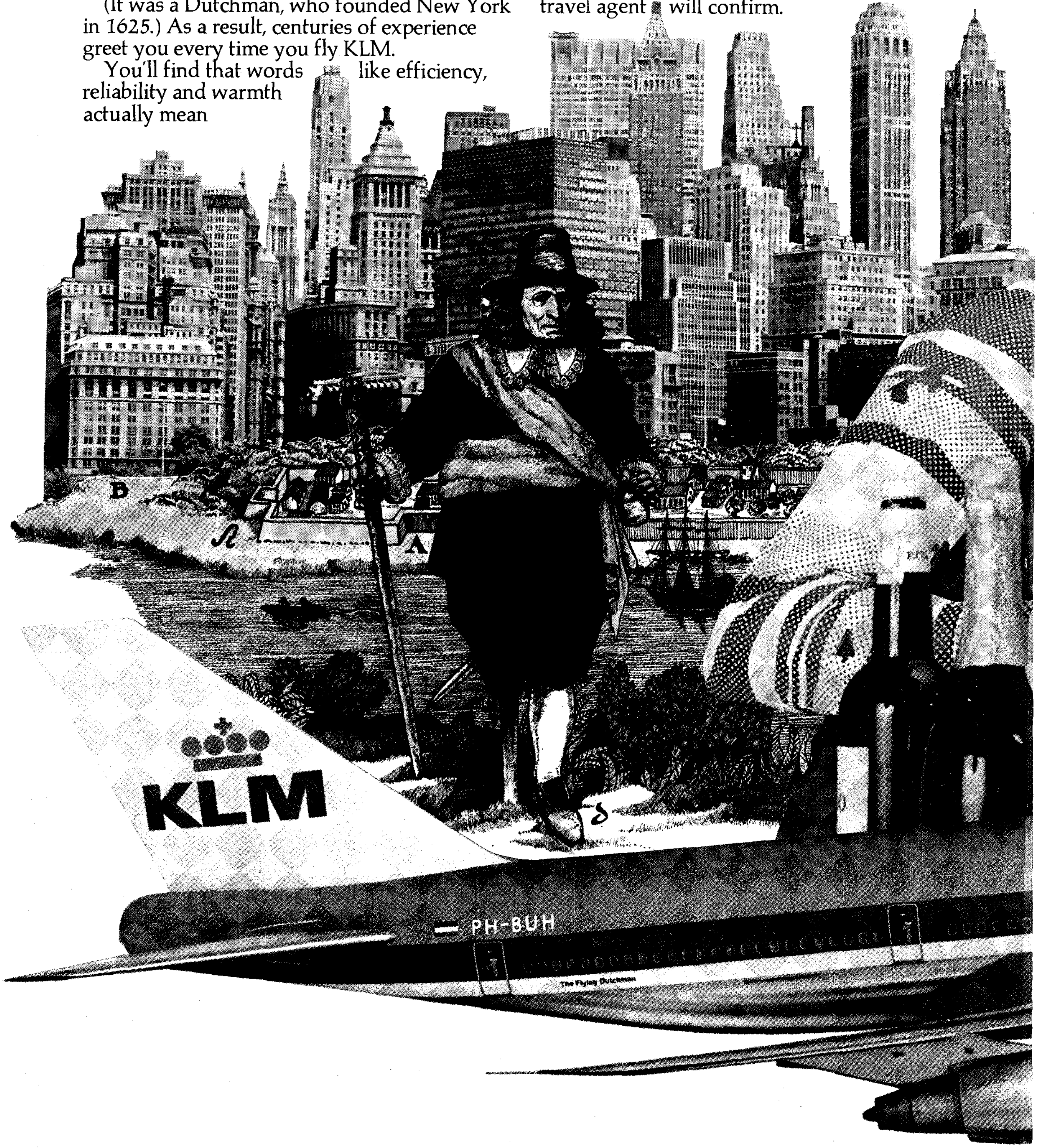

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and elsewhere. "It was a kind of sadness on both sides," she said not long ago. "For the artists and for me. But it is like a mother with children—the time comes when she has to send them out. And when they come back they are different—their vocabulary is different, and they have had different experiences. And I learn from their experiences."

Whatever Mrs. Grosman may have learned in this manner has not induced her to change her methods or her approach. In 1966, she received a fifteen-thousand-dollar grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, which she used to buy an etching press and to build an addition to the garage to house it in. Working with the master intaglio printer Donn Steward, several artists, among them Johns, Marisol, Helen Frankenthaler, Lee Bontecou, and Robert Motherwell, have achieved etchings comparable in quality to their lithographic work. Motherwell's "A La Pintura," a loose-leaf portfolio of twenty-two aquatints together with passages from Rafael Alberti's poem in homage to the art of painting, became the first contemporary book to be exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in 1972. The project took four years to complete, and John McKendry has said that if all Motherwell's paintings and other works were destroyed, this *livre de luxe* alone would secure his reputation.

In 1970, ULAE acquired a lithographic offset press of a type used commercially for proofing color separations. The idea was that this would be used to print unlimited editions of work done at ULAE, in such forms as replicas, reproductions, books, and postcards—always with the advice of the artists concerned, so that the spirit of the original would be maintained. A new imprint, Telamon Editions, was chosen for work from the offset press. In six years, however, Telamon has produced five posters by artists (the first was Rauschenberg's "Centennial Certificate," done on the occasion of the Metropolitan Museum's one-hundredth birthday, in 1970), and not much else. Bill Goldston, who is now the studio manager at ULAE, and James Smith, Telamon's offset lithographer, have spent a great deal of time during this period experimenting with the new press and evolving methods by which it can be made to re-create, step by step, the laborious process of stone printing. Jasper Johns wanted to try running a hand-drawn plate through the offset press, which is designed to take photographic plates. The printer

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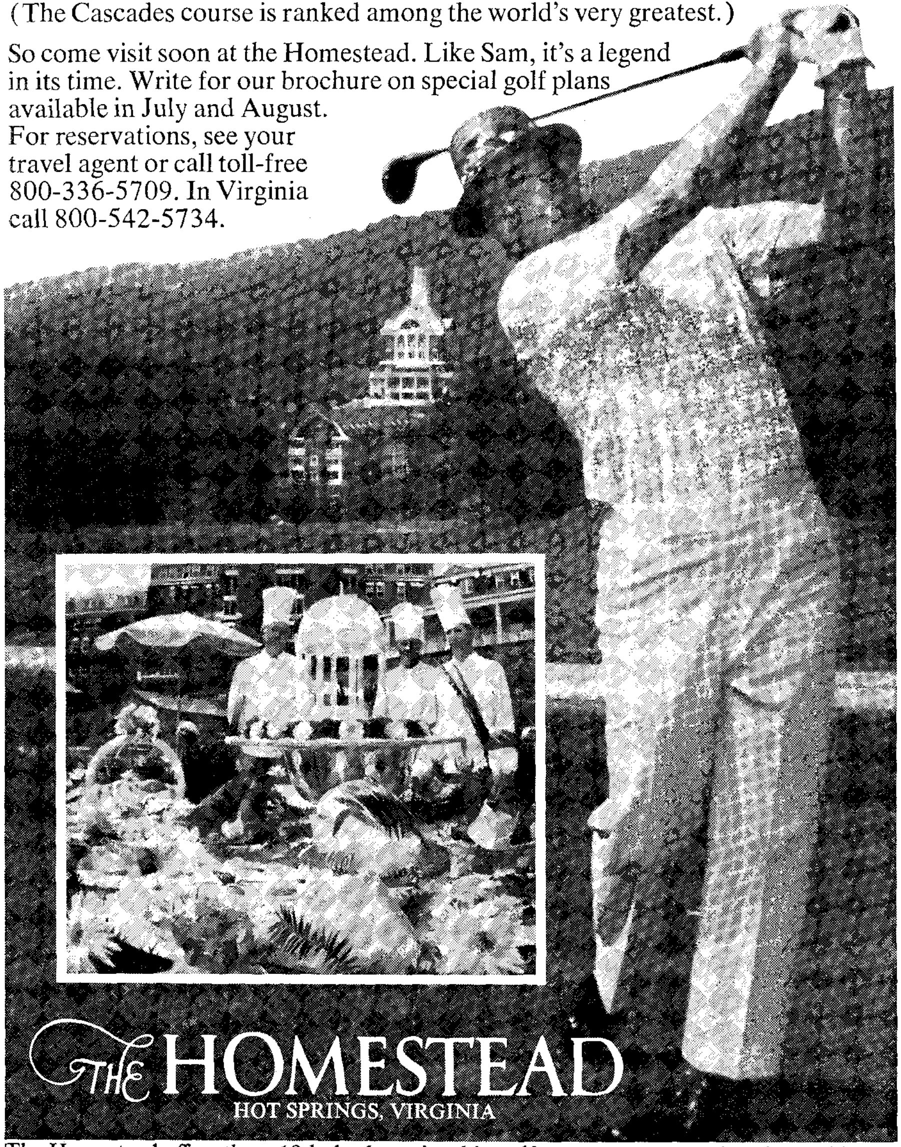

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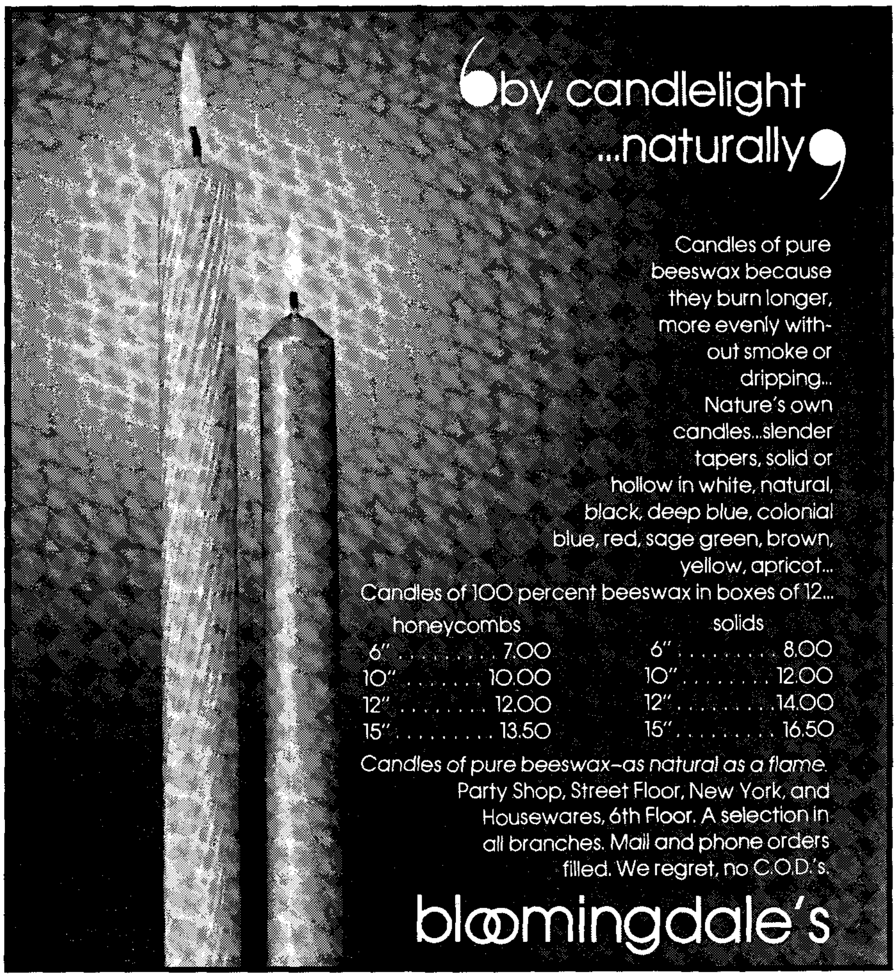

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said that it had never been done, but he would try; the result was "Decoy I" and "Decoy II," two of Johns' most complex and beautiful prints. Other ULAE artists have since used the offset press to make limited editions, the most spectacular of which so far is James Rosenquist's "Off the Continental Divide," a print that measures three and a half feet by six and a half feet, and required twenty-nine separate plates. In effect, Goldston and Smith have converted a mechanical technique into an extremely sensitive hand process.

More and more, though, Mrs. Grosman's thoughts have returned to what John McKendry once called her "unrelenting and unreasonable love of illustrated books." "Always, from the beginning, my idea was books," she says. "I let the artists do single editions, because that was what they wanted, but for me the book was always the primary goal." Telamon Editions may bring this goal within reach. Several book projects are under way there, the first of which is a re-creation of all Jasper Johns' work at ULAE, in three volumes. Johns is supervising every step in the production—determining the size of each print, correcting color and tone—and in many cases is spending more time on the photo-offset process than he did on the original print. Telamon is also producing a book that will document the collaboration of Larry Rivers and Frank O'Hara on "Stones," and it will eventually print offset editions of other books now in progress at ULAE—notably a collaboration of lithographs by Rauschenberg and writings by the French novelist Alain Robbe-Grillet, and a book of lithographs, not yet titled, that was recently undertaken by the century's protean, all-purpose genius R. Buckminster Fuller. "The Donkey and the Darling," a fairy tale by Terry Southern with visual images by Larry Rivers, is about to be released.

Mrs. Grosman works on, with her adopted family, which has changed very little in recent years. Bill Goldston oversees operations both at ULAE and at Telamon. The present printer is John Lund. An art student named Glenn Lee is entrusted with keeping the prints in pristine condition. Tony Towle, a young New York poet who has developed a thorough aesthetic and statistical knowledge of every print produced by ULAE, shares the administrative burden with Mrs. Grosman. Since 1968, only two new artists have been invited to the West Islip workshop—Claes Oldenburg and Buckminster Ful-

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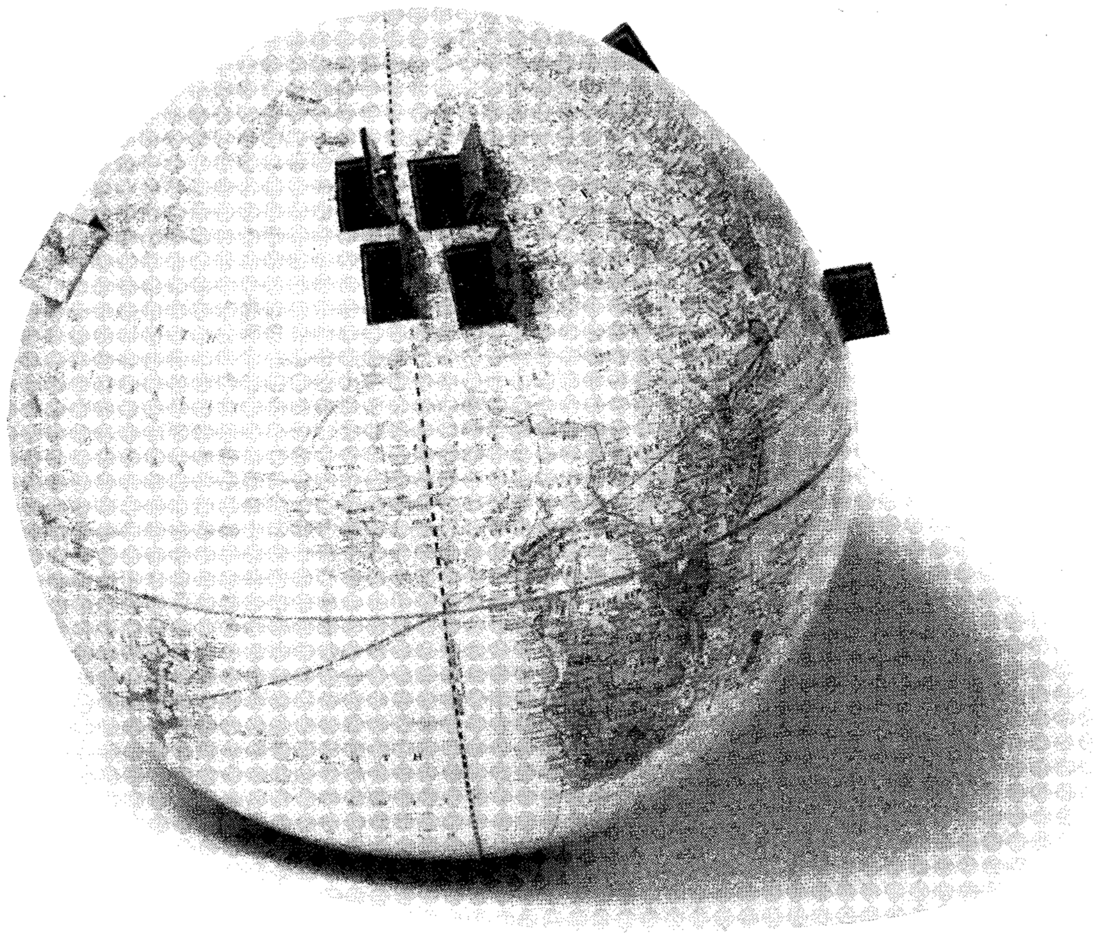

DOOR OPENERS.

ler. "I don't really know the younger ones," Mrs. Grosman explains. "And I also feel a certain obligation to continue working with those we know so well. I'll tell you something: I think artists are great people. I had a slight little disappointment once with an artist—a very *slight* disappointment—but that's all. For me, the pleasure is in being able to help an artist achieve something unique. Take, for example, Jasper, working on some very complex print, such as 'False Start II,' each print requiring fourteen different impressions, from eleven stones, and all in varying shades of gray—playing with the image, seeing it change, building it up layer by layer—only Jasper can do that. Or Larry Rivers, entirely the opposite, touching many interesting things without developing them, very emotional. Or Rauschenberg, always bringing something new, some discovery.

"For me, graphics is neither a means of supplying art to young collectors nor a reproduction of an artist's work but, rather, the creative expression of an artist through lithographic stones or plates. I do have great love for the lithographic stone itself, for the majesty of the natural element. No two stones are alike, you see; each one has its own size, shape, color, and texture. But the technical aspect of printing is not really important to me, and 'technique' should never be the predominant feeling in a print. What matters is that the print be alive, with the heartbeat of the artist in it. And always between the idea and the execution of a print there is— something, I don't know what. Maybe I ask a question, and the artist thinks about the question, and it leads to other thinking. Sometimes, you see, the artist himself does not realize that between putting a mark on paper and printing is a difference. Putting on paper is like writing a letter to a friend. But if you publish a print, an edition, a book, and let it go out into the world, to be distributed so many different ways, that is something else. It must not be rushed. Sometimes it is good just to let an edition sit for a while, and maybe you will later add something or take something away. I think it is my responsibility that the artist should not ever have reason to regret what he has done."

—CALVIN TOMKINS

•

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—*Navy job listing in the Federal Times.*

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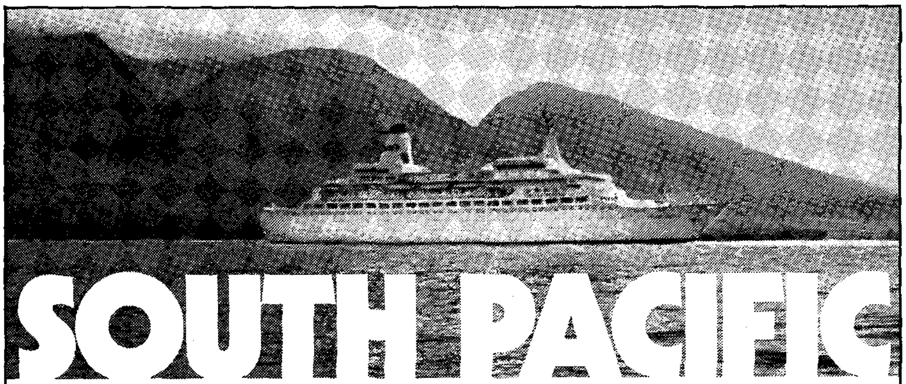

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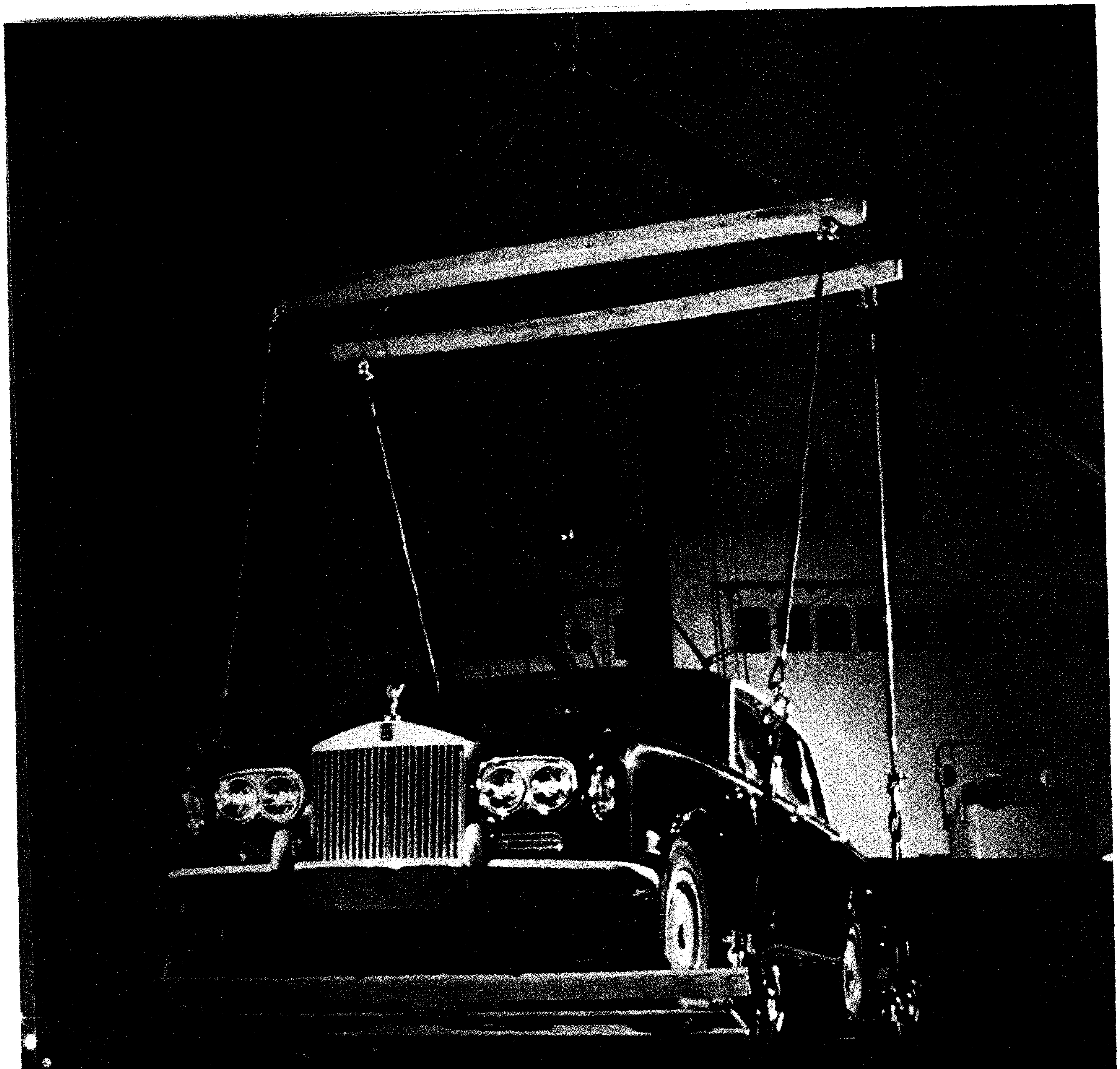

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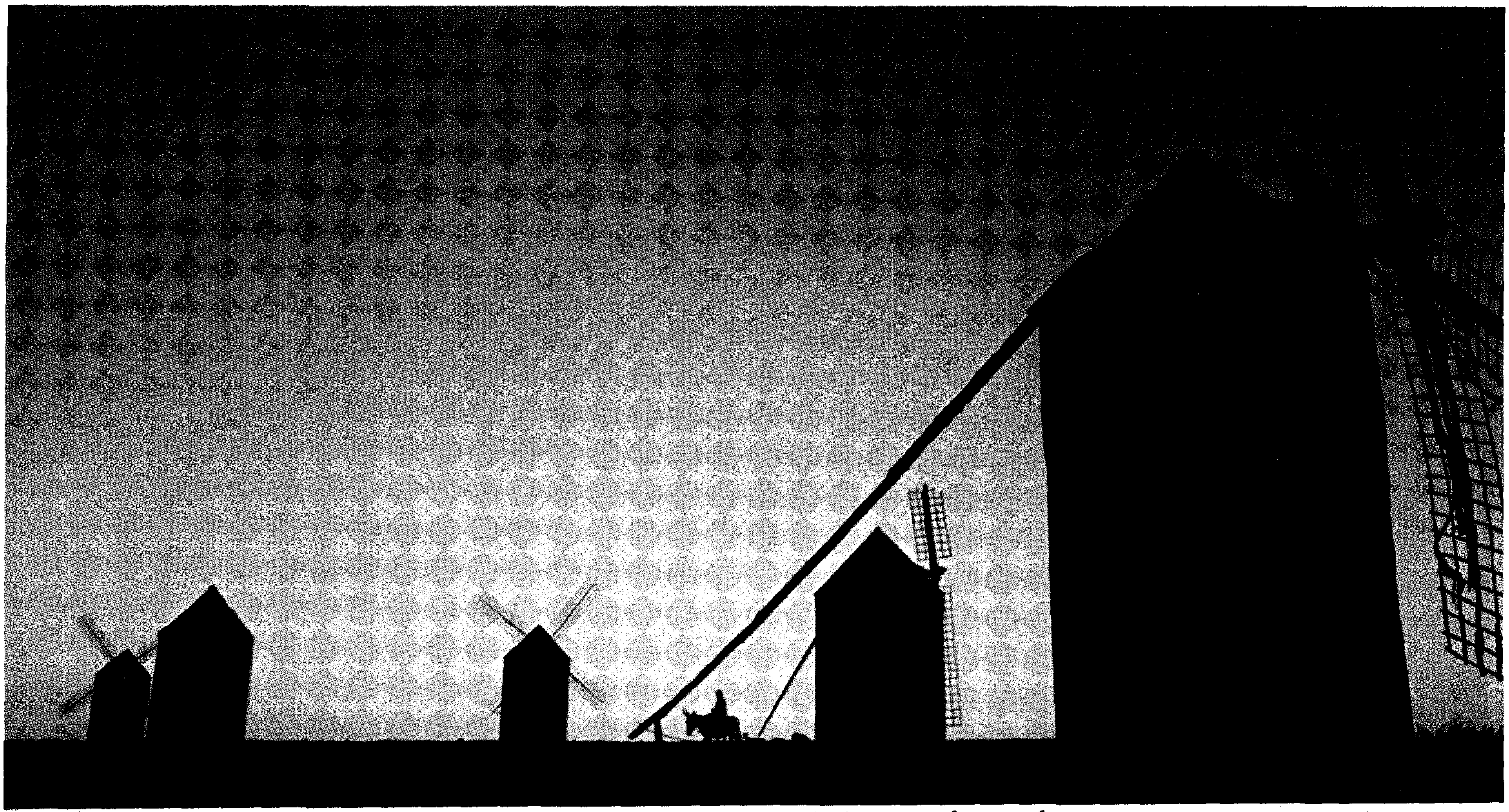

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THE THEATRE

UNGIFTED AMATEURS

A NUMBER of folk who, according to the program notes, have had some professional experience in the theatre are the authors of the book, music, and lyrics of a terrible musical called "Something's Afoot," at the Lyceum. To begin with, they have been misguided enough to suppose that a parody of an Agatha Christie mystery novel would make a crackerjack show on Broadway. An unlikely project even in the best of circumstances, which would include knowing Miss Christie's work well and having the wit and skill to make accurate literary fun of her peculiar genius. Here, however, we face the worst of circumstances: ungifted amateurs, presumably taking off from Miss Christie's "Ten Little Indians," have composed a crude travesty not of Miss Christie but of that army of fourth-rate writers who in England in the twenties and thirties were turning out cheap thrillers about spooky country houses, comic servants, lost wills, and ingenious upper-class murderers. The time of "Something's Afoot" is said to be 1935, which is rather late for the sort of trash the musical imitates, and the setting is a baronial hall decorated with spears, antlers, heavy iron chandeliers, and family portraits. A tiresome set of props to have to spend a couple of hours staring at as one or another of the cardboard characters in the show is caused to die by explosion, arsenic, poison gas, a poisoned dart, a faulty electrical connection, and other homely means.

The music and lyrics are a perfect match for the silly book, and the acting—well, it, too, matches. Tony Tanner, who is given credit for the direction and choreography of the show, has evidently encouraged his cast of ten to ham it up to their hearts' content, and, actors being actors, they do so. The star of the show is an English music-hall performer named Tessie O'Shea, who works very hard indeed, nearly always in vain. She plays a character called Miss Tweed (Miss Marple?), and when she sings the song "Something's Afoot," she lifts up a foot and wiggles it; that's English music hall for you. The three inventors of the show are James McDonald, David Vos, and Robert Gerlach. The scenery is by Richard Seger, whose budget must have been in two figures, the costumes are by Walter Watson and Clifford Capone, the lighting is by Richard Winkler, the Scotch is by Cutty Sark, the gin is by Tanqueray, and the ginger ale is by Canada Dry.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Life on the Edge

NEIL HARRIS'S "So Nice, They Named It Twice," at the Public, opens in the Harlem apartment of a respectable middle-aged couple, Abe and Betty. Betty has recently finished college (she had to wait until her children grew up) and is working for the N.A.A.C.P.; Abe is a fairly prosperous businessman. Bickerings and flare-ups aside, they get along pretty well. But the action soon moves out into the drug-ridden, crime-ridden underworld around them—into the streets; into a bar that is the headquarters of a drug-theft-and-numbers tycoon (played with menacing conviction by the dramatist himself), to whom Abe and Betty's nineteen-year-old daughter comes as an apprentice in flimflam and other con games; and into the shabby apartment of a young artist turned drug pusher. Here a scene takes place—involving the young pusher, his terrified girl, and four clients—that is the most graphic and harrowing depiction of drug-taking and its effects I have ever watched. This ends the first act. Up to then, scene has followed scene so quickly and, it seems, so haphazardly that it has been almost impossible to see any pattern or form to the play. No fear; Mr. Harris knows exactly where he is going. Underneath the apparently disconnected action, the surge is strong, tension is growing, and a plot is taking shape; before the evening is over, it explodes into two powerful confrontations and then a resolution of sorts. Every line, every movement, every flicker of feeling is there for a purpose.

Although the play deals with dark matters, it never becomes grim or monotonous. There is wit and irony in it. The cynical, flippant humor of the underworld, as here recorded, is as vivid as its tragedy, and there is tenderness and loyalty as well as peril. The characterizations run deep: we learn at just the right tempo who these people are, where they've come from, and what lies ahead for them. The acting, under Bill Lathan's direction, is in each instance worthy of the playwright's craftsmanship and talent. Bill Jay is Abe, Veronica Redd is Betty, Dianne Kirksey is their wayward daughter, Taurean Blacque is the artist-pusher, Alfre Woodard is his girl, and Brent Jennings and Robbie McCauley are a couple of junkies (m. and f.). The others are good, too. The scenery, lighting, and visual format are by Clarke Dunham, with photographic projections by Lucie Grosvenor. Some years ago, Mr. Harris wrote a couple of lively one-acters, "Cop and Blow" and "Player's Inn," which were also produced at the Public, and which showed promise of even better plays to come. The promise has been kept. By the way, what is so nice they named it twice is New York, New York.

"CAMP MEETING: 1840," by Al Carmines, which will end its run at the Judson on June 7th, is a musical revival meeting that takes place in southeastern Illinois in that year. Mr. Carmines, who is, of course, a resident minister at the Judson and a veteran provider of scores, words, and piano accompaniments, has given himself only one brief number, but his presence—his brightness and humor—permeates the show. Music abounds. The songs are varied in style, yet all of them seem appropriate to the time and circumstances, and, on the side, to our own. Since this is a Carmines show, it should come as no surprise that an atheist—one Mean Jim—speaks as much as anyone else for the playwright and functions more as catalyst than as Devil's advocate, or that the preacher (Reathel Bean) should turn out to be the most serious sinner of all (or, for that matter, that his sin is that out of fear and propriety he did *not* consummate an affair with a local girl, leaving her bereft and embittered), or that a strong woman asserts her right to the pulpit. (The part is made for that Judson stalwart Lee Guilliatt, of the pure, clear voice, and in a number called "Knowledge" she makes the most of it.) Her weak, pathetic broth-

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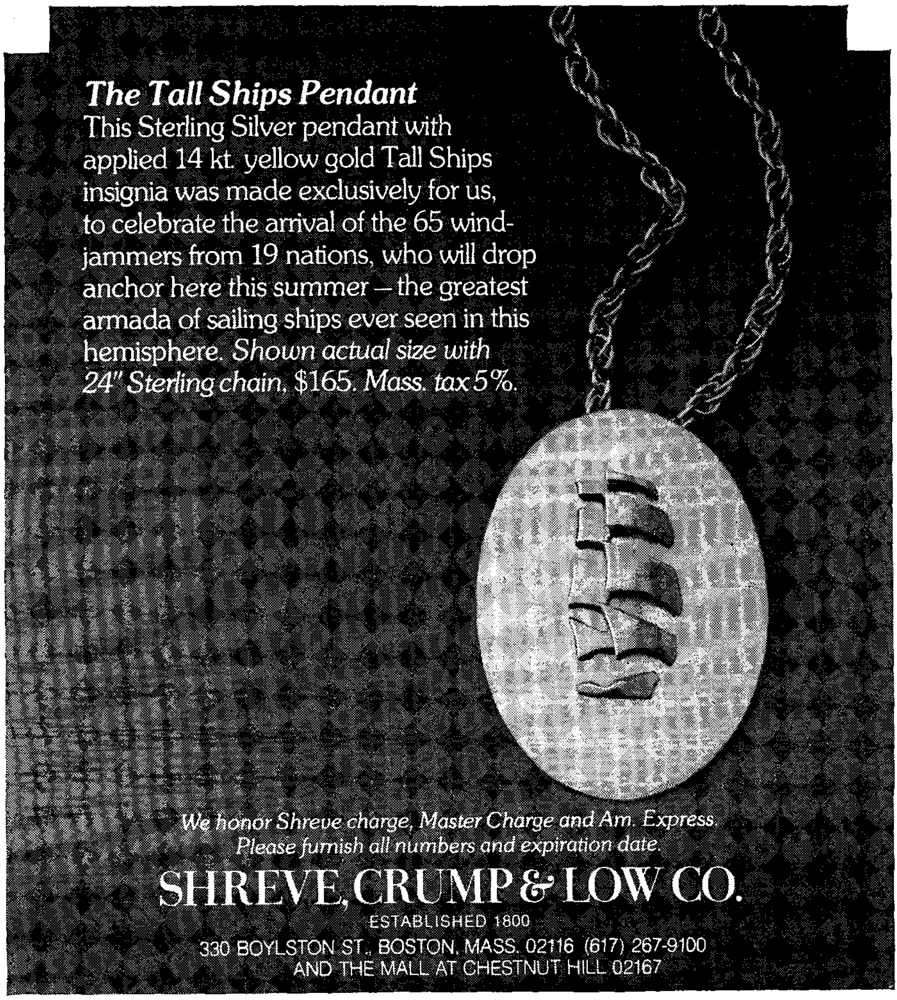

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er, who feels that God mixed up the sexes in the family and that he should have been born a woman, is the show's only lapse into sentimentality. Abraham Lincoln, nonbeliever, is also present; he is a candidate—the preacher's opponent—for a seat in Congress, and his song "Forgiveness," well sung by Tony Clark, comes closest of any to a traditional sermon. The preacher, by the way, is named Carton Wheelwright; in 1846, Lincoln actually defeated a Methodist preacher named Peter Cartwright for a seat in the House, and the character of Wheelwright may be based upon him. Bob Herget was the choreographer, and there are notable performances by Essie Borden, Stuart Silver, and Lou Bullock, all of them Judson regulars.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

BOSTON—For a moment it seemed like Nov. 10, 1975, all over again.

Senate President Kevin B. Harrington stood before the legislature's upper chamber Thursday, and announced that Cape Cod Sen. John F. Aylmer had resigned from the Committee on Bills in Third Reading.

The question seemed to be, what had Aylmer done now?

Had Aylmer bucked the democratic leadership once too often—again?

After announcing Aylmer's resignation from the Committee on Bills in the Third Reading, Harrington said he was naming Sen. William L. Saltonstall, another Republican, to replace the senator from Cape Cod.

Moments later, Harrington said Saltonstall had quit, and was replaced by Aylmer.

The reason for the brief shuffle back and forth, according to Senate sources, was so that several bills could be moved out of the committee.

Thursday morning Aylmer wasn't in the Senate chamber when Harrington went looking for the necessary Third Reading Committee signature. And the trouble was the two Democratic members of the committee weren't there either. The Democrats are Sen. Mary L. Fonseca of Fall River and James P. Rurak of Haverhill.

So, Harrington momentarily dumped Aylmer from the committee, replaced him with Saltonstall, who was in the chamber, got the necessary signatures, and returned Aylmer to the committee.—*New Bedford (Mass.) Standard-Times.*

Nov. 10, 1975, must have really been something.

•

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—*Boston Globe.*

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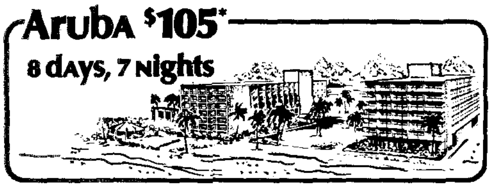

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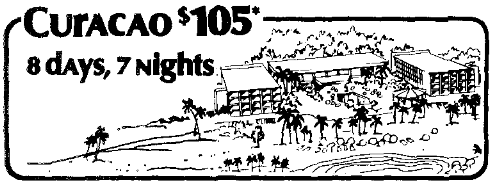

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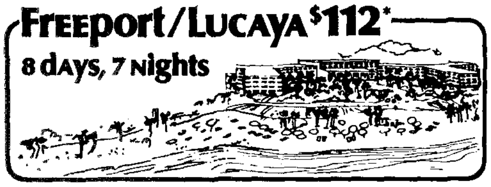

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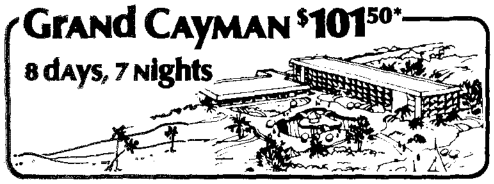

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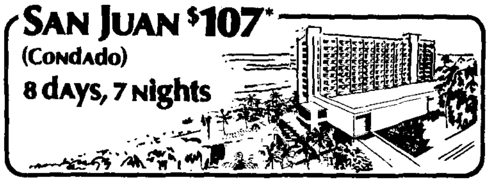

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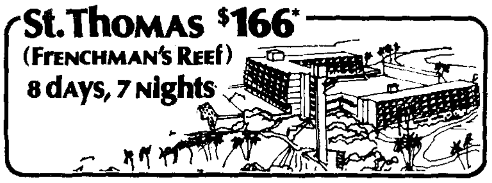

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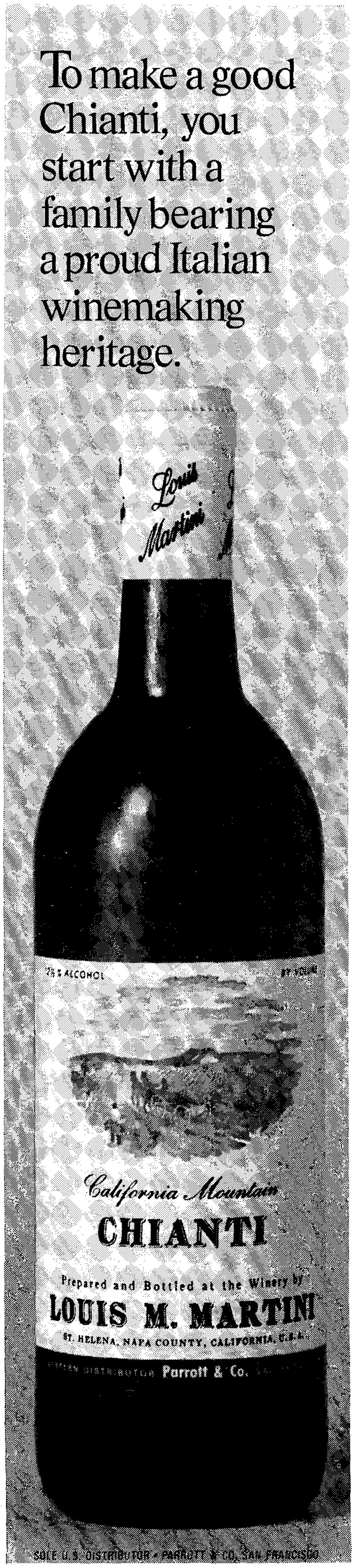
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THE RACE TRACK

On to the Belmont

MAY 28

THE Belmont Stakes, the oldest and most famous of the spring classics, comes up at Belmont Park next weekend. As this is written, I don't know how many three-year-olds besides Elocutionist, Play the Red, and Bold Forbes—the first three finishers in the recent Preakness Stakes—will go to the post, but there will probably be quite a few, for it is still what they call an open race. I hope that Honest Pleasure won't be among them; he would run his heart out over the mile-and-a-half course. It was plain as he was saddled for the Preakness that he was not at his best; he looked washy and wasting, yet he gave everything he had as far as he could go. My selection? Just an old roulette player's offhand hunch—Play the Red.

THINGS haven't been going as well for trainer LeRoy Jolley as they were this time last year, when his big horse was Foolish Pleasure and he was high on the hog, as they say in Lexington's Chitlin Switch. As if Honest Pleasure's defeats were not enough to bear, last weekend Jolley saddled Optimistic Gal for the one-mile Acorn Stakes at Belmont, the first race in the New York Racing Association's Triple Crown for three-year-old fillies, and she finished second. This wasn't really much of a surprise, for Dearly Precious, who beat her, had beaten her both times they met last season. In the Acorn, Dearly Precious took the lead quickly and went on to win by a couple of lengths, in 1:35⅘. Optimistic Gal had gone to the post at 9–10, and no one can squawk louder than the backers of a beaten odds-on favorite. They blamed Pat Day, a young rider from the hinterland, who was given the mount when Baeza, who had been booked to ride Optimistic Gal, didn't show up at the track. That was the biggest flap of the afternoon. Boys riding are expected to report to the jockeys' room at noon, and when Baeza did not, his agent, who makes his riding engagements, telephoned his home to remind him. Baeza's wife answered the call and said that her husband had left for the track. Actually, he hadn't. He probably watched the Acorn Stakes on TV that afternoon. When hours passed and there was no Baeza at Belmont, rumors began to fly around that his car had been run off the road or that he had been kidnapped, all of which enlivened the interval between the races.

L'affaire Baeza has been as interesting—and has been handled as timorously by the media—as anything that has come my way in ever so long. I'm sure that almost nobody who was on the backstretch at Churchill Downs during Derby Week or who was at Belmont Park for the Acorn or who is close to racing at all has been unaware that there has been an estrangement between Baeza and Jolley for more than a month—since Baeza rode Honest Pleasure in the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland, the colt's last important gallop before the Kentucky Derby. Jolley stated publicly that he had wanted Honest Pleasure ridden out sharply in the Blue Grass and he felt that Baeza hadn't done it. In fact, Jolley made it known that he would get another rider for Honest Pleasure in the Derby if Baeza did not ride Optimistic Gal in the Kentucky Oaks the way he was told to. Well, as you probably know, Optimistic Gal won. But after Honest Pleasure finished second in the Derby, there was another spate of talk, this time to the effect that Baeza would not have been assigned to Honest Pleasure in the Preakness if Jolley had succeeded in getting the rider he wanted. Having heard all this, I was dumbfounded that Baeza—who certainly must have heard it, too—didn't decline the Preakness engagement. It would have been easy enough for him to cancel, after his spill at Belmont on May 8th. I confess that I like the way he took himself off Optimistic Gal for the Acorn. Afterward, at a midweek meeting of the stewards at Belmont, Baeza said that he had overslept on the afternoon of the race, but they nevertheless fined him five hundred dollars for failure to keep his riding engagements. (He had also missed a couple of races on the Friday before the Acorn.) That's the stiffest fine that I can remember for such an offense. Still, since the horses Baeza rode last season won $3,695,198, of which he got the usual jockey's share of ten per cent, he probably felt what he did was cheap at the price. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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—*Indianapolis News.*

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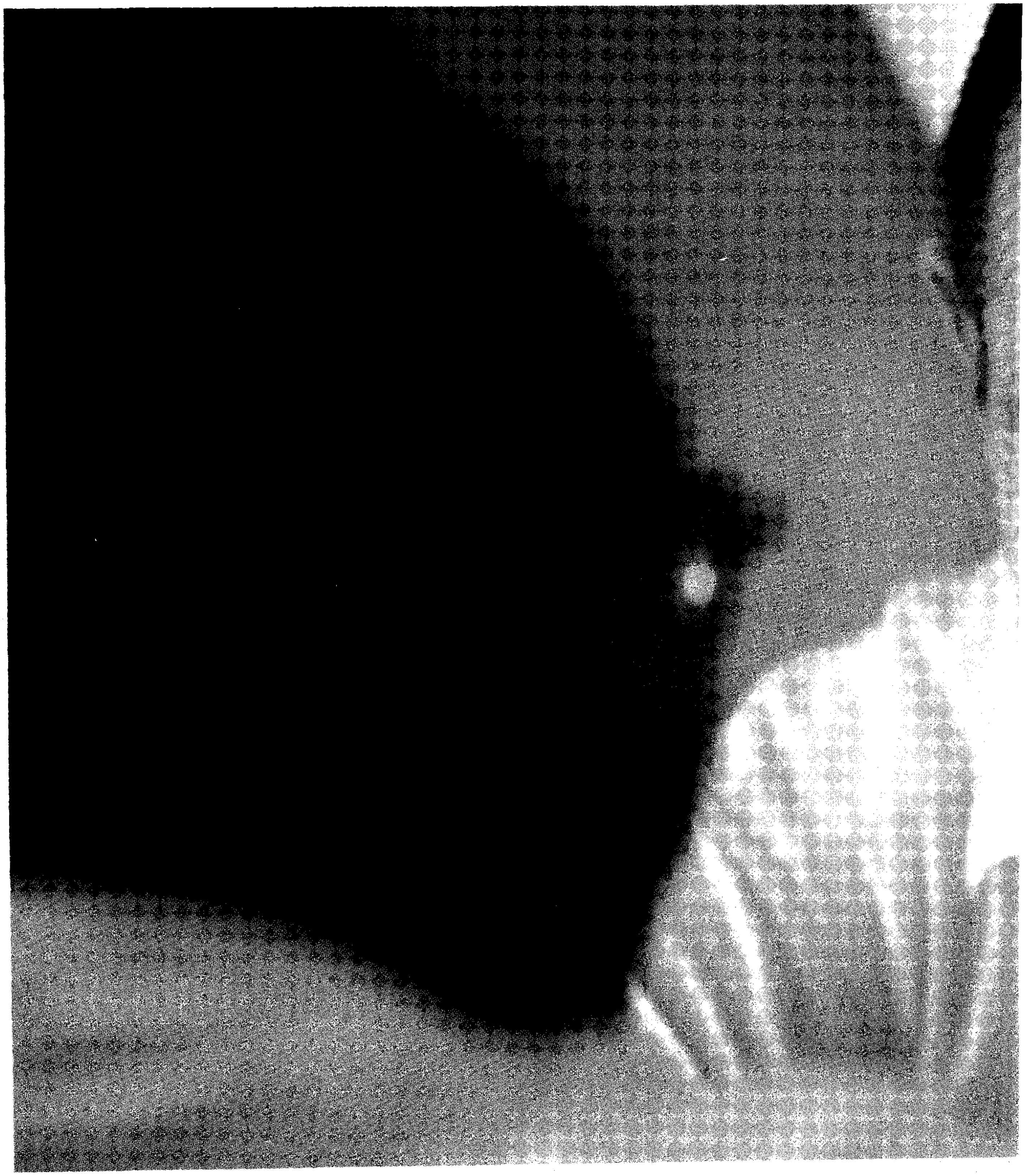

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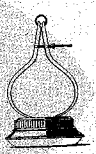

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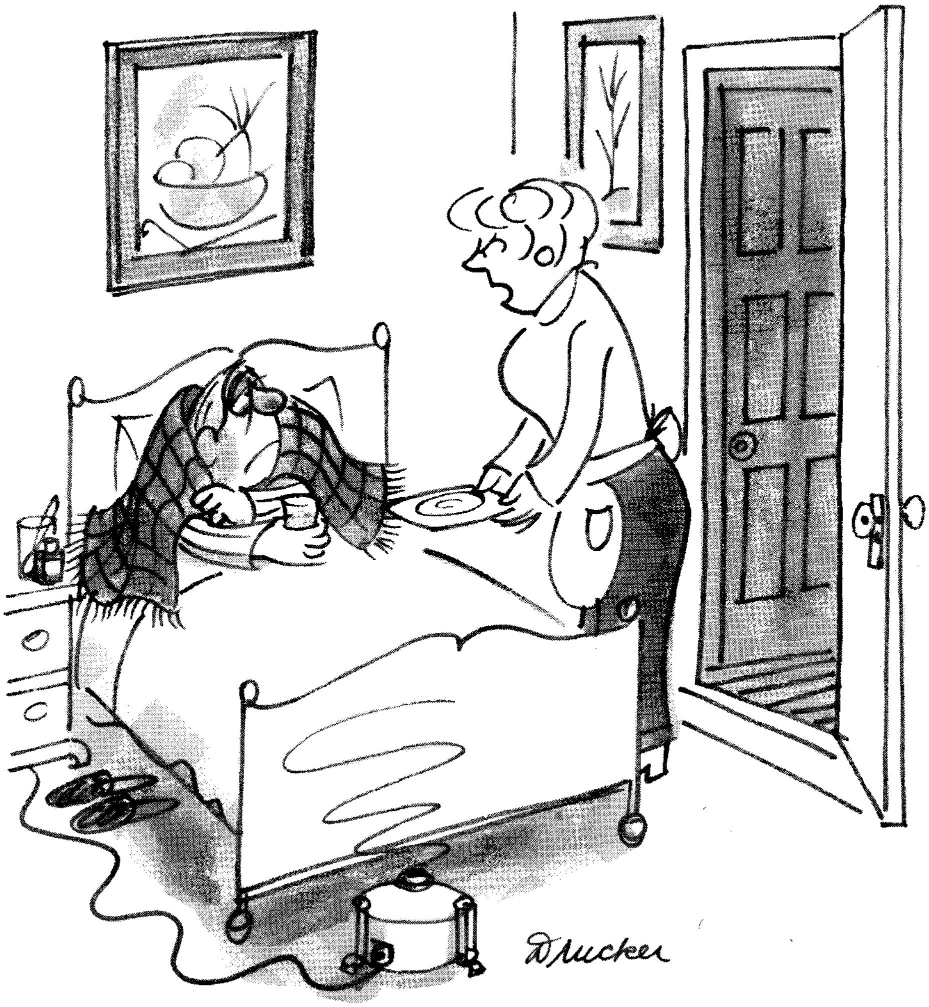
A MASTER AND THE MASTERS

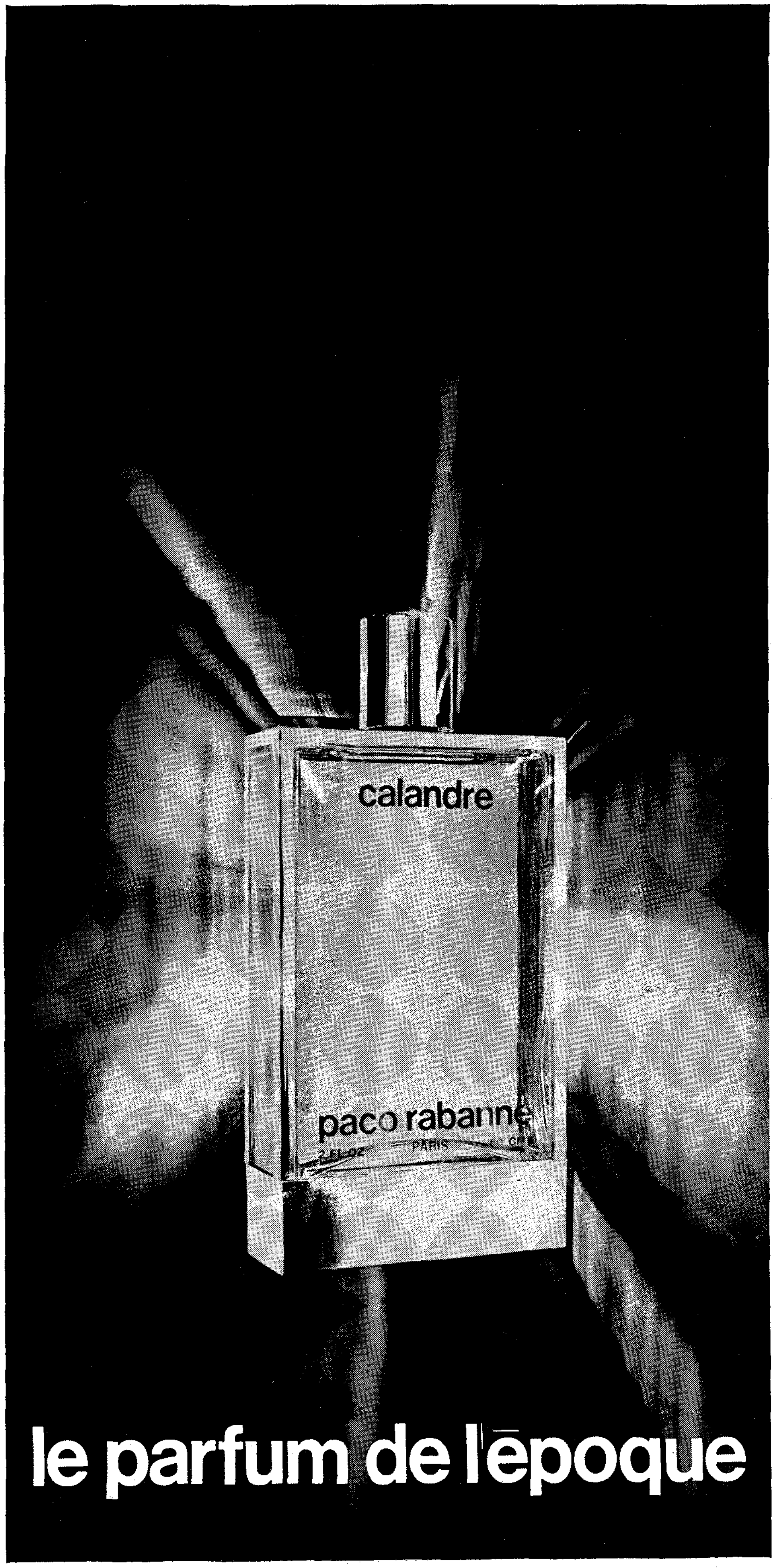
THERE is little disagreement that the best golf writer of all time was an Englishman named Bernard Richard Meirion Darwin. Beyond this, there is a large body of readers, made up not only of golf addicts but of addicts of other sports, who believe that Bernard Darwin may well be the finest talent who has ever written about sports, not excluding such towering figures as William Hazlitt, Leo Tolstoy, William Faulkner, Siegfried Sassoon, and Ernest Hemingway, all of whom occasionally wandered into the field, or such regular writers on sports as Pierce Egan, Robert Surtees, Ring Lardner, Neville Cardus (who was equally impressive reporting on both cricket and music for the *Guardian*), A. J. Liebling, and Joe Palmer—to name some of those who come most quickly to mind. Although Darwin's books for the most part were published only in England, for decades they have been the keystone of American golf libraries and have been faithfully read and reread. This year, in this country and throughout the golf world in general, there will be even more interest than usual in Darwin, since 1976 marks the centennial—or, as they say in Britain, the centenary (pronounced "centeen'ry")—of his birth. A host of tributes will be paid him, with one of the most significant being the publication of a book about Darwin (containing many selections from his work) by Peter Ryde, himself a writer of the first order, who succeeded Darwin as the golf correspondent of the *Times* of London in 1953—eight years before Darwin's death, at the age of eighty-five. (The book, entitled "Mostly Golf," is due out this autumn.) I myself am often reminded of Darwin—whom I was fortunate enough to know—but never more so than when I attend some significant golfing occasion, such as this year's Masters tournament. We will get to that later.

As a man of exceptional ability and enormous personal charm, Bernard Darwin would undoubtedly have made his way in the world whatever his background, but it would be wrong not to acknowledge that interest in him and his work was inevitably heightened by the fact that he was a grandson of Charles Darwin, the great naturalist, who propounded his theory of evolution in 1859. The Darwins were and are an exceptionally brainy family. Certainly the seven children of Charles Darwin were an uncommonly gifted lot. Of the five sons, three were knighted in recognition of contributions to science: George was a Cambridge professor of astronomy and experimental philosophy; Francis, Bernard's father, an M.D. who never practiced medicine, became a prominent botanist; and Horace was an outstanding civil engineer. As for the two other sons, William was a banker, and Leonard, a major in the Royal Engineers, found his real lifework in eugenics and economics after leaving the military. As it turned out, Bernard, as a very young boy, saw quite a bit of his illustrious grandfather. Bernard's mother died when he was born, and Francis Darwin moved, with his son, from a small house in Downe, Kent, to the large house, in that same lovely, tranquil village, where his mother and father lived. Charles Darwin died in 1882 (Bernard was six then), and although Charles' widow continued to use the house at Downe for a summer home, the family moved to Cambridge. Some forty-four years later, in 1926, Bernard returned to Downe—though not to the old ancestral home—with his wife and their three children, and he lived there until his wife's death, in 1954.

It would have been most unusual if a member of a family as distinguished as the Darwins had chosen to plunge directly into golf writing as a career. Bernard didn't. While he was growing up, he followed the accepted educational path trodden in those days by the sons of upper-level, well-to-do families: He spent two years at a local primary school (Perse) in Cambridge; at eleven he was shipped off to boarding school (Summer Fields, near Oxford), where he starred as a Latin student; and from there he moved on to "public" school (Eton) and thence to a university (Cambridge, where his college was Trinity). Darwin's years at public school were remarkably happy ones, and throughout his life he had a very warm spot in his heart for Eton. He liked Cambridge all right, but confessed many years later, "As an institution for beating Oxford it has my deepest, perennially boyish devotion, but as for my own time there I have always



"You're getting too old to sing in the rain."



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been conscious of something missing."

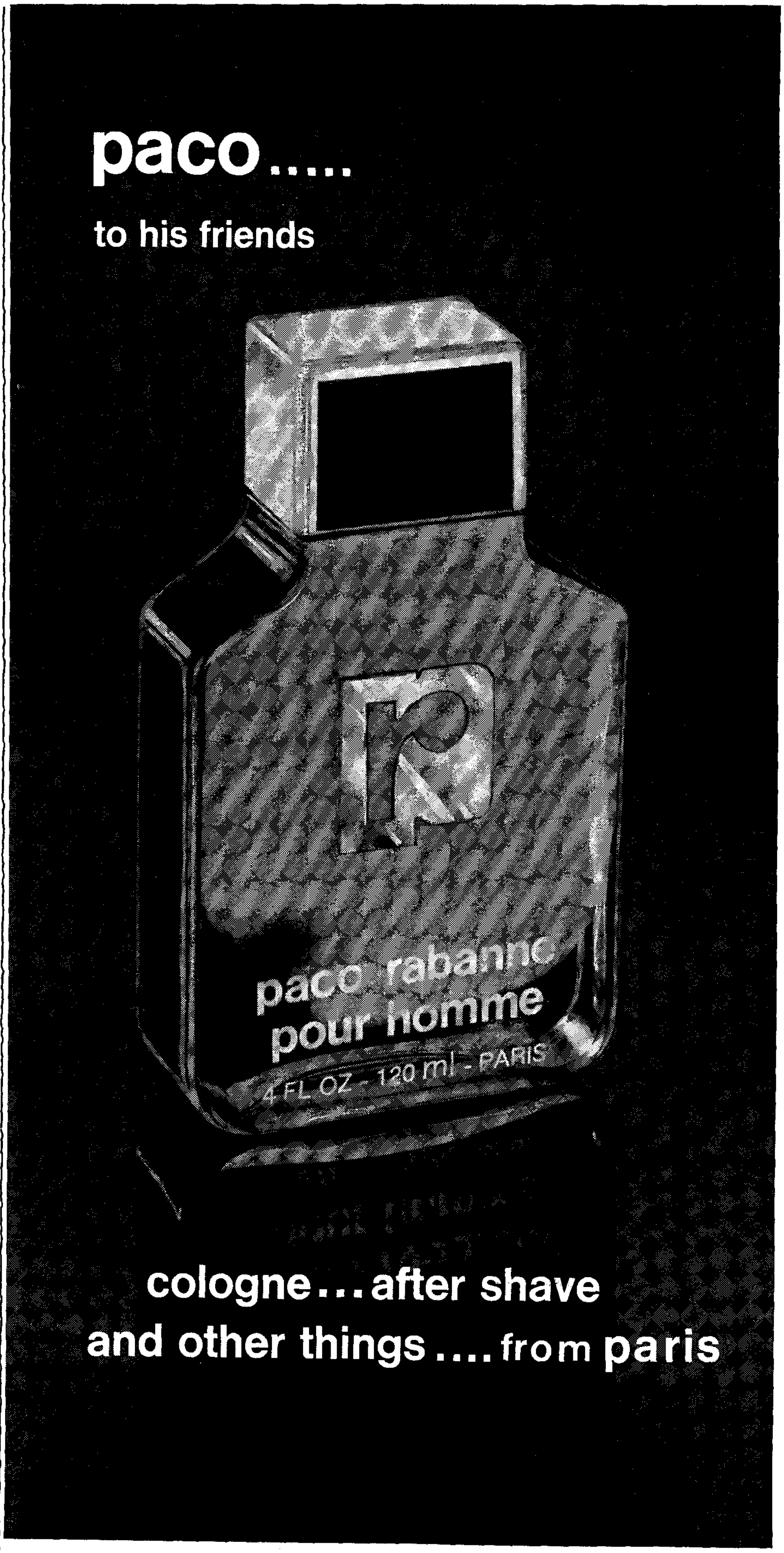
At Cambridge, Darwin started by reading for the Classical Tripos (examinations for an honors degree), but in his third term he switched to the Law Tripos. After graduation, he went down to London and set out to be a solicitor, joining two Cambridge friends in a firm in the Temple. He underwent some private coaching and later passed the Solicitor's Final with no trouble. He appears to have been a competent solicitor, but the work bored him, and he soon decided that he would perhaps find the career of a barrister more to his liking. After three years of attending the required dinners in chambers and passing the necessary examinations, he was called to the bar in 1903. A few of his cases interested him, but for the most part he felt a dismaying coolness toward a profession that many embrace with unmodified ardor. In 1907—mind you, Darwin by then was thirty years old—the pivotal moment in his life occurred: The golf writer of the *Evening Standard*, who was moving over to the *Morning Post*, recommended Darwin as his successor to do the weekly golf column, "Tee Shots." Darwin jumped at the chance. There was nothing seriously wrong with the law, he conceded, but he had long since discovered that his true passion was golf. Now his first taste of professional journalism confirmed his suspicion that he had been throwing his life away. In 1908—by which time he was writing about golf for the *Times* and also for the weekly magazine *Country Life*—he sold his wig and, as he later said, "walked out of the Temple a free man."

FOR the *Times*, Darwin reported the important tournaments and also undertook a regular Saturday essay-type feature on some phase or other of the game. His Saturday columns attracted a good deal of attention from the start, as did his slightly longer and more ruminative articles for *Country Life*. Down through the years, batches of his *Country Life* pieces and his Saturday columns for the *Times* were collected at intervals in such popular books as "Out of the Rough," "Rubs of the Green," "Playing the Like," and "Second Shots." Besides his felicitous style, Darwin had another big thing going for him: he knew golf inside out. He had started playing it at the age of eight, at Felixstowe, a resort on the North Sea, in Suffolk, where his father took his summer holiday for a number of years. Later, Francis Darwin shifted from Felixstowe to Cromer, in Norfolk, and then to Eastbourne, in Sussex, on the Channel. He was the first of the Darwins to take up the new game—"new" in that in 1889 only fifty-seven golf clubs had been organized in England. Until the middle of the century, in fact, there had been practically no clubs south of the Scottish border. Francis Darwin had been converted to golf by his brother-in-law Arthur Ruck. Mrs. Ruck, Bernard's grandmother, was Welsh, and the Ruck family had come to live in the Welsh county of Merioneth, in the Aberdovey area. Arthur, with his brother Richard, had laid out the first rudimentary nine-hole course in Aberdovey. Richard Ruck was later responsible for founding the Aberdovey Golf Club and designing its eighteen-hole course. Bernard, throughout his life, regularly returned to play this Welsh course, which he loved for deep and multiple reasons, but one gathers that when he was a boy Felixstowe was his favorite, partly because he liked the quality of the links and partly because the well-known Scottish professional Willie Fernie, who had won the British Open in 1883, was the resident pro. The portrait of his boyhood hero which Darwin dashed off in quick brushstrokes many decades later is well worth quoting, for it is wonderfully typical of the verve that infuses his writing:

> His shop was opposite the Martello tower and close to the second tee, the starting-point of my daily adventures, so I had plenty of chances of adoring him in his yachting cap with a shiny peak and his white apron, as he came outside to waggle a half-finished club. He had in my eyes rather a fierce, buccaneering air, and fear mingled with my worship. I did not dare to go into the shop, unless my father was with me. It was a paradise of glue and pitch, of files and a vise, and heads in the rough, with a smell that still comes gratefully back to me. "God bless me," as Mr. Borthrop Trumbull (in "Middlemarch") remarked of the ham, "what an aroma!"

Literary quotations of this type in Darwin are as abundant as parsley on a roast. By far the highest number of them come from Dickens, several of whose books Darwin apparently knew by heart almost from cover to cover.

Spurred by an intense and exuberant devotion to the game from boyhood on, Darwin developed into a very capable golfer, who could be accurately classified as standing just a cut below the players who win championships. Well over six feet, and bony in build—he filled out in his later years—he had an effective but hardly graceful swing. He had been brought up in the days of the gutta-percha ball, and his



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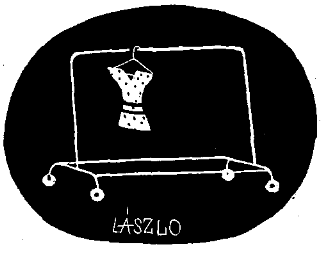
effortful method reflected this. It was initiated by a backswing in which, his body bristling with tension, he took the club back well beyond the ideal position, in which the shaft is parallel to the ground. Then, with something less than a relaxed, Sneadian lyricism, he uncorked his downswing and hurled the club vehemently at the ball. However, as I say, he was a very good golfer. At Cambridge, he was on the university team, and captained it in his last year. He was selected to play for England against Scotland in 1902, and was a member of the English team in seven of the traditional International Matches. He won the prized *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase in 1919 and the President's Putter competition of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society in 1924. His two greatest triumphs were scored in the British Amateur and the Walker Cup. In 1921, a group of eight Americans, including Bobby Jones, Chick Evans, and Francis Ouimet, entered the Amateur at Hoylake. The British, traditional leaders in golf, did not feel exactly comfortable about this invasion. As it happened, during the early rounds at Hoylake, the men whom the British were counting on most heavily were eliminated, and when the amateur field had been whittled down to the last sixteen survivors the worst seemed imminent. Darwin, who was still in the tournament, rose to the occasion. In the morning, when the round of sixteen was played, he defeated Paul Hunter, a sound golfer from Chicago, and in the quarter-finals, in the afternoon, he ousted the last American threat, Fred Wright. That evening, as Darwin was walking down a street in a nearby village, a man with a menacingly intense stare—Darwin couldn't place him—bore down on him and confronted him eye to eye. Then, in a ringing voice thick with emotion, he blurted, "Sir, I want to thank you for the way you have saved your country." Darwin's Walker Cup experience took place in 1922 and has the quality of one of those dreams of glory every boy nourishes. This, the first official meeting of the best British and Irish amateurs with the best American amateurs, was scheduled to be held at the National Golf Links, in Southampton, Long Island. The *Times* sent Darwin over to report on it. Just before the match, Robert Harris, the British captain, fell ill, and Darwin was drafted to take his place, both as the team captain and as a player. He did quite well. Although he and Cyril Tolley were handled roughly in their foursome against Ouimet and Jesse Guilford, Darwin won his singles from Bill Fownes, 3 and 1.

CERTAINLY no one has ever tried harder than Darwin did to become a top-class golfer. The game meant the world to him. He threw every last grain of concentration and willpower into his tournament play, and, being a man with an extremely high-strung temperament and a very short fuse, he sometimes simply could not control his frustration when things went wrong. His eruptions were often so spectacular and, from a safe distance, so hilarious that even today, years after they took place, it remains a regular pastime of his old friends to sit around of an evening retailing Darwin stories. One example, I believe, will be sufficient—a story I heard Colonel Tony Duncan tell a few years ago at just such a fireside gathering at the President's Putter tournament, in Rye, Sussex. This story has to do with the annual Medal Day Tournament, at Woking, an event that Darwin took with the utmost seriousness. That particular day, all the cogs in his complicated, Victorian swing were meshing with the smoothness of the gear system in a Rolls. He was hitting the ball perfectly. He put his approach to the first green five feet from the pin, but he missed the putt. Beautiful approaches to the second and third greens left him with birdie putts of only eight and six feet, but he failed to make either. The fourth hole at Woking requires the golfer to thread the needle off the tee. Darwin not only hit the center of the frighteningly narrow fairway but followed this with a superb iron that stopped three feet from the pin. Again he missed the short birdie putt. This was more than he could bear. With his eyes closed tight in pain, he sank to his knees, bit a chunk of sod from the green, and then, lifting his arms toward the heavens, exclaimed in a voice that shook with feeling, "O Lord, *have You not yet made a sufficient mockery of me?*"



Except when he was tempting the fates on the golf course, Darwin was an essentially warm and kind person and a most lovable one. He was revered by his friends, who called him Bernardo. Although a happy family man, he was also a member of that species of Englishman who relishes his hours at his club sharing his enthusiasms with his cronies. At the same time, any picture of Darwin would be incomplete if it didn't mention that during certain stretches when his "perennially boyish" side was in the ascendant—and no one recognized this more clearly than he did—he was sometimes unable to check a mood of arrant stubbornness or impatience or to resist getting off a stingingly witty phrase. At the Commonwealth Tournament, at St. Andrews, in 1955, for example, his aesthetic sense was appalled by a sweater with a repeating pattern of loud, clashing yellow, pink, black, green, and violet vertical stripes, which one of the Canadian players wore. Darwin kept himself well under control for a while, but finally went up to the Canadian and asked, "I say, are those your old school colors or your own unfortunate choice?"

Darwin was a man with lively, speculative dark eyes, who in his earlier years wore a rather dashing mustache. He wrote on a great many subjects besides golf. He produced several children's books, for instance, as well as two books on Dickens, a guide to the historic landmarks of London, an appreciation of the English public school, and biographies of W. G. Grace, the famous cricketer, and John Gully, a bare-knuckles boxing champion who later became a Member of Parliament. At seventy-eight, Darwin published his autobiography, "The World That Fred Made." (Fred was the name of the family gardener, who in the eyes of Bernard Darwin's young grandson could do or make anything, and it was also the name of his own grandfather's groom, whom Bernard had felt the same way about when he was a boy.) During Darwin's forty-five-year association with the *Times*, he frequently contributed "fourth leaders"—light, humorous pieces that followed the various lead editorials. However, the literary form he seems to have found most to his taste was the personal essay, and some of his most enjoyable books are collections of pieces on golf and sports in general, mixed with thoughts on a gallimaufry of other interests. In the twenty-nine essays in "Every Idle Dream," a typical collection, Darwin elaborates on such varied subjects as his boyhood attachment for tin soldiers; the sporting prints on the walls of his study; his "fundamentalist's" faith in Sherlockiana; Rufus, the family dachshund; his affection for small railroad junctions situated thrillingly close to some fa-

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vorite golf links; his admiration for the vitality that Walter Shirley brought to his book "Leading Cases in the Common Law;" the requisites for a successful picnic; the Christmas spirit; his fondness for the Cotswolds (where during the Second World War he and his family sought refuge from the aerial pounding the enemy gave their corner of Kent); the pleasures of a day spent in bed, provided one's ailment is merely a mild one; the magic that results when an author has the knack of selecting appropriate names for his characters; the "restful excitement" of watching a cricket match; and Tony Weller, of "Pickwick Papers," whose shrewd worldliness he rated a cut above that of Weller's son Sam. What distinguishes these pieces from the rambles of most essayists is the way Darwin wanders back and forth between life and literature as if there were no boundary. His contemporaries were enchanted by this penchant of his, but, of course, most of their lives were lived at a time when the TV set had not yet superseded a good read as the choicest entertainment available at home.

While Darwin wrote well on all the subjects he tackled, most of his readers have always felt that he was at his best when writing about golf, and I agree. He certainly saw the game much more completely than anyone else who has written about it. Nothing that touched on it was too slight to have meaning for him and to evoke a substantial response. By way of illustration, the penultimate paragraph of the essay mentioned earlier about railroad junctions goes like this:

> Lastly, I come to the best of all junctions. I have seen it looming in the distance all the time, and so, I fear, must anyone who has ever read any book of mine. I need scarcely say that it is Dovey Junction where there is, in a Stevensonian phrase, an infinite melancholy piping of porters: "Change for Aberdovey, Towyn, and Barmouth way." There is, I think, something about the Welsh voice, or intonation, which has a natural melancholy. When the little boys at Moat Lane Junction . . . used to cry . . . "Papers, chocolates, cigarettes," it was with an unutterable sadness. So at Aberdovey, when the caddie, perched on the sleepered crest of the Cader bunker, announces, "On the green," it is not in a tone of triumphant delight but rather of resignation to inevitable fate. It is only when the cry is, "In the bunker," that a measure of cheerfulness seems to break in. I write in the present tense, but alas! it should be in the past, for the more sophisticated caddies of today remain silent and only signal our fortune, good or bad, with the hand.

Like no other golf writer, Darwin had the ability to take the reader right

GENESIS XLIII 11. And their father Israel said unto them, If it must be so now, do this; take the best fruits in the land in your vessels, and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spices, myrrh, nuts and almonds:

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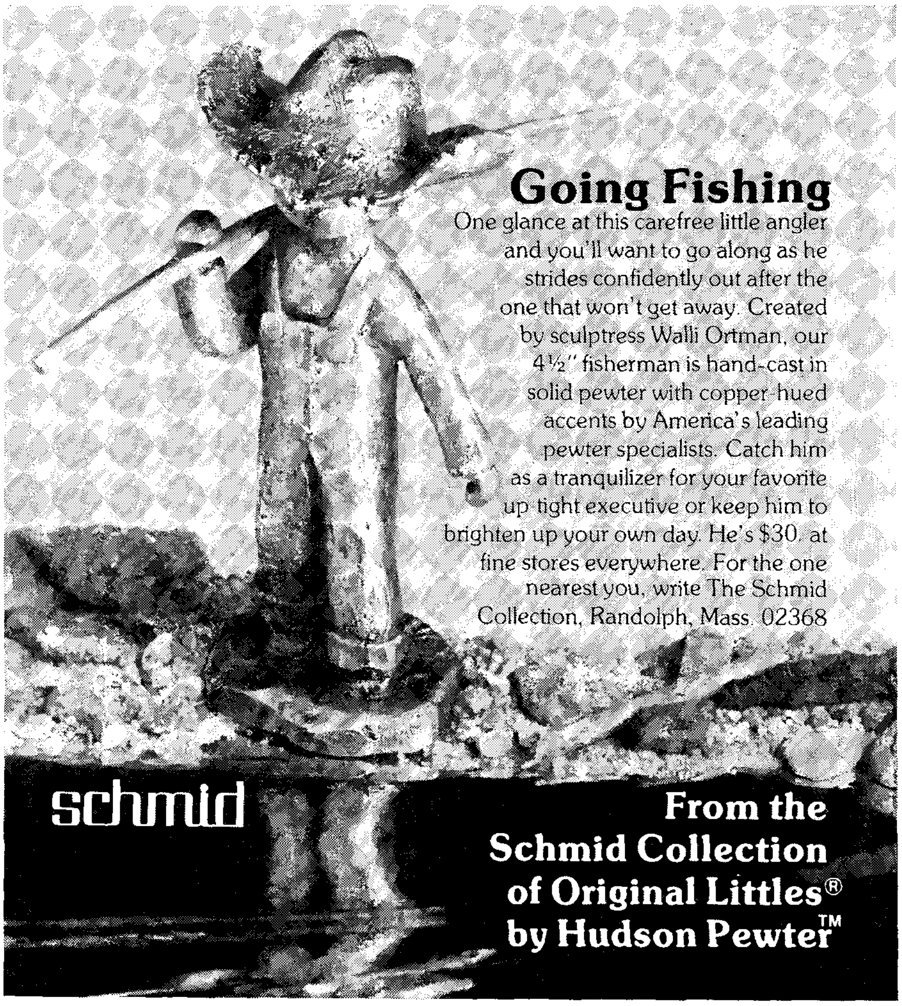
out onto the course with him. You can practically feel the wind in your face and the crunch of the hard-packed turf under your spikes. There are countless passages that illustrate this gift of Darwin's, but I have always particularly admired his description of Walter Hagen's rush down the stretch at Hoylake in the 1924 British Open, when the championship had narrowed to a two-man fight between Hagen and Ernest Whitcombe, an English pro. Whitcombe had just finished with a 78—a highly commendable effort, inasmuch as he had gone out in 43—when Hagen came to the tenth green needing to hole a twenty-foot putt to save his par. It was a critical stroke, for Hagen had wobbled out in 41, and to beat Whitcombe's total he would have to play the last nine in 36—a tall order at Hoylake. Hagen made the putt. Now to Darwin's narrative:

> With that putt began as fine a stern chase as could be imagined. It divides itself in my mind into two distinct periods: the first a brave scramble, the second a triumphant march. He had made a mistake at the Dee and recovered from it; he made a mistake at the Alps, at the Hilbre, at the Rushes, yet his net loss from those four errors was just one shot, so indomitable were his recoveries. At the Rushes he seemed a beaten man when he pitched a feeble tee-shot slap into a bunker in front of the green. "That's done it," said a famous golfer standing near to me. "He can never do it now." But Hagen took a good long look, pitched beautifully out of the bunker and ran down a five-foot putt. And then suddenly it seemed certain that he would do it. There was no holding a man who could recover and keep on recovering like that. True, he still wanted four 4s and a 5 to win—perfect play and that over the severest finishing holes in all golf. Still, it was borne in on us that he would do it, and Hagen looked as if he thought so too. He cast away that recovering mood. He looked no longer grave but radiant, and he played faultlessly.
>
> Bang, bang, went his long wooden club shots, as straight as arrows, to the Field, the Lake, and the Dun. Now he wanted two 4s to win, and who that saw it will forget that wholehearted long iron shot smashed right up to the Royal green, with the road on one side and the bunker creeping in on the other? That finally did it. Hagen played the home hole with the very palpable intention of making sure of his 5 and so at least tying with Whitcombe. His second was a bold one and over the green. What happened after that I could not see. I could only hear, "He's played a good run-up, but he isn't dead," and then, after an infinite wait, "He's holed it." If ever there were a case for our friends "the ranks of Tuscany" who could "scarce forbear to cheer," this was the one.
>
> That spurt was one for all the golfing ages. Whitcombe's spurt was as fine a one, but there is this difference between the two, as there is so often between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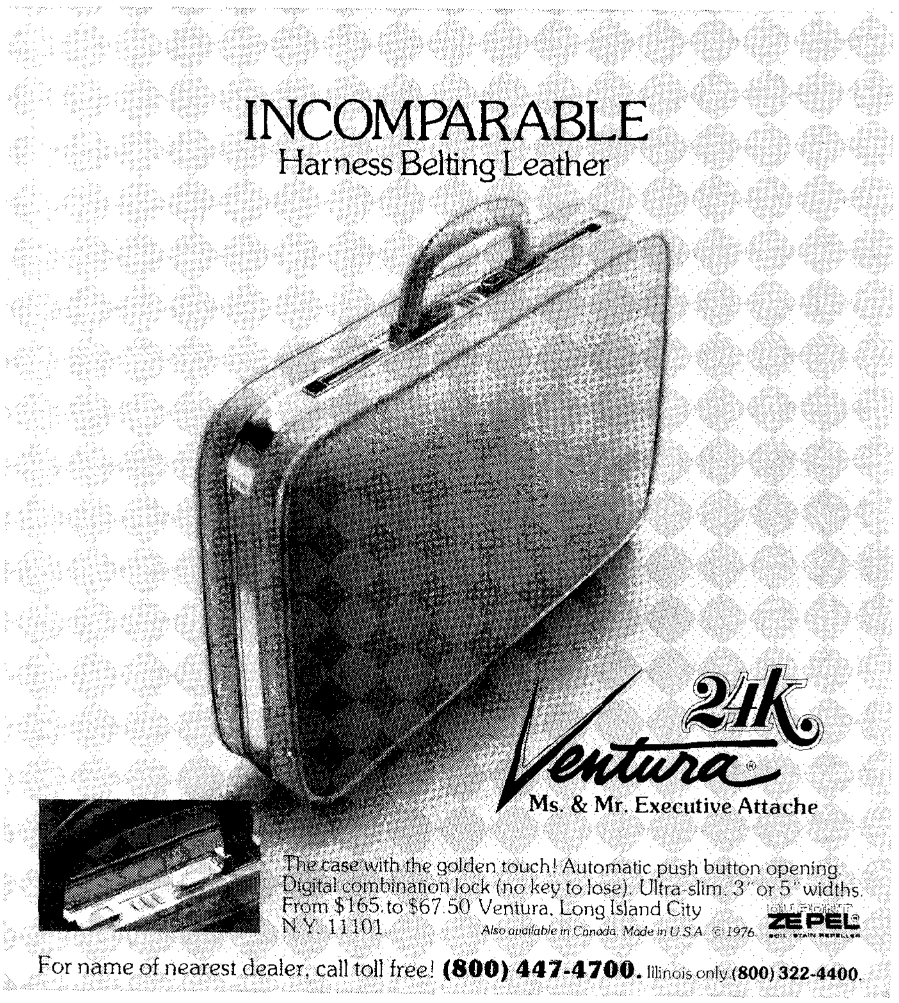
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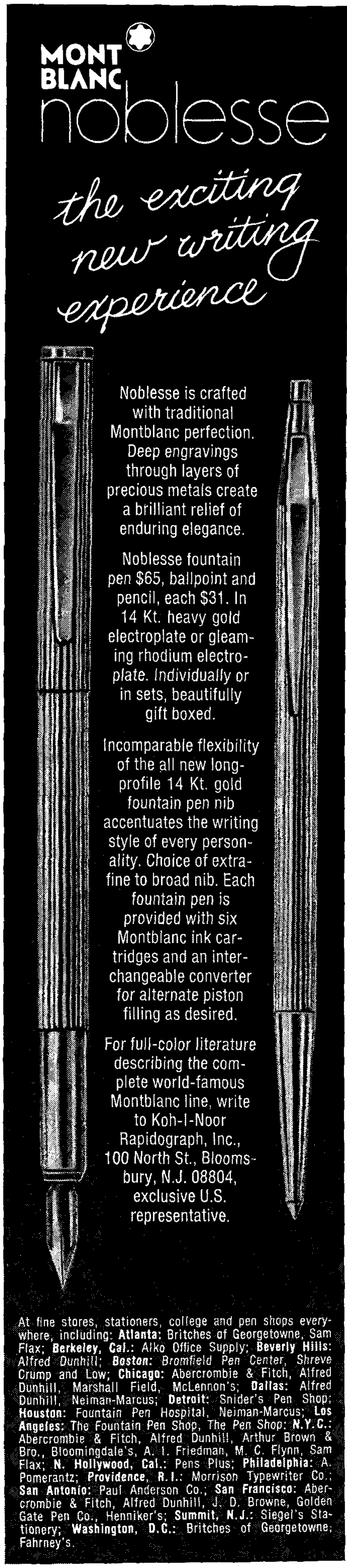

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Hagen and the other man. Hagen just won and the other man just didn't.

Possibly because he had personally experienced the rigors of competitive golf, Darwin was peerless in sensing the moods of the players. Not surprisingly, he had an especial affection for and understanding of that exceptional young American Robert T. Jones, Jr. Here is Darwin beginning a retrospective account of Jones's victory in the British Open in 1927:

> When he came back next year to defend his title at St. Andrews, having in the meanwhile won the American Open at Scioto, he played unquestionably better; he enjoyed the greatest single triumph he ever had here, but there seems much less to say about it, for the reason that it was "his" championship, he was winning all the while. By this time St. Andrews had taken a thorough hold on him. He was amused by its problems; he knew whereabouts were its hidden bunkers and was not annoyed by them, as some people never cease to be, because they are hidden; he had devised some three different ways of playing the Long Hole In according to the wind; he had realized that for a player of his parts the Road Hole need hold no excessive terrors, unless he is overambitious. In short he had proved the truth of Mrs. Malaprop's saying that " 'Tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion," for he was now thoroughly in love with the Old Course and played it as if he loved it.

There was no one like Darwin, either, when it came to painting vivid scenes of the big moments in the championships—scenes that stay forever crisp and clear in the reader's mind. Here is how he ended that account of Jones at St. Andrews in 1927:

> His second to the last hole was a little cautious and ended in the Valley of Sin. Thence he ran it up dead and as he scaled the bank the crowd stormed up after him and lined the edge of the green, barely restraining themselves. He holed his short one and the next instant there was no green visible, only a dark seething mass, in the midst of which was Bobby hoisted on fervent shoulders and holding his putter, "Calamity Jane," at arm's length over his head lest she be crushed to death.

What produced the singularly vibrant enthusiasm that underlies Darwin's writing? Having pondered the question for years, I would think that, when all is said and done, the answer lies in the excitable and responsive nature of his personality. He fell madly in love with games as a boy—indeed, invented imaginary rugby, cricket, and soccer leagues of his own—and he stayed in love with them all his life. Golf he loved most of all. He was hopelessly enchanted by every aspect of the game and the special milieu that grew up around it. This shows in the golf anthology he put together and in everything he wrote about golf, whether it is his coverage (both immediate and reflective) of tournaments; an instruction book on which he collaborated with George Duncan; his full-length biography of James Braid, the great professional; or his mammoth book on golf-course architecture. But perhaps it comes through most clearly of all in his essays, and particularly his humorous essays—a form of golf writing that hardly existed before Darwin and disappeared abruptly with his passing. A good example of this type of piece, in my opinion, is one he did about Leo Diegel, an outstanding American pro of the era after the First World War, who was best known for his eccentric method of putting, in which his elbows were stretched out stiffly like the wings of an airplane as he crouched low over his putter, his chin almost resting on the top of the shaft. Darwin moves directly to the heart of his subject:

> I diegel, thou diegelest, he or she diegels, we all diegel or are about to diegel; and I trust that no golfer needs telling that the verb which I am conjugating signifies to try to imitate the putting methods of the hero, on the American side, of the [1929] Ryder Cup match.

Some nine hundred words later, having commented on Diegel's putting technique from every possible point of view, Darwin wraps the essay up:

> We all laugh at our friends and sometimes even pretend to laugh at ourselves for imitating the styles of the eminent. Yet there is this to be said, that if we are going to do it at all, the imitation of a putting style gives much the greater satisfaction. When we attempt a champion's driving swing, nobody by any chance recognizes our rendering of it. No total stranger will ever come up to us and say, "I beg your pardon, my dear sir, but I cannot help noticing that you are copying the effortless grace and free pivot of Mr. John Ball. I hope you are making good progress." On the other hand, we have only to contort ourselves for a single minute in front of the clubhouse windows and a dozen kind friends will shout, "How is the diegeling getting on?" The ball may not go in the hole but recognition is something. It encourages us to go on and, by the way, there comes to me, as I write, a most encouraging sound. It is a pleasantly purring sound as of one mowing. The gardener has been told to mow a patch for me and afterwards to roll it. Then I really shall be able to get down to it.

ONE of the more fortunate turns of my life was that, as I mentioned earlier, I got to know Bernard Darwin—nothing like as well, for instance, as his contemporaries at Eton but fairly well for an American. My real luck was meeting him in my early twenties, when, as a student at Cambridge, I went down to Royal St. George's, in Sandwich, to watch the 1939 Oxford-Cambridge match. The fact that I was attending—and, naturally, rooting for—Cambridge did no harm, because Darwin, though he was then in his early sixties, still regarded the "university match" as a most important affair. At that time, he was just beginning to suffer from gout, which plagued him increasingly the rest of his life, and at Royal St. George's he was forced to take up a more or less stationary position at a good watching spot on the course. In the classic Greek tragedies, as you may remember, it was the practice to threaten with death a messenger who arrived bearing bad tidings and to reward one who brought good news. I mention this because at the 1939 university match, with Darwin's mobility impaired, I acted as a sort of scout for him, reporting periodically on the state of foursome matches (on the first day) and singles matches (on the second) that were being waged at distant corners of the course, and I profited immensely from the fact that most of the news I bore was good: Cambridge led from the start and won by a comfortable margin, and our relationship from the outset was a very happy one.

Because of the Second World War, I didn't see Darwin again until I went over to St. Andrews for the 1950 British Amateur. By this time, he was in his middle seventies. His gout had become much worse—the measures we have today for controlling the disease had not yet been discovered—and he was able to do only a minimum of walking. Still, he managed to function astonishingly well. The large windows in the Big Room of the clubhouse afforded him not only a view of the first hole but also of the seventeenth green and the eighteenth hole, and by fusing what he saw with a few reports from friends coming in off the course he kept better track of what was happening—especially during the match-crammed first three days of the championship—than anyone else I saw there. The extent of his knowledge was borne home to me on Tuesday, when, during a dull spot in the afternoon, he was kind enough to invite me to tea, although this involved for him the painful ascent of a long flight of stairs to the second floor. We were catching up on things in general when, after glancing at the eighteenth fairway, Darwin asked my

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opinion of an American player who happened to be coming up it. I knew nothing about him—he had done nothing in our tournaments at home—aside from his home club and home town, which were supplied in the pairings sheet. Darwin, however, was well acquainted with this player's record in his earlier appearances in the British Amateur, and even went on to mention some minor changes he had effected in his swing.

Year after year, Darwin saw to it that he was on hand for the big golf occasions. In 1953, when Ben Hogan made his historic conquest of the British Open, Hogan and Darwin, so utterly different and yet so much alike, got together for conversations that they both enjoyed. At the completion of the championship, which Hogan won with rounds of 73, 71, 70, and 68, Darwin wrote perhaps the most perceptive comment on Hogan's victory: "If he had needed a 64 on the last round, you were quite certain he could have played a 64. Hogan gave you the distinct impression he was capable of getting whatever score was needed to win." At the 1959 Walker Cup match, at Muirfield, Darwin got a look at Jack Nicklaus, who was then only nineteen, and he immediately grasped the young man's vast potential. He wrote that Nicklaus "gives the ball a blow like the kick of a mule." However, the late-period Darwinism I recall with most pleasure was a little aside he made one day during the 1955 British Amateur, at Lytham St. Annes, in which a young Floridian, Don Bisplinghoff, played very well for several rounds. "Bisplinghoff. Bisplinghoff. Bisplinghoff," Darwin muttered one morning, his forehead creased in concentration. "That name's like putting. Some days you have it, some days you don't."

My last meeting with Darwin took place in the summer of 1960—the year before his death. He was living then with his daughter Ursula, a gifted potter, in her house in a village near Lewes, in southern Sussex. (There has long been a strong artistic strain in the Darwin family. For example, Bernard's son, the late Sir Robin, became Rector and Vice-Provost of the Royal College of Art. A cousin of Bernard's, Gwen Raverat, wrote and illustrated the very successful family memoir "Period Piece.") A rather bulky man by this time, Darwin was confined to an overstuffed chair in the living room, and though it was either late June or early July, I seem to recall that a blanket was spread across his knees. Nevertheless, he looked very well for a

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man of eighty-three. His eyes had a nice twinkle to them, and his mind functioned with its characteristic fastidiousness and animation. I can remember only bits and pieces of my visit with him: Darwin's shrewd estimate of the talents of Jack Kramer, who was handling some of the telecasting from Wimbledon; his evaluation of the South Africa-England cricket matches that had lately been held at Lord's; his considerable interest in Arnold Palmer, who had just shot to the top by winning our Masters and Open and was about to make his début in the British Open. I also remember that I asked him which writers he admired the most. He was silent for a good twenty seconds. "Dickens. I've always loved Dickens," he said gravely. "But, everything considered, I think I would place Hazlitt at the top of my list. He had an unusual combination of intelligence, spirit, honesty, and originality, and how beautifully he brought them all together."

When one thinks of Darwin—and many of us find ourselves doing it frequently—one finds that he presents a definite puzzle. He seems to have lived at a much earlier time than he did—to have been, in essence, more of a nineteenth-century than a twentieth-century man. How far away his world sometimes seems: a world in which his tutor at Eton once competed against two other whizzes in a quoting match to see who knew "Pickwick Papers" best; in which there were gardeners who mowed a portion of your lawn as short as a golf green so that you could go out and practice your diegeling; in which a golf correspondent, such as Darwin, repaired to the clubhouse for a cup of tea and there knocked off his day's report in longhand and asked a member of the club's staff to carry it to the telegrapher in the local post office. Nor does Darwin make any bones about what he considered to be golf's golden age. It wasn't the age of Jones or of Hogan or of Palmer. It consisted, he wrote, "of the last few years of the gutty-ball era and perhaps, though golf would have been better if it had never been invented, of the first few of the rubber-cored era"—say, from 1896 to 1906, when the group of British golf champions called the Triumvirate (J. H. Taylor, Harry Vardon, and James Braid) was in its prime. And yet, when you look at Darwin from a different angle he seems to be thoroughly modern—as up-to-date as next week's tournament, the newest magic-metal long-distance shaft, or the latest rumor of an im-

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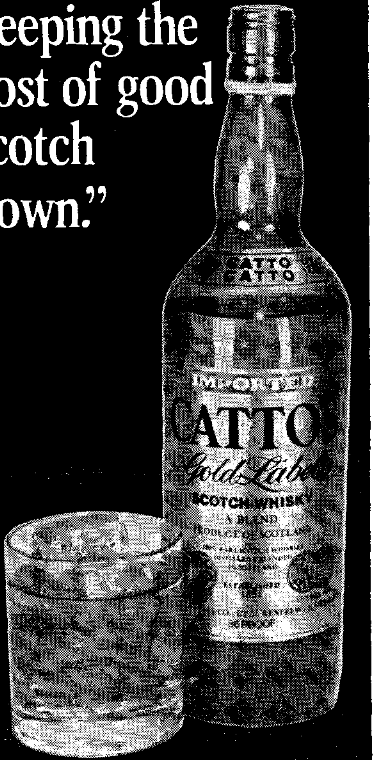

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pending change in the rule about cleaning the golf ball on the green. The explanation is obvious. Nobody ever knew more about golf than Darwin or wrote about it so intuitively.

DARWIN was one of those Britons who are happiest in Britain. For example, he made only two trips to America. One was his 1922 journey to the Walker Cup match. The other had taken place nine years earlier. He certainly picked a vintage year, for 1913 was the season when the American Francis Ouimet, an unknown ex-caddie, turned the golf world upside down at The Country Club, in Brookline, with his dramatic victory in the playoff for our Open championship with those two giants of British golf Harry Vardon and Ted Ray. Darwin actually acted as the official scorer for Ouimet, and, while he was naturally hoping that one of his countrymen would win, by the seventeenth hole of the playoff Ouimet's courage and his superior golf had won him over, and he rooted the American home with a whole heart. As is obvious, Darwin never attended the Masters. In 1950, at St. Andrews, I made a vigorous attempt to sell him on the glories of the tournament—there was no need to sell him on Bobby Jones—but he simply shook his head and said dolorously, "I would love to see it. I hear it's a splendid course. I'm just too old to attempt a trip of that length."

Down through the years, while walking the long green slopes at the Augusta National, I have often found myself wondering what Darwin's opinion of this would have been, and how he would have reacted to that, and so on. He came frequently to mind this April during the Masters, which Raymond Floyd utterly dominated from start to finish. Just as the 1975 Masters is now generally regarded as one of the most thrilling championships in the history of golf, this year's Masters may well go down as one of the most soporific—precisely the kind of event that Darwin would have found indecently dull, to use one of his favorite adverbs. None of this, of course, was Floyd's fault. He played four superb rounds—65, 66, 70, 70—equalling the Masters record low total of 271, which Nicklaus set in 1965, and finishing seventeen strokes under par and eight strokes ahead of the nearest man, Ben Crenshaw. The thirty-three-year-old son of a teaching professional from Fayetteville, North Carolina, Floyd, who is now in his fourteenth season on the pro tour, had, until 1973—when

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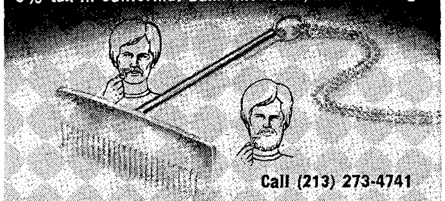

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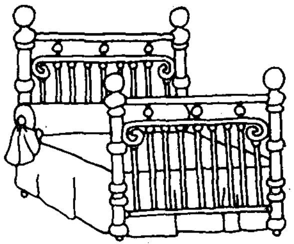

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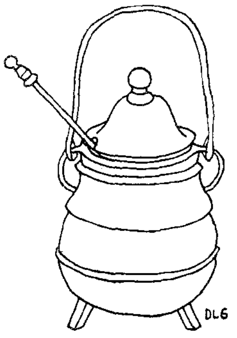
he married, settled down, and started to raise a family—acquired, through steady application, the reputation of being one of the hardiest playboys in American sport. His fame as an off-the-course swinger undoubtedly reached its peak when he proudly announced about ten years ago that he had become the sponsor of a topless all-girl orchestra. The Raymond Floyd whom we saw in the Masters—mature, soft-spoken, his six-foot frame trimmed down to a respectable two hundred and ten pounds—was hardly recognizable as the old Raymond Floyd who used to strut down the fairways bulging with fifteen or twenty excess pounds and who, as often as not, couldn't maintain his concentration for nine holes, let alone seventy-two. (There must be a moral in this—maybe that we should all sponsor topless bands and then await a transformation in ourselves.)

On Thursday, the day of the opening round—and the first of four consecutive Georgia spring days in which the weather was ideal: warm but just crisp enough for a light sweater—I saw only bits and pieces of Floyd's 65, since I spent the main part of my time following Nicklaus, who over the last decade has been the man to beat in the Masters. He was around in 67, setting up comfortably at the ball and hitting it solidly. Interestingly, though, an odd, risky little recovery shot on the thirteenth, a 485-yard par 5, probably made his round. Trying to shave the corner with his tee shot on this right-to-left dogleg, he caught the pines overhanging the creek that borders the left edge of the fairway, and the ball ricocheted back a good distance and into a relatively dry section of the creek. Nicklaus elected to play an 8-iron and, using a rather restricted swing, punched a low shot that avoided the bottom branches of the pines at the corner, sixty yards or so away, and ended up safely on the fairway. He was on with a nice 5-iron and down in two putts for his par. After that buoying escape, he went on to eagle the 520-yard fifteenth (300-yard drive, 4-iron approach, five-foot putt) and to birdie the seventeenth, where he knocked an 8-iron shot five feet from the flag. In all, twenty-one players broke par on the opening round. The conditions could not have been better for scoring. To begin with, the fairways, in possibly the best condition they have ever been, were cut unusually close. The players, accordingly, got tremendous roll on their drives, and, on their irons, what with the ball sitting up perfectly, they were able to get maximum backspin. The greens—which, like the fairways, have been in very healthy shape since they were resown in 1973—held the approaches very well this year. I am sure that Darwin, accustomed to the hard, resilient greens of Britain, would have adjudged them *too* holding and would almost certainly have felt that they had been overwatered. In any event, the greens remained very receptive throughout the tournament, despite gusty winds on the last three days, which dried them out considerably. Most of the greens also continued to putt a shade slower than is desirable in a major-championship test.



Darwin continued to occupy my thoughts a good deal on Friday. Before he began to suffer from gout, he did lots of walking during the big tournaments. So did many of his colleagues, but he is the only golf writer of his period who, to my knowledge, had the frankness to state in print that he was often at the wrong place on a course when the fireworks went off. In a typical confessional passage, he would tell us, say, that he was watching Jones play the fourth hole when a gigantic burst of applause from the vicinity of the fourteenth made it quite clear that Walter Hagen had done something remarkable; then, as Darwin hurried to the fifteenth to find out what had happened, a wild salvo of shouts erupted on the distant ninth, indicating that Gene Sarazen had no doubt pulled off some astonishing coup; and so on. I have frequently experienced days of that type—they are inevitable when action is taking place on eighteen holes occupying well over a hundred acres—and I ran into one on the second round. I had started the day in promising fashion. After watching Johnny Miller miss three critical short putts on the first five holes—following that, he was never in the picture—I dropped back to pick up the twosome of Nicklaus and Crenshaw on the second, a 555-yard par 5. I arrived just in time to see Crenshaw crack a colossal fairway wood that landed on the green, two hundred and sixty yards away, and rolled to within eight feet of the pin. Nicklaus followed with an elegant second, a 3-iron, ten feet from the pin. Both men subsequently holed their

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eagle putts. From there on, however, it was all downhill for me. I left Crenshaw and Nicklaus on the sixth to go chasing after Miller, and had a marvellous, unobstructed view of the thirteenth green when Nicklaus made a sensational eagle on the seventh, holing a 95-yard approach shot with his sand wedge. (The ball, I later learned, landed three feet short of the pin, jumped three feet past, and then spun back into the cup.) Next, for some reason or other, I fiddled away time around the Amen Corner—the name for that treacherous sector of the course where Rae's Creek skirts the eleventh green, swirls in front of the green on the short twelfth, and cuts across the thirteenth close to the tee before one of its branches takes on the job of making life interesting along the thirteenth fairway. A glance at the leader board on the eleventh dictated my next move. Hubert Green, four under par for the day through eight holes, had added another birdie to turn in 31. I raced to the tenth to pick him up. His great burst of birdies was over, however, although he hit the ball very sharply over the next three holes. The logical move then was to stay at the Amen Corner and watch Floyd come through, which I did. I had expected Floyd to play a so-so second round, because of the heavy pressure that an important tournament like the Masters imposes on the leader. Not at all. He was out in 33 and started back with a par on the difficult tenth. He set up watertight pars on the eleventh and twelfth with two well-hit irons. On the long thirteenth, a spot of trouble: he pulled his second shot, a 5-wood, into one of the greenside bunkers, and, what with the pin's being tucked on the far, low terrace of the green, fairly close to the creek (which crosses the fairway in front of the green and then hugs the right-hand edge of the green), he was faced with a very touchy shot. He showed us something then, exploding boldly from the bunker seven feet from the hole and sinking the birdie putt. I decided that this was the appropriate time to head back to the clubhouse for a little breather. That brilliant decision enabled me to miss a birdie by Floyd on the fourteenth, where he rolled in a twenty-footer, and a spectacular eagle on the par-5 fifteenth, where he planted his second, a 3-wood, three feet from the pin. His eventual 66 on this round gave him a total at the halfway mark of 131, which broke the oldest scoring record still in the Masters books. The previous record for the first 36 holes, 135,

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had been set way back in 1935 by Henry Picard and tied by Byron Nelson in 1942, Ken Venturi in 1956, and Nicklaus in 1975. More to the point, Floyd's 131 gave him a five-stroke margin over the nearest contender, Nicklaus. Green was six shots back and Larry Ziegler, the seasoned campaigner from St. Louis, seven.

Floyd, a man who can hit the ball a long way and has a good natural putting stroke, has been known during his years on the tour as a streak player. For example, in 1969, his best year, he put together four rounds of 68 or better in winning the American Golf Classic, and later that summer he led from the first round in winning the P.G.A. Championship, one of the game's four major events. The Masters, however, not only carries a good deal more prestige than the P.G.A. but it is played on the type of course on which a golfer who loses his nerve can fall apart almost as swiftly as the deacon's one-hoss shay. Consequently, during the third round the spectators carefully watched the leader boards on the course for two developments: the slightest indication that Floyd was beginning to falter and any reasonable sign that some other player was mounting a challenge that might turn this all too pacific one-man show into something more in line with the Masters tradition of stirring tournaments. Neither took place. No player within striking distance of Floyd got a hot round going, and Floyd himself, displaying admirable self-possession during the long, fraying afternoon, calmly survived two shaky passages in an otherwise superior round. The first of these came when he missed fairly short putts for his pars on the fifth and sixth; a birdie on the eighth quickly made it clear that he had things well under control. The second came on the eleventh, a tough 445-yard par 4, on which a large and intimidating water hazard guards the left side of the cape-type green, which is shaped roughly like Africa. Here, after a splendid drive, Floyd played his only really poor shot of the tournament: he wheeled on his 4-iron approach and hooked it into the hazard. This cost him a double-bogey 6, and suddenly his lead over Ziegler, the closest man at that moment, was down to four strokes. (Ziegler and Nicklaus, by the way, were playing just ahead of Floyd.) The instant that that errant 4-iron splashed into the water, the unnatural silence that had pervaded the course all day was replaced by a loud, fervid buzz of speculation. Was Floyd final-

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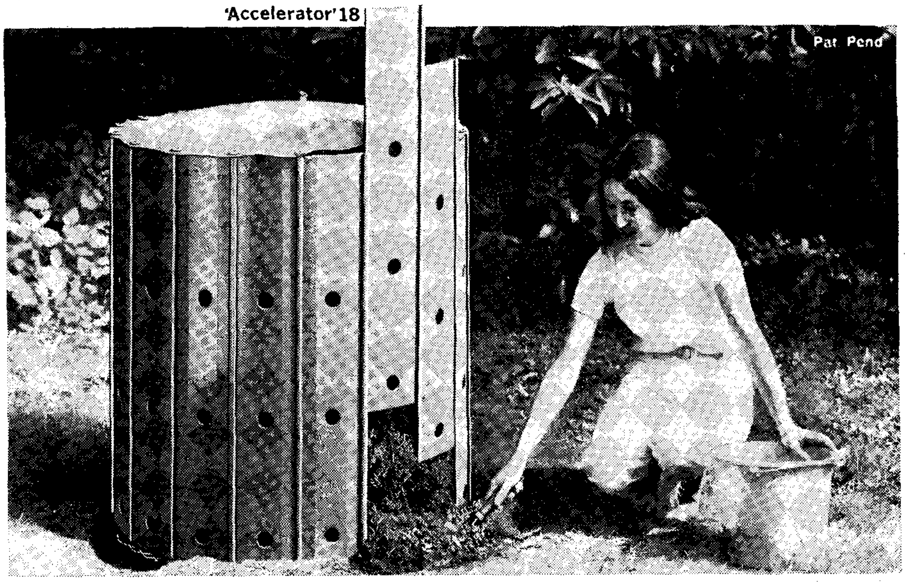

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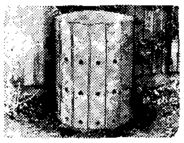

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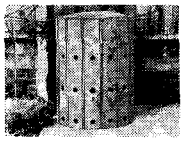

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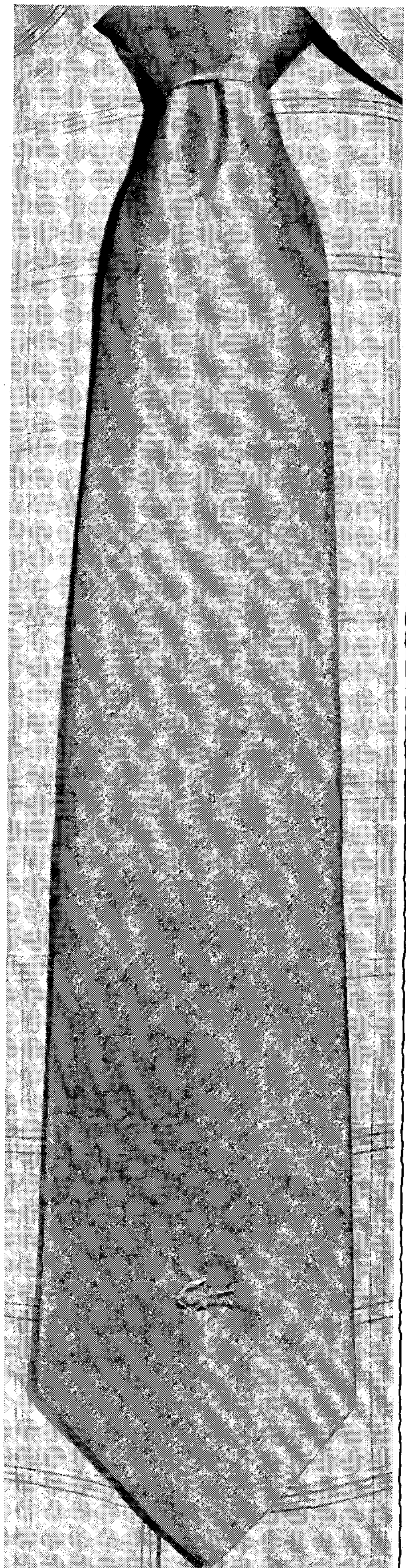
ly starting to crack? Could Ziegler keep it up? What about Nicklaus? Gradually, almost imperceptibly, the buzz subsided as Floyd, hitting one first-class nondefensive shot after another, rebuilt his lead and added to it, playing the last seven holes in four pars and three birdies. He finished with a 70, which under the circumstances may well have been even more impressive than his first two rounds. This allowed him to come off the course with the biggest lead any player had held at the three-quarter mark of a major championship—in my memory, at least—since Henry Cotton led the 1934 British Open at that point by ten shots. (See Darwin's "Golf Between Two Wars.") Nicklaus lay eight shots back. He had looked bunched up before the ball all day, and his play had lacked its usual vibrance. Ziegler, the next man, lay nine back. One other thing: As Floyd left the eighteenth green after a perfect birdie—a 7-iron to eight feet and a putt into the dead center of the cup—I had the feeling that, for the first time, the thousands gathered at the Augusta National genuinely wanted him to win. He had earned their regard not only by scoring lower than any of the glamour names but by playing much better golf shots than anyone else. One statistic that now began to circulate about Floyd's play on the first three rounds took some believing: he had yet to make a 5 on any of the four par-5 holes. His scores on them had gone like this: 4,4,4,4; 4,4,4,3; 4,4,4,4—thirteen under par.

The last round turned out to be, as the saying goes, about as exciting as watching paint dry. The main reason for this was that Floyd played another superlative round, a 70, on which he bogeyed only one hole, the short fourth, and then snapped right back with a birdie on the fifth, an extremely demanding 450-yard par 4, on which he hit a superlative 3-iron a yard from the pin. As a result, the outcome of the tournament was never in doubt. Late in the afternoon, young Crenshaw brought the galleries to life by eagling the thirteenth and birdieing the fourteenth en route to a 67, the lowest round of the day, but the fact of the matter is that at no time did any of Floyd's pursuers draw closer to him than seven strokes. His incredible mastery of the par 5s at length had come to an end when he slumped to 5s on the second, eighth, and thirteenth, but he got his birdie 4 on the fifteenth to finish them off with a suitable flourish.

When a man runs away with a tournament as decisively as Floyd did,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there is a danger of placing too much stress on the sheer arithmetic of his performance. What should be brought out most emphatically about Floyd is the quality of his shotmaking over the four days. No one else in the field came close to hitting the ball as well as he did off the tee and on the fairway. (No one handled the greens any better, either.) Whereas the old Raymond Floyd, the out-and-out slugger, was not a pretty player to watch, the Floyd we saw at Augusta was a revelation. He did not wrap the club around his neck on his backswing, nor was there any sense of straining at impact. Instead, with the movements of his body and his arms smoothly coördinated, he was always on balance—and when a man has his swing so thoroughly under control he gives himself a chance to develop the tempo that underlies the startlingly beautiful golf shots that fly off the clubs of the great champions as if there were nothing to it. Floyd also deserves a good deal of credit for the discipline he demonstrated on his last two rounds. It may not seem so, but one of the hardest things in golf is to hold on to a huge lead. For example, as talented a player as Cotton nearly went to pieces on the final round of the 1934 British Open: he had thrown away most of his ten-shot lead before he managed to pull himself together and finish like a champion. In a press-tent interview at the conclusion of the tournament, Floyd, speaking modestly and sensibly, as he had from the beginning, said that he had felt confident of winning before the start of the last round but had gone out determined to play a good round, par or better, and not permit himself to get sloppy. That was the perfect attitude. I think we are probably still too close to his glittering achievement to appreciate it fully, but with the passage of time we will.

WHEN the tournament was over and I was back at my motel—where my fatigue was in no way assuaged by the discovery that the management had changed the push-button combination that opened the door of my room; keys are becoming outmoded—I found my thoughts straying once more to Bernard Darwin and what he would have made of the Augusta National and the Masters. What a contrast, in physical scale and machinery and atmosphere, a contemporary championship presents to one in Darwin's day, when a turnout of ten thousand spectators was considered exceptional, and when a man like Darwin knew just about everyone who mat-

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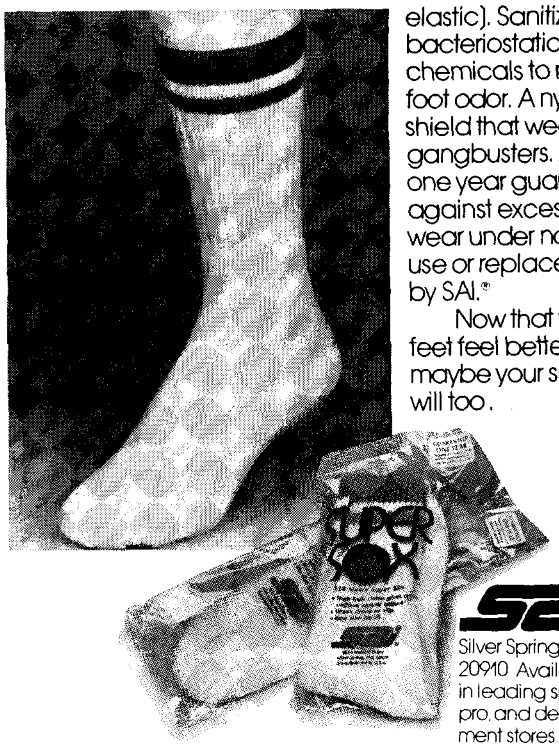

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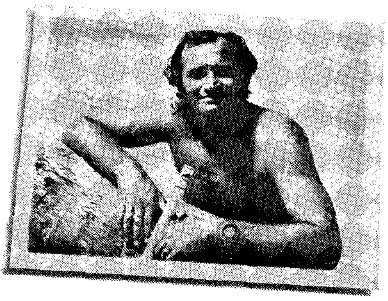
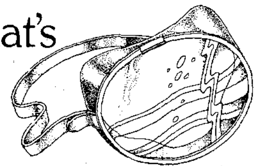


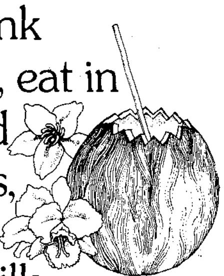
I love my side of Barbados because there isn't anything I want to do that I can't do there.

I can scuba dive in water that's clear as the air.

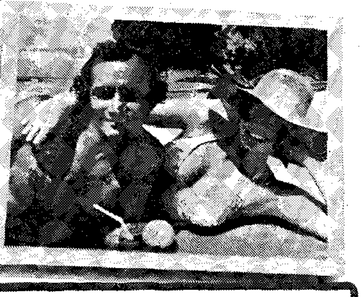


I can ride a horse on the beach or bet on one at the track.

I can drink island rum, eat in really good restaurants, sip fresh coconut milk.



And, best of all, my side of Barbados is right next to hers.



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tered in golf—player or administrator, aficionado or writer—almost as well as he knew his own cousins. What aspects of the Masters would have appealed to Darwin? To begin with, he would have been enchanted by the classic antebellum clubhouse, for it would have evoked perfectly for him the personality of Bobby Jones, one of his lasting heroes. He would also have liked, I feel, the expansive view of the course from the terrace behind the clubhouse; the sweetness of the air; the thrust of the majestic Georgia pines; the scenic and functional beauty of such holes as the sixth, the tenth, the thirteenth, and the sixteenth; the dramatic use of water on this inland course; the ample practice grounds and the spacious practice green; the scoring system that was developed for the Masters and tells a spectator at a glance the standing at that moment of the ten leaders. On the other hand, I think he would have been disappointed at finding that the dogwood, the azaleas, and the other celebrated flora had bloomed and faded weeks before the tournament. Moreover, he would probably have had definite reservations about the generous width of the fairways and the absence of rough and fairway bunkering, as well as the softness of the greens, the minor premium put on finesse shots, the relative weakness of the amateur contingent, the annoying predilection of some people for referring to a tee shot as a tee ball, the pimiento sandwiches at the refreshment stands, and the jolting price of breakfast in the clubhouse. But, first and foremost, this man, who lived when the world of golf was small and cozy, would have been bowled over by the dimensions of modern golf and the changes that have accompanied the growth of its popularity: the daily crowds of over thirty thousand surging over the course; the resultant inability of the serious spectator to see as much of the golf as he would like to; the importance that television has gained in presenting the game; the succession of television towers on the last nine; the extraordinary stage presence of such veterans as Palmer, Nicklaus, and Trevino and such newcomers as Watson and Crenshaw (an omnivorous reader, Crenshaw has four books by Darwin in his golf library); the officials accoutred with their walkie-talkies; the mass interviews in the press tent; the clog of the traffic to and from the course. Quite a difference from Felixstowe, Aberdovey, the President's Putter competition, marking Ouimet's card at The Country Club, following such invaders as Hagen and Sarazen and

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Jones, and even, in the sunset of his career, having those chats with Hogan at Carnoustie. A whole different world.

The morning after Floyd's victory, as chance would have it, I walked into just the sort of experience—informal, useful, and charming—that Darwin often describes in his books. I was having breakfast at the airport when I noticed that Jack Grout was seated only a table away. One of the nicest men in golf, Grout is best known as the professional who taught Nicklaus the game. During the tournament, Floyd mentioned that Grout had helped him very much the last few years, and I had tried to find Grout around the clubhouse or on the course to learn more about this, but in the swirl of the thousands it had proved to be impossible. In the relatively unpopulated airport coffee shop, I went over and asked Grout how long he had worked with Floyd.

"Oh, I guess we started about three years ago," he said. "Raymond was living in the Miami area, and he came over to see me at the La Gorce Country Club, where I was teaching. He was extremely worried. He had been playing very poorly—so poorly he hadn't been able to make the cut in the tournaments. So we started to work together."

I asked Grout about the changes he had made in Floyd's swing.

"There were three chief things, I'd say," he replied. "First, Raymond had got into a very bad habit on his backswing. Instead of breaking his knee in to the right, he was breaking it out way to the left. You've got no chance then. No wonder he'd been pushing the ball miles to the right into all sorts of trouble! There was no way for Raymond to get into position to hit the ball correctly until that was fixed. It took a lot of time and work. Second, Raymond was so overweight then that he was having trouble turning properly. He took care of that. And, third, when Raymond had been playing such poor golf, he had attempted to compensate for his bad habits by trying to do too much with his hands, and so we had to get his grip straightened out a bit. Fundamentals—it's always fundamentals. Then, if you apply yourself as diligently as Raymond did, and have patience, then it will come."

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

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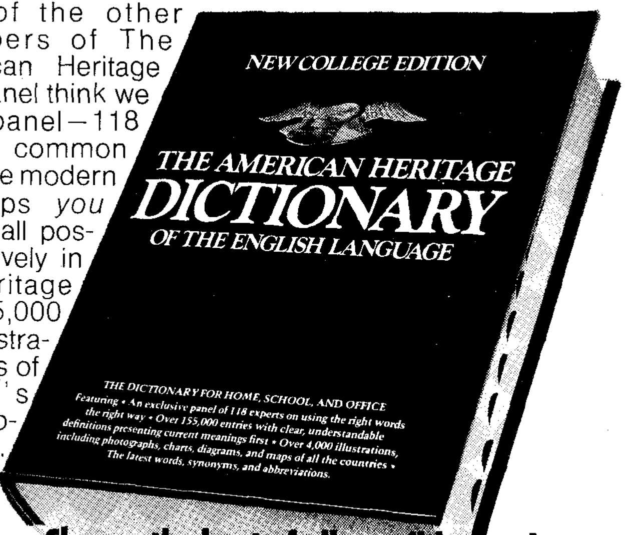
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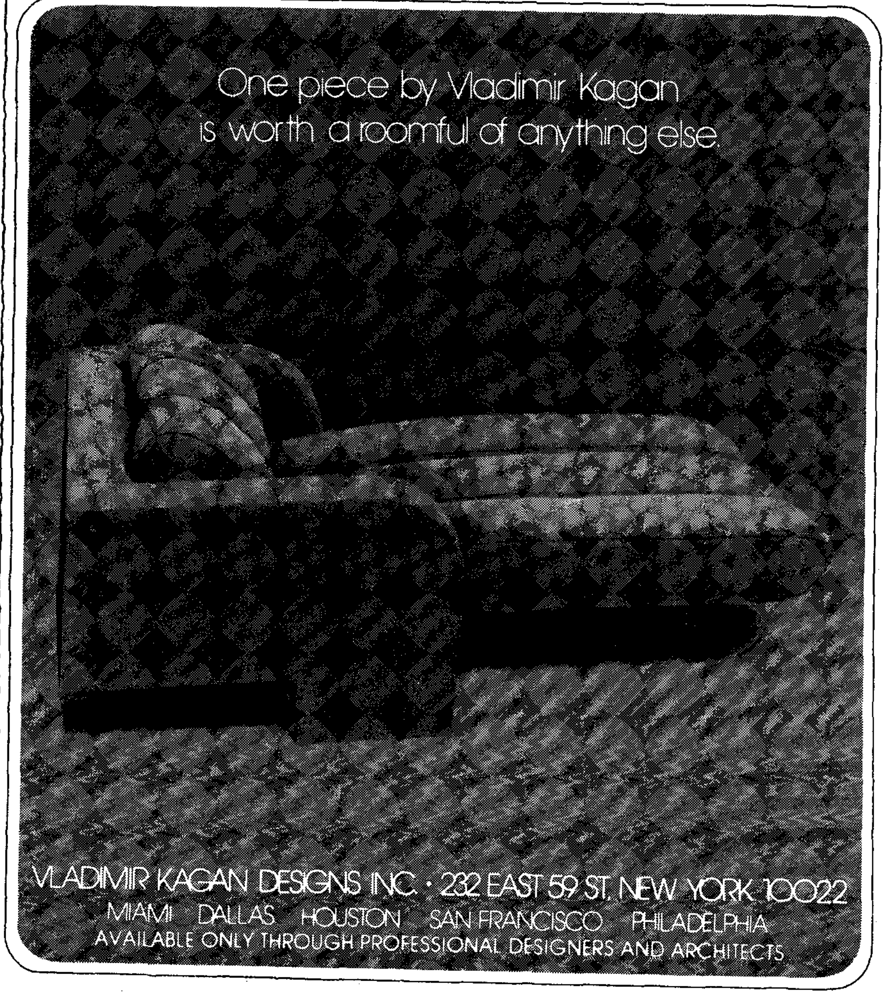
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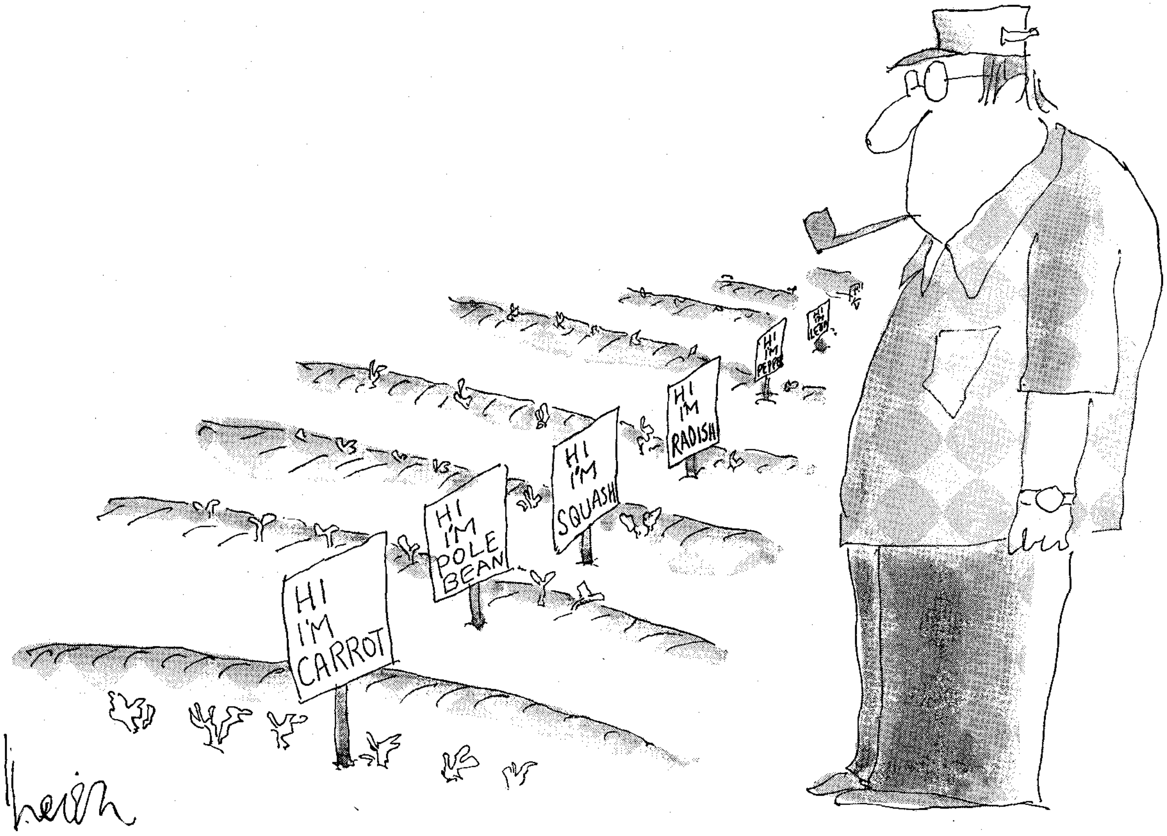
AROUND CITY HALL

HOPING

A NEW air of optimism was detected around Mayor Abraham Beame's office late last winter, and on March 2nd the lead story in the *Times*, by Francis X. Clines, explained why. The harsh fiscal plan that the city agreed to last December as the price for President Ford's support for federal assistance to save the city from imminent bankruptcy required that, among other measures, the city would have to cut eight hundred and twenty-one million dollars from its expenses over the next two fiscal years, about half of that amount in the year that begins July 1st. Now, according to some members of the Beame administration, the Mayor had another idea. He would postpone a large share of next year's scheduled cuts in personnel and services, so painful from a human as well as from a political point of view, until the following fiscal year. Not only was there a chance that the economy would improve in the meantime, so the cheery argument was said to have gone at the Mayor's end of City Hall, but beginning next January 20th the White House would very likely be occupied by a Democratic President, who could be counted on to have a far more understanding attitude toward the city's plight than the man known locally as Drop Dead Ford.

The reported new City Hall scheme was poorly received by state leaders, who, in the prolonged negotiations over the rescue agreement, had assured Washington that the city government had learned its lesson and there would be no more of Beame's celebrated Micawberism under the watchful eye of the Emergency Financial Control Board, the new state monitoring body. Some unfriendly congressmen who had opposed the agreement in the first place (even with a heavily Democratic House of Representatives, this crucial accommodation for Democratic New York City passed by only ten votes) said they had always believed that the city would find some way to weasel out of its part of the deal. A week later, the Mayor denied that such revisionism had ever been seriously contemplated. Just testing, perhaps.

The City Hall retreat seemed especially fortunate as the possibility grew that the man the Democrats nominate for President at Madison Square Garden in July might well be a candidate who through most of his campaign had showed only the barest interest in the city's problems and who had declined to make any promises of Presidential generosity even while campaigning in the New York primary. The state has two hundred and seventy-four votes at the Convention, about half of them from the city, and as the result of the primary only thirty-three of these, six of them from the city, were committed to the front-runner, Jimmy Carter. During his more successful campaigns elsewhere, Carter had denounced New York as "a horrible example of gross political bossism." His enthusiasm for this area was surely not increased by the news that former New York State Democratic Chairman Joseph Crangle is executive director of the committee dedicated to winning the nomination for Hubert Humphrey or by the recollection that his controversial reference to "ethnic purity" had occurred during an interview with a New York reporter, Sam Roberts, of the *News*. As he moved to try to capture some of New York's two hundred and forty-one delegates who were either uncommitted or committed elsewhere, however, Carter was clearly prepared to find the city's problems more interesting and its bosses less gross, and in recent weeks the response of New York politicians to his overtures has become a popular local sideshow. Mayor Beame, committed to Senator Henry Jackson, got in line early with an endorsement of Carter, whom he happily described after a conference as "a friend" of New Yorkers: something might be turning up, after all. The Mayor's power to deliver any large number of other local delegates was in some question, however, since, only two days earlier, he had suffered the embarrassment of being unable to persuade the City Council, thirty-six of whose forty-two members are fellow Democrats, to vote for his 1976-77 expense budget. Other prominent city Democrats, in their eagerness to exchange Convention votes for promises that President Carter would be helpful to the city or—the priorities may not always have been in this order—helpful to local politicians who had guessed wrong, executed a kind of morris dance, in which they took several rushing steps forward, then pulled back as they decided that later developments might bring them a better deal from somebody else and that, in any case, they mustn't seem too



eager, and then rushed forward again as it occurred to them that if they didn't make their deal in a hurry the front-runner might not need their votes at all by the time the main event opens at the Garden on July 12th.

ALTHOUGH electing their chosen candidate to the United States Senate brings the city's Democratic leaders very little patronage, unlike electing a governor or a President with a well-developed sense of obligation, it was evident to them, as to most New Yorkers, during last fall's fierce struggle to save the city from bankruptcy that New York is painfully short of friends in Congress. Large amounts of energy and money will be expended in the next few months in an attempt to replace Republican-Conservative Senator James Buckley, who is up for reelection this year, with a well-disposed Democrat. Often cited as evidence that New York's Democrats are the world's worst managers is the fact that although this state has 3,519,362 registered Democrats and 2,694,656 registered Republicans, it is represented by two Republican United States senators. Some Republicans—especially those who are partial to New York City—may also welcome a replacement for Buckley, who when the city was pleading for federal help last fall publicly advised the President against offering any assistance, and prescribed bankruptcy, which he recommended for its "cleansing effect." Buckley explained, "New York City has been lording it over the world for decades, and it's a little like when the United States is in trouble—the rest of the world titters." (Manhattan Representative Edward Koch, referring to the fact that Buckley was registered to vote in Connecticut until a few months before he began running for the Senate from New York, in 1970, and still has a home there, in the town of Sharon, where he spends much time with his family, commented, "If I lived in Connecticut, I might have a distant feeling, too." Today, however, the Senator also has a house in Washington and with his sister maintains a pied-à-terre on Sutton Place.)

The number of Democrats who are formally in the race to unseat Buckley has now reached five, with several more believed to be waiting for the propitious moment to make their announcement. So far, Buckley has shown no sign of consternation regarding the large opposing lineup. At the Legislative Correspondents Dinner in Albany in March, he dismissed those in the lineup as "a pretty unruly lot." A dedicated

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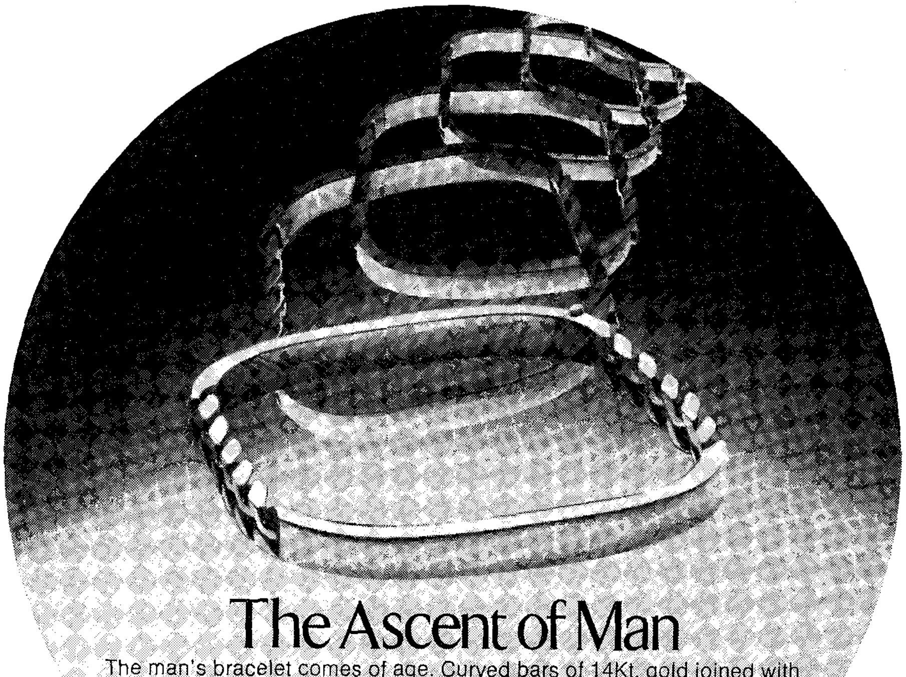

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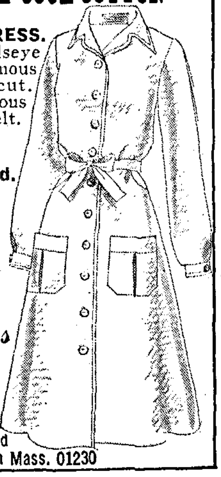

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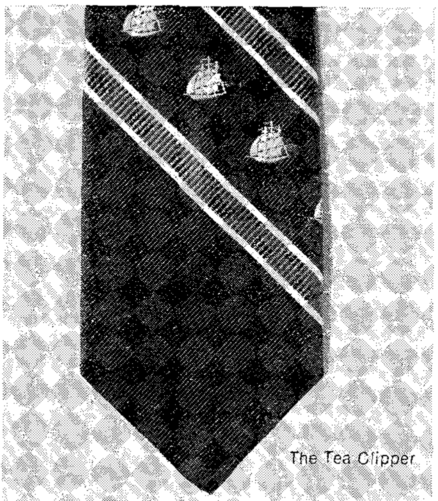
bird-watcher, he then ticked off some of his prospective opponents from the point of view of what he called "political ornithology"—a hoary rhetorical ploy, but in New York these days almost anything is a welcome diversion from debates over the size of the city and state budget deficits. There was "the Gold-Breasted Steinling, a scrappy young bird with . . . a most curious diet," primarily "constant infusions of money." Buckley's listeners had no trouble associating this description with Andrew Stein, the assemblyman son of a millionaire publisher. Easily identifiable as "the Hush-Puppied C-Lark" was former Attorney General Ramsey Clark, who is known for his casual dress, among other things. "Noted for having two left wings," Buckley said of the C-Lark. "Sometimes, on the crest of a hot wind, it has been known to fly prodigious distances in search of a home—in one instance even reaching Hanoi." Another ornithological specimen that the Senator claimed to have sighted, "the Hatted Abzug," or "Acid-Billed Bella Bird," needed no further identification. And then, Buckley went on, there was "the Irish Moyni-Bird." Obviously referring to Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the Ford-appointed former Ambassador to the United Nations, who was by then back teaching at Harvard, Buckley reported that the Moyni-Bird "has been spotted hovering between New York and Cambridge at an altitude sufficient to permit it to keep a bird's eye on the Potomac," and added, "My own brother seems to hold a strange fondness for this bird's exotic habits and has made numerous entries about it in his own field book." The Senator said he had tried to warn his columnist-brother William, a great admirer of Moynihan's performance at the United Nations, that "his notations are worthless, and someone reading them might be led astray."

Moynihan has not yet formally entered the senatorial race, nor has Bronx-Queens Representative Mario Biaggi, although his public-speaking schedule around the state seems remarkably heavy for a man who in his most recent campaign for his present post was endorsed by both the Democratic and Republican Parties. Besides Abzug, Clark, and Stein, the announced candidates include the millionaire garage builder Abraham Hirschfeld and New York City Council President Paul O'Dwyer. On the day O'Dwyer announced, he described Senator Buckley as having been "about the last American" to see the need to end President Nixon's ten-



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ure. In fact, Buckley's call for Nixon's resignation, on the ground that, because of Watergate, he had lost the ability to govern, came in March of 1974, and stunned most conservative Republicans here and elsewhere. "DUMB DUMB DUMB," read the telegram sent to him by George Clark, the Republican county chairman of Brooklyn, who later indicated that it might not have been so DUMB. "My God, now Javits will have to come out for the guillotine," said a supporter of New York's more liberal senior senator, Jacob Javits, who had not then committed himself on the subject.

If Moynihan does enter the senatorial race, he is not likely to dwell on this question. Although he has since indicated that he was distressed by some of the Watergate revelations, particularly the White House transcripts, he could hardly have made a big scene about it in 1974 and continued as Nixon's Ambassador to India. Last month, Moynihan told a gathering of New York congressmen that, although he continued to think of the men in the Nixon White House as "some of the most honorable people I have ever known," he had not supported Nixon for reëlection in 1972. (In September of that year, he did write that Nixon's reëlection would assure an era of "Stevensonian" civility in the White House, but he could argue that he had known at the time that such a statement would infuriate almost as many Nixon supporters as it did admirers of Adlai Stevenson.) The fact that the politically A.C.-D.C. Moynihan should be thought of as having a chance of becoming the Democratic senatorial nominee has much to do with the Democrats' eagerness not to make another mess of things (an ambition that is also, of course, evident among Democrats on the national scene), and with a consideration that is not often the subject of public political speeches. Because of his strong support for Israel in his months at the United Nations, Moynihan is very popular with local Jewish voters, but he is, of course, Irish, and the presence in this year's senatorial race of Buckley, who is also Irish, is bound to remind Democratic leaders of 1970. In that year, of their five nominees for statewide office, one was black and four were Jewish. Every one of them lost but Arthur Levitt, then running for his fifth term as state comptroller, an office in which he is now serving his sixth term and of which he is regarded as having permanent possession. One of the 1970 winners was Buckley.

Except for Ramsey Clark, who is

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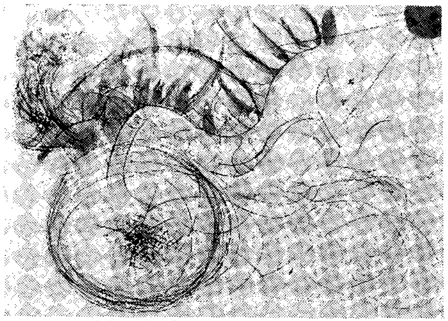

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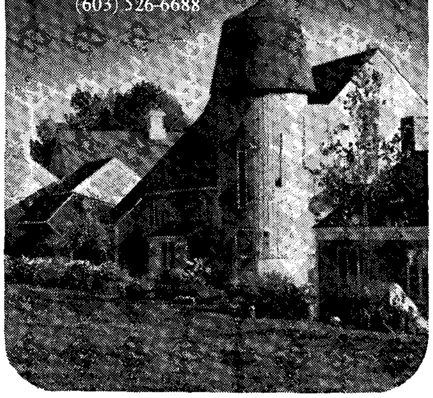
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considered a hopeless maverick by most local Democratic leaders, the announced candidates who are expected to run a strong campaign are Jewish. According to a poll commissioned by Buckley, Bella Abzug would win the Democratic primary, but many Republicans believe she would lose in November. New York, it will be pointed out often in back rooms during the next few months, already has one Jewish senator in Jacob Javits (who, like Ms. Abzug, is from Manhattan). And, despite all the political talk of brotherhood—and, lately, love—anti-Semitism is not dead in this state or any other. (Jackson, who emphasized his appeal to Jewish voters because of his long support for Israel, was the big winner in the New York State Presidential primary but elected not a single upstate delegate.) It was not because of her large hats that Reagan supporters in Texas published ads identifying Representative Abzug, shamelessly, as a member of "the Ford team." Nor did it escape local attention that last fall, when the President was going around the country denouncing the presumptuousness of improvident New Yorkers in asking for help from their hardworking, thrifty fellow-Americans, he frequently mentioned the name of Mayor Abraham Beame and almost never that of the state's Irish governor, Hugh Carey, who had been even more vigorous in importuning Congress and the President to help the city out.

INEVITABLY, New York, where Jackson won 38 per cent of the delegates in the April Presidential primary to 25.5 per cent for Udall and only 12.8 per cent for Carter, began to feel increasingly out of things as the primaries took their course. The fact that geographically this course, beginning in New England in late winter and ending in California in June, progresses from east to west, in the manner of manifest destiny, makes it seem at times to be a kind of tableau, reflecting the much-written-about shift of national power and prosperity away from the superannuated Northeast. But, of course, New York is not entirely out of things. For weeks, Republican State Chairman Richard Rosenbaum was reminding all comers that, of the state's hundred and fifty-four delegates to his Party's Convention, all but three, who were elected as Reagan delegates, were officially uncommitted, thanks to an agreement engineered by Nelson Rockefeller last November, five days after he withdrew his name from con-

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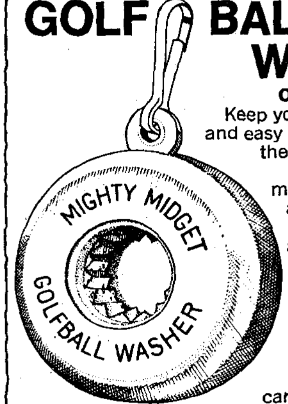

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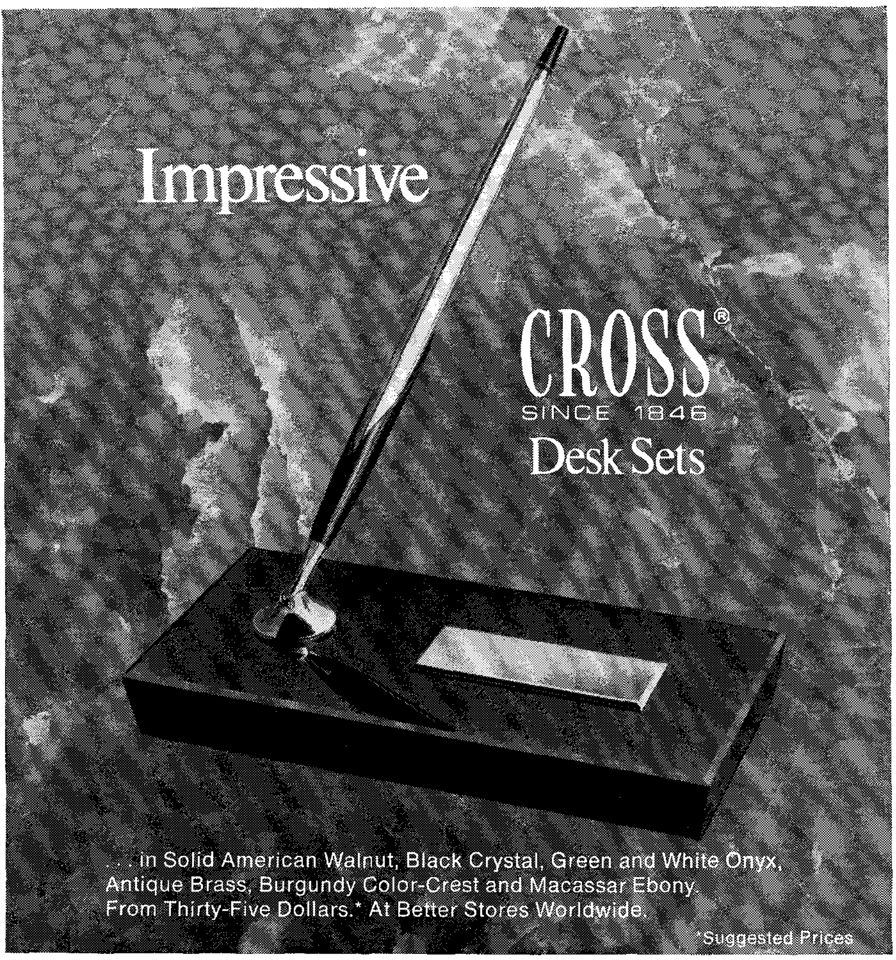
sideration as the 1976 Vice-Presidential nominee. Thus, the large New York delegation might be able to control the outcome in Kansas City, suggested Rosenbaum, a staunch Rockefeller ally, whose minimal hope was to exchange votes for a promise of more aid for New York and the Northeast. Late last month, however, the President's precarious position and a sizable number of defections to Reagan by state delegates caused Rockefeller to urge the remaining delegates to declare for Ford. A hundred and nineteen of them did so. Reagan said a few days later, however, that he understood they were "not really committed," and implied that it had been merely a move to accommodate Ford temporarily. If Rockefeller holds the same view, it could be that the indomitable Vice-President (who was all smiles last month as fellow-guests at a Queens County Republican dinner greeted him as "Mr. President") still clings to the faint hope that in the event of a close Convention ballot the leverage provided by those hundred and nineteen votes could lead to one more unexpected development in this year of political surprises.

And, of course, in a few weeks caravans of outlanders will be converging on New York for the Democratic Convention. There is a temptation to look for ways in which this meeting promises to be like the last Democratic National Convention here—the 1924 gathering, in terrible summer heat, at an earlier Madison Square Garden, of which Robert K. Murray has given a scholarly and entertaining account in his recently published "The 103rd Ballot." There are bound to be points of resemblance: the circus atmosphere that seems to be inescapable at any meeting of Democrats, usually in contrast to a more stately performance by their Republican counterparts; the intense hostility toward New York City among delegates from other parts of the country; the debate over religious fundamentalism; the bustling presence of a Party elder statesman and perennial candidate—in 1924, it was William Jennings Bryan—trying to maneuver events so that the delegates must turn to him one more time.

But the truth, of course, is that not only the Convention-hall temperature, now tamed by air-conditioning, but almost everything else has changed in fifty-two years. At the 1924 Democratic Convention, the few labor leaders on hand represented a fragmented and underpaid scattering of citizens, viewed as being among the nation's



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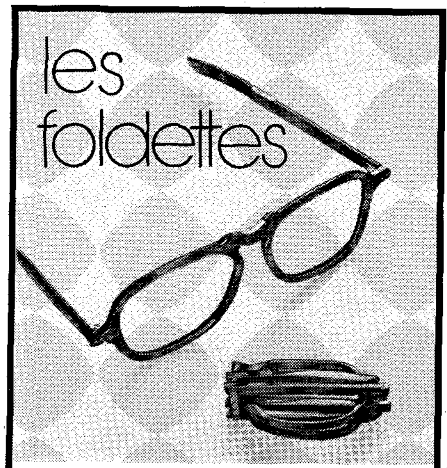

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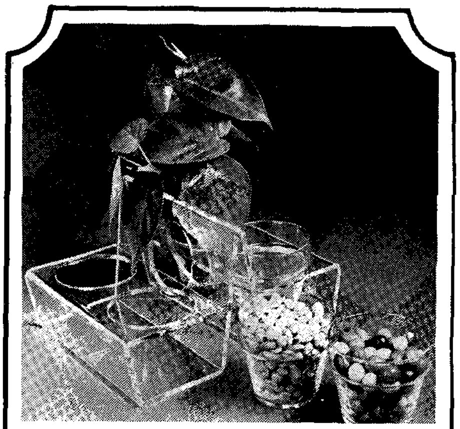
downtrodden. This year, of course, the labor leaders will be among the Convention's major power brokers and bankers. At the earlier Convention, there were no black delegates. In 1976, perhaps ten per cent of the delegates *will* be black. There was no powerful bloc of Jewish voters fifty-two years ago, as there is today. And, although racial and religious prejudice continues to play a role in political judgments, it seems almost certain that there will never be another major-party national Convention to vote—as the Democrats did in 1924—not to condemn the Ku Klux Klan, which rejected as un-American all Catholics, Jews, and blacks.

The last time a national Convention was held in New York, half of all Americans already were classified as urban, and it must have seemed to those who lived elsewhere that the domination of national politics by city voters was an imminent hazard. It was no doubt a hope of delaying this grim prospect that helped fire the fierce opposition to New York's 1924 choice for President, Al Smith. In 1976, however, it is apparent that the interval when city voters might have had the upper hand slipped past them into history without their ever having become the most powerful political force; by the time the one-man, one-vote ruling of the Supreme Court made urban voters no longer subject to gerrymandering by rural and small-town state legislators, the suburbs had grown so large that they held the balance of political power, in New York and elsewhere. In 1924, all three major candidates were, to one degree or another, from New York City: both Smith and former Secretary of the Treasury William G. McAdoo, whose equally intransigent supporters drove the Convention into the long deadlock, as well as John W. Davis, the nominee on the hundred-and-third ballot. Smith, out of the lower East Side and Tammany, was, of course, a local product all the way. In 1892, McAdoo had come from Tennessee to New York, where he became a Wall Street lawyer and entrepreneur (he helped build the Hudson Tubes); he represented the state at Democratic Conventions, and he returned here after serving in Woodrow Wilson's Cabinet. It was only in 1922 that he moved to California, which two years later sponsored him as a favorite son. As for the politically hapless Davis (partly as the result of the disastrous impression left by the Democratic spectacle at the Garden, he lost the November election by a wide



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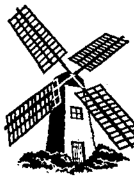

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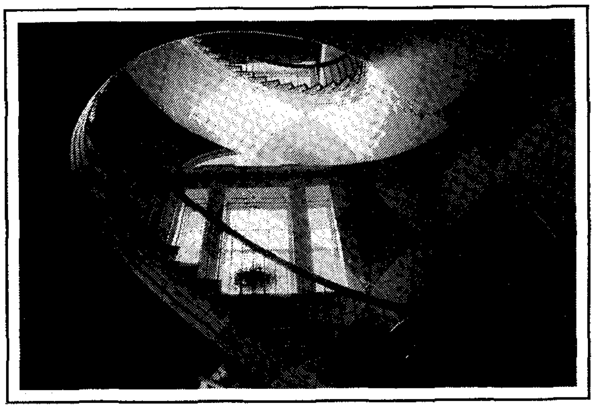
margin), though he ran in 1924 as a favorite son of West Virginia, his birthplace, he was a New York corporation lawyer at the time of the Convention, and he continued in that role until his death, in 1955.

This year, there is no assurance that any politician from New York, camouflaged or otherwise, will play more than a ceremonial role at the Democratic Convention. The last Presidential nominee from the East was John F. Kennedy, in 1960. The last nominee from New York was Thomas E. Dewey, in 1948. One of the great changes at this year's Convention from that of fifty-two years ago will be the altered status of this city. In 1924, although deeply mistrusted as a symbol of sin and corruption, New York was also the rich and mighty power center of the nation, and few delegates at the steamy old Madison Square Garden that year would have dreamed that it would one day be fashionable to dismiss the city in scornful terms as a national mendicant.

EARLY last month, just before the state's Presidential primary, the Washington *Star* columnist Mary McGrory expressed doubt that holding the Democratic Convention in New York this year would work out well either for the Democrats or for the city. "My goodness, this is a big dumping ground," she quoted candidate Frank Church as saying after the senator from the great open spaces of Idaho had taken one look at the city's littered streets—and it wasn't even a week when the Sanitation Department was on strike. She found the local scene short of one variety of potential litter, however, and its absence seemed to convince her that things were even worse here than she had thought. "You can walk miles through Manhattan and never see a campaign button or poster," she reported. The fact is that there have been signs in places other than New York that the excitement over the week-upon-week headlines reporting on the primary campaigns this spring may have been somewhat less intense among ordinary citizens than it was among political columnists—or, of course, among politicians. The proportion of the enrolled Democratic voters who took part in the New York State Presidential primary—less than twenty per cent—was less than that in some states but more than that in others. In the week when the voters went to the polls here, columnist McGrory told her readers that "the city is sick and it is sickening," and added, "The convention won't

The floating staircase



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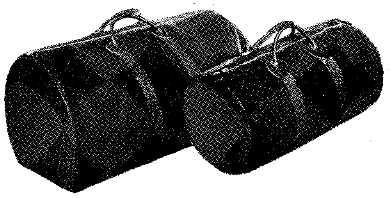

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help with either problem." She then quoted a "dispirited Democrat" whom she happened to run into as saying of the thousands of out-of-towners scheduled to visit the city for the July Convention, "Maybe when they see how rotten it is, they'll just decide it isn't worth saving and they should let it fall." (New Yorkers depressed by this prophecy of the columnist—or of her dispirited Democratic friend—for their city's future could take some comfort from rereading McGrory columns from late in the 1972 Presidential campaign, which found portents at nearly every campaign stop that a Nixon defeat was a real possibility. "Here in Michigan, they have failed to get the word about the Nixon landslide. They're talking victory—not big, not easy—but victory for McGovern." "The dove had become, in the last days of the campaign, an eagle confident and soaring," reported a column printed on Election Day.)

"The convention delegates, like all other American citizens, are underwriting New York through federal loan guarantees," columnist McGrory went on to say about this year's Democratic Convention. During Western campaign stops this spring, unfriendly voices kept asking President Ford why he had changed his mind and given New York City those big handouts. The hecklers could have been relying on misinformation provided not by irresponsible Reaganites but by liberal political writers. Although the government's action undoubtedly saved the city from bankruptcy, no federal loan guarantees—and certainly no big handouts—have been provided for New York. What the White House proposed and Congress agreed to last December was for the federal government to make seasonal loans to help the city over periods of temporary cash shortage while it restructures its debt, with the goal of achieving a balanced budget in a three-year period. The loans must be repaid in full at intervals during each fiscal year, including the one that ends June 30th, and so far the city has come up on time with the money, as well as with the interest, which is one per cent higher than the rate it cost the government to borrow it. Thus, far from underwriting the city, the out-of-town Convention delegates, like all other American citizens, are making a profit at the troubled city's expense. There is also the point, often made here, though not in other places, that the city sends to Washington in taxes some nineteen billion dollars each year and gets back about eight and a

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half billion, whereas in the states that most delegates come from the imbalance will be the other way around. The question of which Americans are underwriting which others is not so simple, but it is a question that is not likely to receive any great attention at the Democratic Convention unless the balloting is close or the local votes are badly needed by the front-runner.

As in 1924, holding the Democratic Convention in a Democratic city could result in serious damage to the cause of a party that must convince the nation's voters that their chosen candidate not only is a Presidential sort but runs with a responsible crowd. Showing some willingness to demonstrate just how rotten the city is, several of the civil-service unions, dissatisfied with the progress of their contract negotiations with a financially strapped city, have suggested that a strike at the time of the Convention is a strong possibility. A black state senator, after leading a mass protest against reductions in funds for anti-poverty groups, announced that the only way to get more money out of City Hall or the Emergency Financial Control Board might be to disrupt the Convention—a move he described as "our ace in the hole." The most optimistic view is that this is all just budget-season rhetoric and such leaders do not really believe that it will improve the lot of the city's union members or its poorer citizens to demonstrate to so many thousands of influential visitors that New York is a hopeless proposition, just as many of them suspected all along. Meanwhile, as soon as the circus winds up its spring run, representatives of the Democratic National Committee will be swarming over the Garden, along with painters, carpenters, and technical experts, and making room for the supplies of flags, bunting, balloons, noisemakers, and other trumpery designed to persuade politicians—including those from New York, who could certainly stand a bit of fun—that they are not only making historic decisions but also having a marvellous time. Perhaps they will be. "There is something about a national convention that makes it as fascinating as a revival or a hanging," H. L. Mencken once wrote. "One sits through long sessions wishing heartily that all the delegates and alternates were dead and in hell—and then suddenly there comes a show so gaudy and hilarious, so melodramatic and obscene, so unimaginably exhilarating and preposterous that one lives a gorgeous year in an hour."

—ANDY LOGAN

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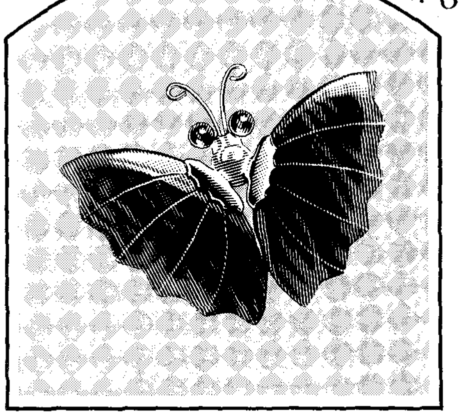

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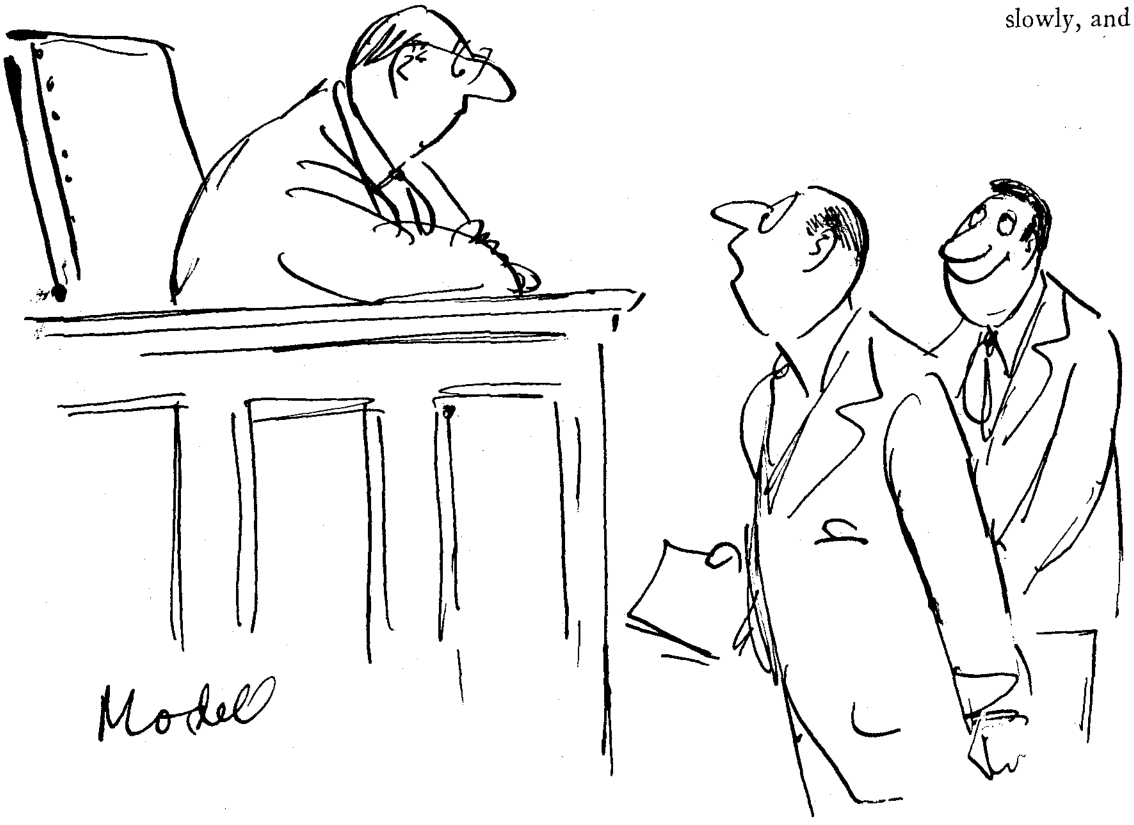
DANCING

The Theatre of Merle Marsicano

FROM looking at pictures of Merle Marsicano, I had formed the impression that she was a dramatic dancer. The photographs showed a figure that was thickish but tensely active, strong fingers, short, spiky, windblown hair. The face was the mask of a tragic queen. Merle Marsicano emerged as a concert recitalist in the early fifties, one of those dancer-choreographers in touch with the then burgeoning world of New York avant-garde painting, sculpture, and music. In the following decade, her concerts were less and less frequent; then they stopped altogether, and in the last few years even solo "guest" appearances have been rare. The weekend before last, she returned with a company of three women to give a series at the American Theatre Laboratory. Marsicano is not dramatic—not in the sense conveyed by those early photographs—and for a performer whose reputation is still high among poets and painters as well as dancers she seems not at all concerned with presenting or projecting herself as the object of attention. In a 1954 review for *Dance Observer*, the sculptor Richard Lippold wrote of one of her solos, "It sustains a magical quality throughout, and succeeds best in accomplishing what seems to be her intent in all her works: a convincing emotion, compactly stated with such expert abstraction that the presence of the performer is forgotten, and the audience is transported by the experience of pure movement."

The solo, "Figure of Memory," was the opening dance on the A.T.L. program, and, with the body become bulkier and the face heavier and sadder, it was all the more remarkable in its emotional detachment and clear emphasis on form. Marsicano's art begins in self-effacement; she is the catalyst of meaning, not its vessel. What that meaning is may be hard to understand, and after "Figure of Memory," which was my first glimpse of Marsicano, it would have been impossible for me to say what had been interesting about the dance except the displacement of emphasis. The dancer had begun standing still, lifting her forearms, then turning her shoulders, then lightly treading. The fluid arm gestures continued, there was some play with the hands and a passage in which the treading turned abruptly into a rapid pounding. It was the only obtrusive moment. The whole dance came and went, without otherwise raising its voice, to the sounds of a sparse piano score by Morton Feldman. The gestures were specifically defined both separately and in sequence, they weren't dull, and the rhythm was pleasant. But for its objectivity—the kind of objectivity one recognizes with a tingle in every artist who has a gift for it—the solo had made no impression; the dancer had receded and, as in a conjuring trick, left you holding the dance. Later, after reading Lippold's words and reflecting on the concert as a whole, I began to think it more than possible that the "meaning" of "Figure of Memory" (and its title) referred to Marsicano's disappearing act. Placed at the head of a program that might have borne the overall title "À la Recherche du Temps Perdu," it seemed to lay out a path to a private world.

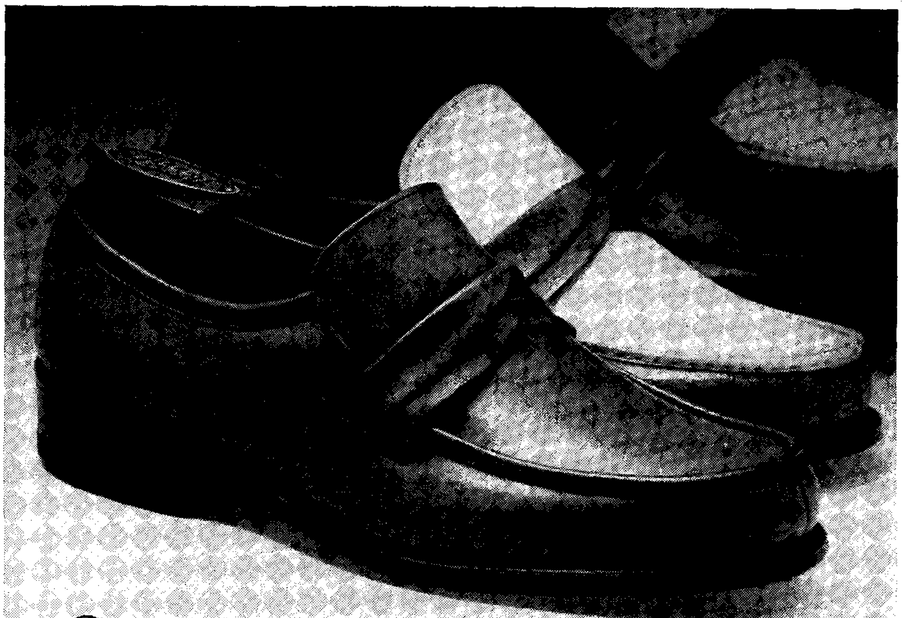
The Marsicano world, in dance terms, is severely circumscribed, but the fact is not as immediately striking today as it must have been before the trend to pared-down movement took over in the sixties. Marsicano, though, has nothing in common with today's primitive minimalists. She is interested not in ritual process or in fundamentals but in the flow and vibration of subtleties, and she uses and reuses a limited vocabulary of steps to create a kind of pressure in concentration, the way a poet uses a strictly controlled verse form. The pressure builds up slowly, and the momentum is such that without reaching a climax of any sort the piece ends or trails off just as its figurative implications become clear. When you think about them, these implications seem to have been what the dance was about all along, even though they've never crystallized. Marsicano avoids that kind of overt imagery; she prefers to build a dance out of tenuously linked phrases that will be satisfying and beautiful in their own right. But you see what you see. Another solo, to another Feldman score, is as mild and uninsistent as the first but with more keenly differentiated rhythms. Titled "March (The Month)," the solo presents opening and unfolding gestures in a formal pattern with no amplification in scale. As the



"If it please the Court, my client would like to let it be known he has already learned his lesson and is very, very sorry indeed."

pulsing of energy within a closed bud, or as an image of nascent heroism, or simply as a nonobjective statement—however you wish to see it, the dance supports you on all levels.

Marsicano was apparently always a miniaturist and always passionately devoted to the proposition that form tells. The A.T.L. concert was her first since 1970. It would have been good to have her quiet example before us more often, but then, just as she seems not to have been influenced by any dancers who came before her, she is unlikely to influence others. How she obtains her tiny, graded effects, how she uses the wit of narrow means to create complex, suggestive poetry that doesn't rely on suggestion to make sense—these are secrets of discrimination and require a delicate balance that is rare in any art. In dance it is unique. It isn't surprising, then, that what emerges as "meaning" in her work has a highly personal color. The concert's theme of memory, or meditation on the past, was prefigured in the first solo and established in the second number, "Disquieting Muses." This was a group dance for Peggy Spina, Diane Broman, and Jolinda Hulse to a tape of Debussy's "Sirènes"—music composed in the eighteen-nineties. The three dancers wore black tights with one thigh encased in a bright-colored silk-jersey sleeve and with a scarf looped around one shoulder. Their hair trailed down their backs, and with one hand from time to time each girl would pull her hair "out to a fan-like spread." (The image is Jill Johnston's, from a notice of a 1962 dance incorporating the same gesture.) The dance was a slow bending and winding of the three along separate paths to different counts, all of them musically valid. The disparity gave the dance its largeness of expression, though its scale remained small. "Disquieting Muses" looked like a dancing symbolist poem or a hothouse view of Parisian aesthetics in the nineties—a slow, wavy frieze of sirens singing songs of decadence. "On the Half Shell," a solo performed by Peggy Spina in apricot tights with a wisp of organza around her middle, had a sprightlier and homelier air, and no music. Its unheard rhythms were those of a very far-off, turn-of-the-century music hall. Last and best of all was another dance for the group, "They Who Are Not Named." The costumes were dark satin shifts with contrasting sleeves, ballet shoes, and dominoes or half-masks made of netting. The music was Varèse (selections from "Ionisation," "Intégrales," and "Hyper-



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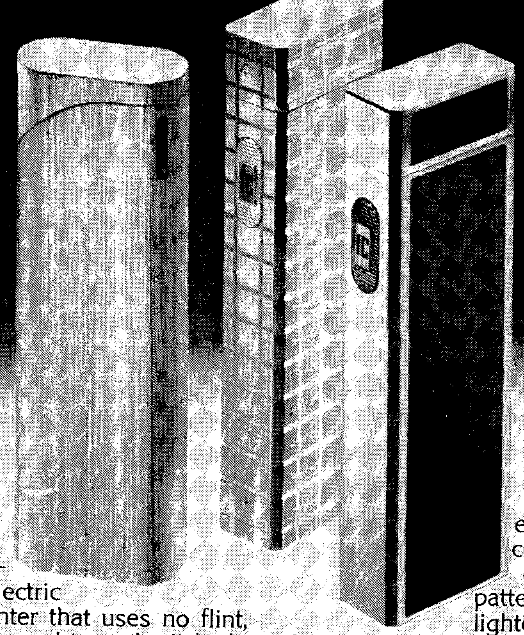

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prism"), and the implied locale was again Paris—the Paris of the apaches, of l'Art Nouveau, of "Les Vampires" (who were not named, being a secret society), and of the dusty yellow music halls celebrated by Toulouse-Lautrec. As in the other dances, allusions were as irresistible as they were untendentious, but here they were more specifically evoked. A flamenco pose echoed the sound of castanets in the music, and "act" followed "act"—revenge melodrama, tightrope walking, magicians, mind reading, sword swallowing—each as faint and as distinct as a smoke ring. "Disquieting Muses" had recalled Loïe Fuller, and "On the Half Shell" an early skirt dance by Ruth St. Denis; "They Who Are Not Named" was the whole bygone Paris theatre. But this collection of theatrical cameos, so astonishingly ample and varied, is preserved in a rhetorical setting that belongs to no one but Merle Marsicano. She never breaks the stride of her style to strike a note of authenticity or of parody; she is never arbitrary. Her evenness of pace and her consistency of design (which extends to her strangely effective patchy costumes) are instruments of terse efficiency. And the rhythmed melting phrases that occur within this inviolate structure have the conviction of a personal memoir.

It is the least exhibitionistic, least athletic, least *strained* dancing that may be imagined. Its most mysterious quality is its incisiveness: all those soft edges, yet how they cut. For the three pieces that I take to be new work, Marsicano has rehearsed her dancers scrupulously; they're individual embodiments of her style. And in the group dances she seems to have taken her magic even further than in her own solos. Watching the group, one sees what power limpid unpretentious gesture has. (My guess is that Marsicano rehearses the exactitudes of movement instead of saying to her dancers, "Now let's be Spanish.") Almost without meaning to, the undeclared subject comes through with such provocative dazzle that the dance itself disappears. —ARLENE CROCE

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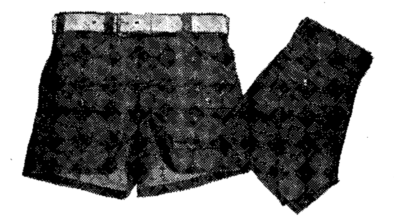

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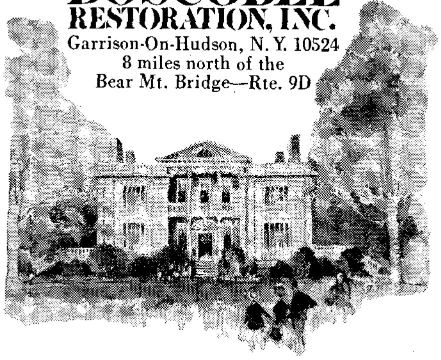

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Guernica

George Orwell, in "The Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters," 1937: "The most important fact that has emerged from the whole business is that the Communist Party is now (presumably for the sake of Russian foreign policy) an anti-revolutionary force. So far from pushing the Spanish Government further towards the Left, the Communist influence has pulled it violently towards the Right. . . . The grotesque feature, which very few people outside Spain have yet grasped, is that the Communists stood furthest of all to the Right, and were more anxious even than the liberals to hunt down the revolutionaries and stamp out all revolutionary ideas. . . . By a series of intimate day-to-day pictures (generally small things: a bootblack refusing a tip, a notice in the brothels saying, 'Please treat the women as comrades') it ['Red Spanish Notebook,' by Mary Low and Juan Brea] shows you what human beings are like when they are trying to behave as human beings and not as cogs in the capitalist machine. No one who was in Spain during the months when people still believed in the revolution will ever forget that strange and moving experience. It has left something behind that no dictatorship, not even Franco's, will be able to efface."

Thirty-nine years ago, and Franco still only just dead. The Spanish dramatist, Moroccan-born, who likes to call himself simply Arrabal fled the Franco regime in 1955, when he was twenty-two, and has been living since in Paris. (He wrote, among other plays, "La Princesse," "La Communiante," "The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria," and "The Garden of Delights.") Now Arrabal has made a film called "Guernica." This is the Civil War seen through a prism predictably quite distinct from Orwell's, because of the obvious difference between their temperaments, and also because of the passing of time. The film is without scholarship, but it possesses abundantly the Iberian talent for the creation of spectacles of terror and eroticism. Arrabal's method is to mix newsreel footage in sepia with fiction in color. The heroine, Vandale, played by Mariangela Melato ("The Seduction of Mimi," "Love and Anarchy," "Swept Away," all by Lina Wertmüller), is based on the great Communist leader known to everyone involved in the Civil War as La Pasionaria. It was La Pasionaria who first cried "*No pasarán!*" at public meetings and sent the cry echoing over the Republican radio. To the assault on Guernica, Arrabal adds scenes set in a fortressed Basque village called Villa Ramiro. Almost unbelievably, it seems that he is the first Spaniard to have made a film about the Civil War.

We are in a village ruled by a medieval-minded count. His three lounge-lizard nephews go to fight for Franco. His son, Goya, leaves for France. More pacific than pacifist, Goya is no killer. Fleeing toward France, like Vandale, he happens to meet her in Guernica. What a trysting place. Guernica goes up in flames, is razed to the ground. Goya and Vandale lose one another, and separately turn back, to Villa Ramiro, instead of seeking safety in France.

One remembers the best of Arrabal's fiction in the film as if it were a series of Surrealist color slides. A horse neighs with its neck stretched up, on a note as piercing as the mute one that trumpets from the famous horse head in Picasso's "Guernica;" Vandale, in a scene in which the dilettante nephews have thought to rape her, calmly brings trained vipers out of her dress in riposte; at a café, a pacifist in steel-rimmed spectacles says, "We're near either a new barbarism or a new world;" a figure of Christ carried by a priest is destroyed by the Republican fighters, and a sword is put in its place. Intercut, there is newsreel footage of Fascists marching, of bombing everywhere. Back in fiction, we see a guitarist, and are told that his hands were later amputated by Franco's henchmen. A man crazed with fear erotically embraces a wooden figure of the Virgin, and is decorously hidden by understanding members of the faithful, who hold a sheet around him. There is a scabrous sort of Catholicism that seems peculiar to Spanish art.

"*But think of the people who like us as a couple.*"

The ruling political idea of the film is the very simple one of survival, producing heady air in which stamina and beneficence flourish. The ruling figure is Vandale, whom Mariangela Melato plays with wild nobility. The character is feral and magnificent. Even when she has been captured and put in a cage scarcely big enough for a dog, she goes on shouting "They shall not pass!" The village is pockmarked with bullets, and women search in the rubble for children, but *they* shall not pass: no. Four priests ranged behind a low wall suddenly

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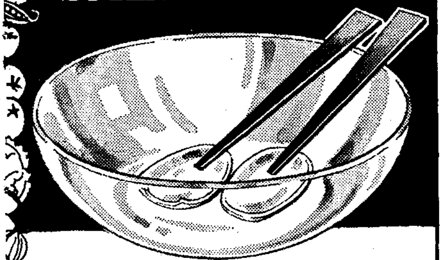

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turn their backs, and on their black vestments we see, painted in huge white letters, "IN" "QUI" "SI" "CION." Nor is Vandale's furious bravery any exaggeration. Her counterpart in fact, La Pasionaria, tirelessly exhorted women by loudspeaker to be prepared to pour boiling oil on anyone who came to attack their homes. According to Hugh Thomas, in his invaluable "The Spanish Civil War," the women on the Republican side fought as hard as the men. "A women's battalion even fought before the Segovia bridge." (A footnote adds, "This group infuriated the Irish Lieutenant Fitzpatrick then serving with Castejón. Women in the battle seemed to him the final degradation of the Republican side.")

"Guernica" is a hard-knuckled piece of work. Arrabal is quite deliberate in his use of shock, both dramatic and historical. In the unfortunate, interesting century in which we have the luck to live, the artistically disruptive may be as much to the point of progress as the heretical was for Galileo.

NICOLAS ROEG's "The Man Who Fell to Earth," based on a book by Walter Tevis, stars David Bowie as a man from outer space who hurtles to Earth in search of water: landing somewhere in America. It seems that planets other than ours must also have world energy conferences. The hero has a good mind, though faint, and has learned Cockney English by long-range television. So that he can pass as an Earth man, someone out there has sensibly given the sparsely equipped creature earlobes, nipples, eyebrows, contact lenses to cover his cat eyes, and hair so improbable a red that it looks as if the wigmaker must have based it on a serial seen on an interplanetary TV set whose color-tuning knobs had been fiddled with by excitable toddlers. On the other hand, the intelligence at work on the distant, drought-ridden planet does not extend to anything as practical as stealing our drizzly weather, or giving the hero the mission of plunging a very long hose into the Atlantic Ocean. A lawyer called Oliver Farnsworth (Buck Henry) says severely that the spaceman's genius as an inventor could earn him three hundred million dollars in beating RCA and Kodak, and soon it does. But the spaceman's sense of purpose quickly slithers down into wrangling about money, just as his thirst for water dwindles into a taste for neat gin. It is a good performance, as far as Paul Mayersberg's script will allow it to be. Bowie has been given a curiously androgynous look. His accent and his pallor do indeed make him seem

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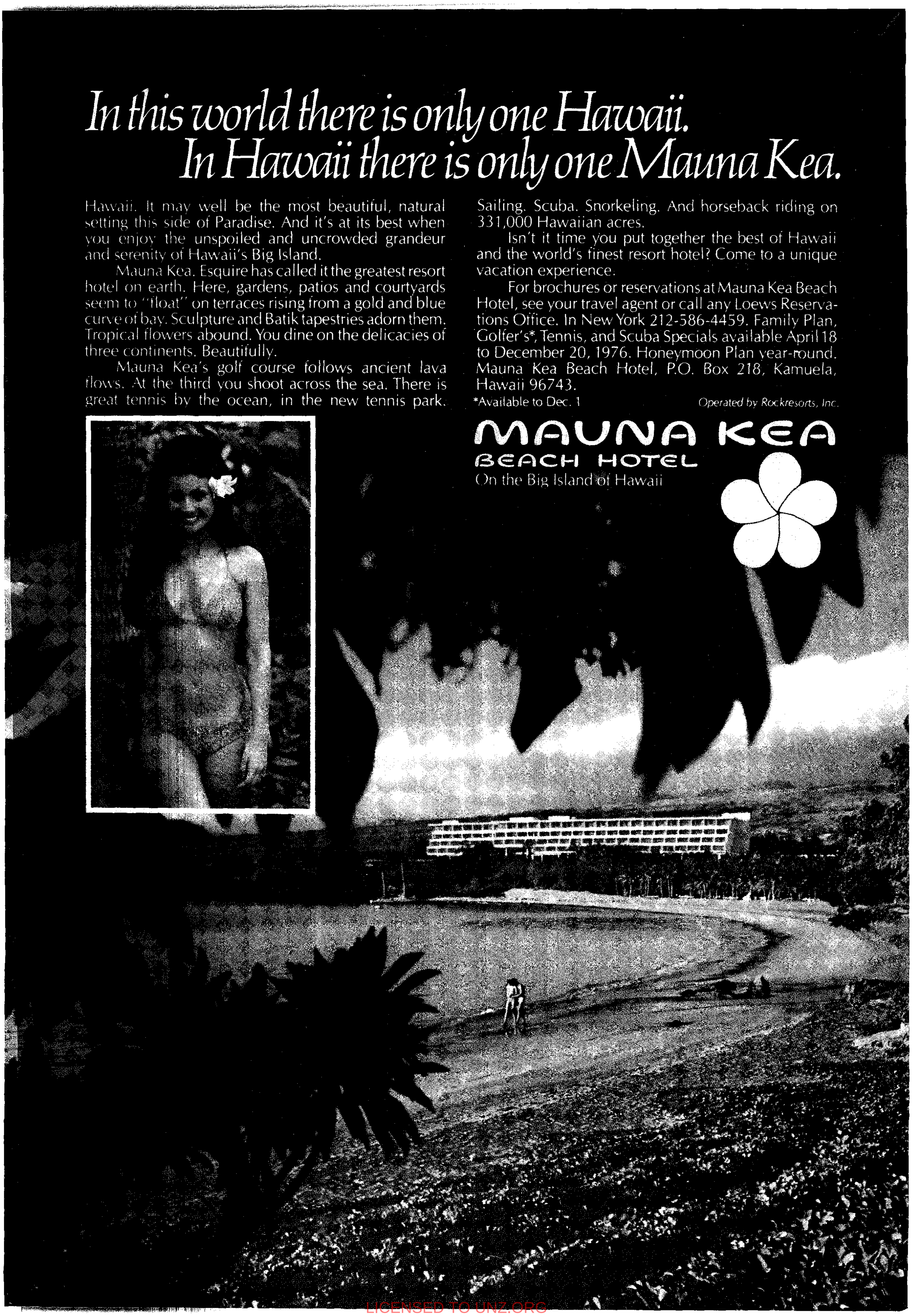

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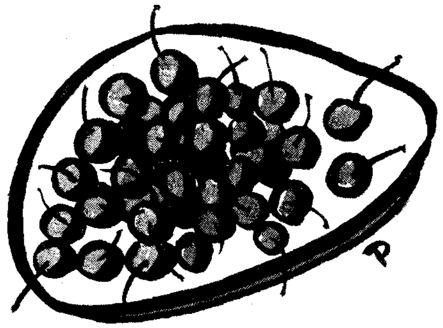
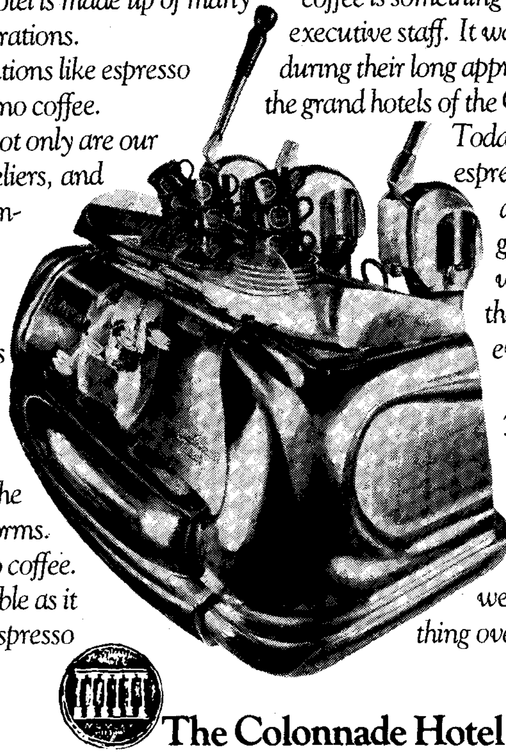
a creature from another world. He appears to have come from no earthly place and to have sprung from no parents, like Ariel.

Roeg, who first became famous in filmmaking as a cameraman ("Petulia," for one), has since, most notably, directed "Walkabout;" his great talent is for expressing pity for the fragmentary nature of modern life, but this film arouses no feeling for any figure in it. It is as if we were in a null universe full of blue films. No one seems to have any character, apart from a figure called Nathan Bryce (Rip Torn), a burnt-out professor of chemistry at an unspecified college, who looks as if he had been driving all night with the taste of cigarettes on his tongue. He has an interesting skepticism, and a sophisticate's yawn that makes a whey-faced boy of the spaceman, who calls himself Thomas Jerome Newton, or sometimes Mr. Sussex. This Newton, who has discovered the law of gravity with a vengeance in his fall through space, discovers it again when he passes out in an elevator and starts a nosebleed, which so worries the elevator operator, Mary-Lou (Candy Clark), that she picks him up and carries him to a hotel room. He can't weigh more than sixty pounds, it seems from her ease in doing it: that should have given her a clue to the fact that he is physically not of this world. He happens to be boneless.

Love, lassitude, or bonelessness makes him sink into an indifferent life with her and twelve television sets, all on different channels. Mary-Lou is fond of Tommy in a pale way, perhaps because even this pastel existence is highly colored compared to her past. Tommy declines farther and farther. We see him daydreaming of what it was like to live on his own planet: there are shots of expanses of white sand, footprints in the sand as a man, a woman, and two children walk along, clinging together, finally leaving the man to get into a spaceship that looks like a trailer; and there are other sci-fi reveries of his former life which Roeg uses to show us eroticism bereft of feeling, when two nearly alike and featureless adults, wrapped in what





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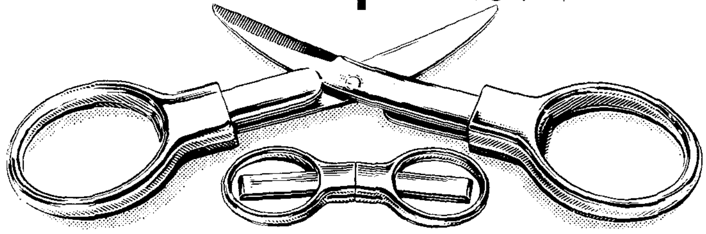

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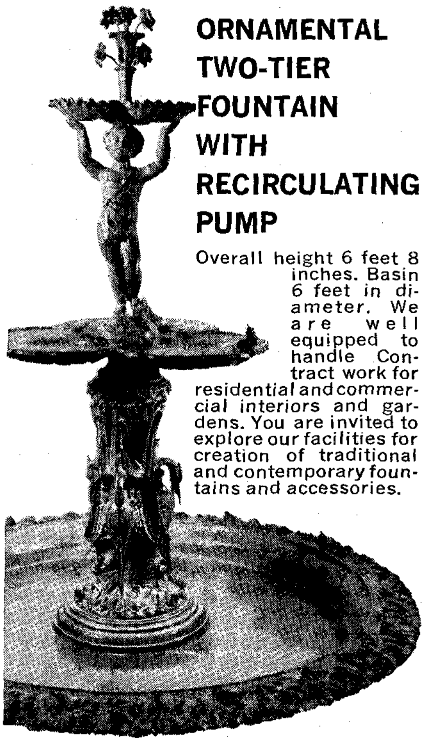

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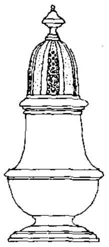

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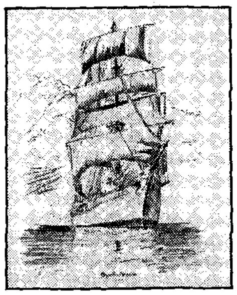

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looks like greased polyethylene, drop weightlessly through space and grope for each other mechanically and without hope.

Is Tommy the last of his race, perhaps? From his opening hurtle, he is felled by melancholy. At one point, he goes into a bathroom on Earth and begins to strip himself of everything that makes him Thomas Newton. Mary-Lou knocks, and he comes out for her to see him as the slippery, hairless figure he is beneath the disguise. Expectedly, she screams. Perhaps he lets her see him like this because the dressing up has become unbearable unless at least one person knows what he is really like. Every time he goes into the bathroom and reglues his hair, he must have the sense that he is fabricating Thomas Newton with nylon and wig gum.

Even this part of the film, which potentially has feeling, deliberately repels our sympathy: it is a chilly work, leaning on alienation. The opaque theme of the picture is the political thought that apparently runs through it. Officialdom suspects the stranger and eventually brings him to his knees. But what officialdom? Which government agency is supposed to suspect him? We see an attempt to put pressure on the lawyer: but by whom? Tommy is said to have "overstimulated the economy": but to the disadvantage of whom? The military interests of the country? His own vast share in the capitalist economy? The consumers? The book's and the film's nub is perhaps not political at all but social. It may be their point that everybody, especially bureaucratic man, fears freakishness and the out-of-step. The notion is reinforced when government agents go into the lawyer's apartment and throw first him and then, it seems, his man friend out of the window. The film finishes, years after the opening sci-fi scene, on a note of pity for Tommy. The androgynous oddity has never succeeded in making this world his own. We are reminded that all of us, too, are here only on a visit.

"THE MAN WHO SKIED DOWN EVEREST" is a title to tempt almost anybody. One still, like a child, somehow imagines Everest to be a virtually unscalable cone of snow down which a great skier with great lungs could schuss in ten minutes. The film is the Oscar-winning Japanese documentary about the man who really did ski down it—though rather a small part of it, for Everest is no ice-cream cone. The skier's name is Miura. He

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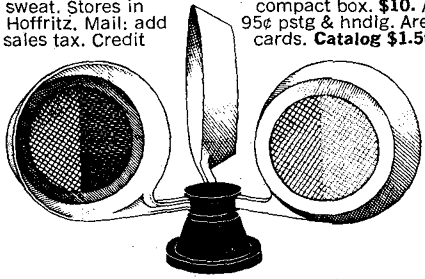

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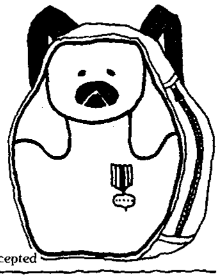

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had already skied down Fujiyama. He apparently conceived the Everest attempt in a half-joking conversation with Sir Edmund Hillary.

Why is the film distressing as well as faintly disappointing? Even the disappointment is unreasonable. It was a feat, no doubt about it (though was it worth performing?), to lug camera equipment and ski equipment along with food and bedding up the evil altitudes of Everest. One feels awe of the skill and devotion of the multitude of Sherpas, six of whom lost their lives in Everest's infamous icefall. One feels admiration for the intellects of the accompanying scientists, who managed to keep their concentration unaffected at heights where there is very little oxygen. One marvels at the control and beauty of a skier racing down forty- to forty-five-degree slopes of icy snow at a hundred miles an hour with a parachute behind him to slow the pace. One is made aware of the intense cold as soon as there are shots of the winds and avalanches of Everest sending banks of snow pelting in gusts that look like streams of white lava: at moments like these, it is as if the men who made the picture were in an ice-age Pompeii, about to be frozen in the gestures of panic.

But what is the difference between an endeavor and a feat? The film defines it. We are watching a feat. This is what is distressing about the film, which is a beautiful but rather odious record of an accomplishment that seems inspired by a measure of callousness and exhibitionism. Mountaineers for decades have tried to climb Everest because it was difficult. It seems evident that Miura, doing push-ups on Everest for a scene for the CinemaScope movie crew, toiled up the mountain with his immense caravan of Sherpas and cameramen and scientists simply to bring off a very few perilous skiing minutes carried out and filmed for the first time. It is an act that appears to belong not so much in any chronicles of heroism as in the Guinness Book of World Records. The poesy of the commentary, taken from Miura's diaries, adds to the preciosity. Mountaineers are usually roped together, and no one of them is the star, but Miura asked hundreds of patient people to create conditions in which he alone could shine. Was it really worth the lives of six Sherpas for an Esther Williams with the instincts of a suicide pilot to make an Oscar-award-winning film?

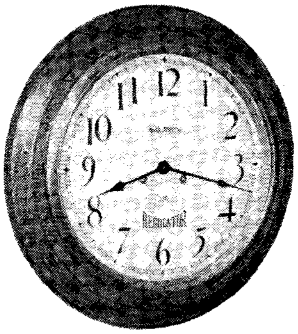
—Penelope Gilliatt

• •

HOW I CAME TO BE HERE

There I was, comfortable,
complaining of no love and
standing around kicking
the old dead horse of my empty
life. His legs began to jerk
and his head bobbed from side
to side. Suddenly, he was up.
There I was in the saddle.
There we went right out of town
past the blacksmith and saloon.
Soon it was just horse, me, and moonlight
covering us with lies of happiness
thick as shaving cream. Slowed
us down, of course. We were horse
and man in the inevitable
seasonal situation: the blizzard movie.
For days, it went on like that—
two stumbling forms in the
freezing weather. What closeness
of dream and despair! Me
warming his belly. He
curled around me. I'll
never know how I managed
to stay alive till springtime,
when they came from the glue
factory to drag the horse
away, his head stitched
to the ground by the violets
and other early flowers.

—Monroe Lerner



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MUSICAL EVENTS

See How They Run

CANONS—to write of them without becoming technical is hard. First, a definition. Canon, from κανών, a rule; an inscription set above a piece of music indicating how it is to be performed; by extension, the piece of music composed according to that rule. A voice or instrument utters a melody; another voice or instrument takes it up, and others may follow suit. If the original melody is repeated exactly, a simple round (such as "Three Blind Mice" or "Frère Jacques") may result. But the replies may enter at a different pitch level from the original melody; may invert it (moving up where it moved down, and vice versa, to form a mirror image); may reverse it, sing or play it backward; may present it halved, quartered, doubled, quadrupled, or otherwise altered in speed. All or any of the entries may transform the initial melody by any or all of these devices. Canons can be elaborate. William Byrd composed a canon motet, "Diliges Dominum," for eight voices in which four of the voices sing a pair of simultaneous canons while the other four sing the same music backward. The Victorian teacher W. S. Rockstro, on whose "Practical Harmony" generations of British musicians were reared, remarked that "it is scarcely possible to study this complication attentively without feeling one's brain turn giddy; yet, strange to say, the effect produced is less curious than beautiful." Canons can be beautiful, and beautiful canons abound in great music of all ages. One can hardly attend a Carnegie or Fisher Hall concert without hearing some. Canons can be in a strict sense academic: Haydn wrote one such for the University of Oxford when he was doctored there, in 1791 (it can be read with the page turned either way up), and Bach presented another to the Society of the Musical Sciences, in Leipzig, when he became a member, in 1747. Canons can be puzzles, and fifteenth-century composers would give cryptic clues to their interpretation. The sense of Pierre de La Rue's "rule," or inscription, "Vade retro, Sathanas" is plain enough. "Nigra sum, sed formosa" gives a broad hint that black notes are to be sung as if they were white. But Josquin's βάτραχος ἐκ Σερίφου may baffle singers who do not know that—according to the second-century fabulist Aelian—frogs on the island of Seriphos do not croak (hence one voice is to remain silent); at the sight of the Gorgon's head they were struck dumb. Canons, it becomes clear, can easily lead one away from music down mathematical and mythological bypaths. Every third variation in Bach's Goldberg Variations is a canon—the first at the unison, the second at the interval of a second, the third at the interval of a third, and so on up to a ninth. The arrangement, as Charles Rosen has observed, "has its own beauty and gives pleasure, but not a specifically musical pleasure." The pleasure (if any) given by lines like "*Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor*," "*Odo tenet mulum, madidam mappam tenet Anna*,"

SATOR
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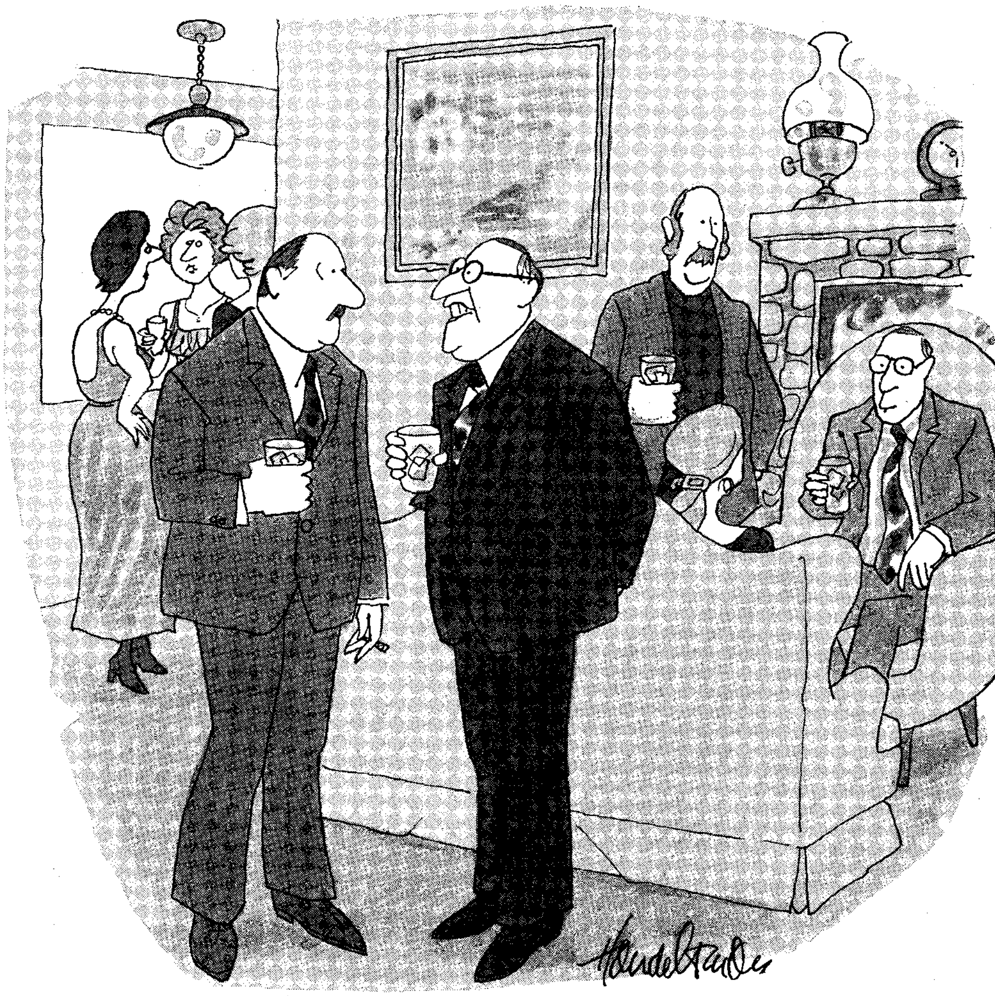
TENET
OPERA
ROTAS,

and "Lewd did I live, evil I did dwel" is not specifically poetic. However, the Goldberg Variations, and a newly discovered canonic parergon to that piece, and a performance of both works that did give specifically musical pleasure, are my main subject.

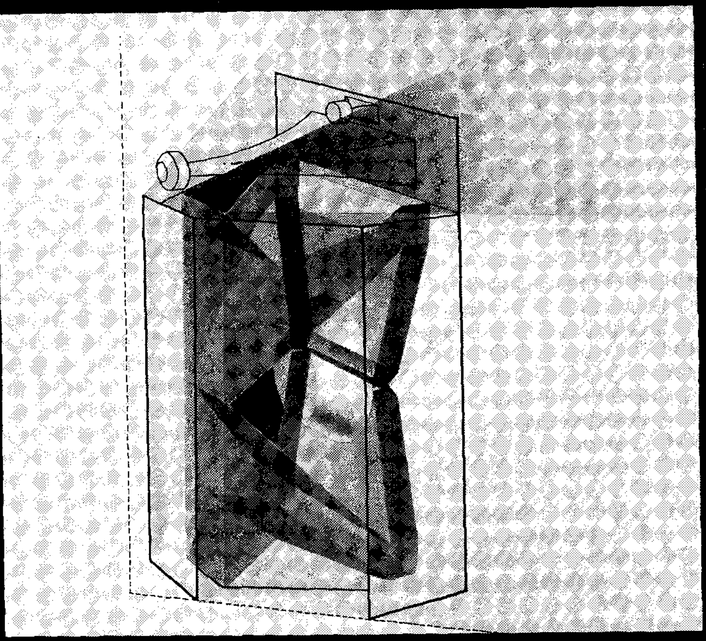
RESEARCH has tended to shrink rather than swell the catalogues of the great masters. The best-known of all "Haydn" movements, the Andante Cantabile, or "Serenade," of his string quartet Opus 3, No. 5, has now been attributed to the obscure composer Roman Hofstetter, along with the rest of the Opus 3 set. Bach has lost six of the church cantatas once reckoned his, among them the well-loved "Schlage doch, gewünschte Stunde," No. 53,

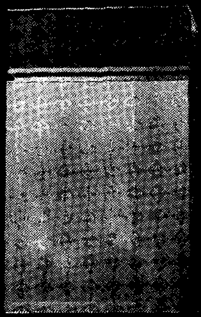


"For many years, I wondered 'Who am I?' And then, one day, I found out. I was R. Channing Selby."

and the popular “Uns ist ein Kind geboren,” No. 142. “Mozart's Thirty-seventh Symphony”—all but its slow introduction—has long been restored to its composer, Michael Haydn. Pergolesi has shed quantities of instrumental music, including everything that Stravinsky used in “Pulcinella.” The Brahms-Haydn variations are now Brahms-A.N.Other. But there have also been some gains. I have heard first performances of far from negligible music by Beethoven (from his unfinished opera “Vestas Feuer”) and by Verdi (the scenes from “Don Carlos” cut from the score before its 1867 première). And last month, in Berkeley, I heard a work of Bach's played for the first time at a public recital.

This was “Divers Canons on the First Eight Bass Notes of the Preceding Aria”—that aria being the sarabande which is the theme of the Goldberg Variations. The Variations were published probably in 1742. Bach's first biographer, J. N. Forkel, noted that in the publication “there are some important errata, which the author has carefully corrected in his copy.” That copy—is there a handy English term for *Handexemplar*, by which word the Germans denote the author's own annotated copy of a work?—has survived. It once belonged to Franz Stockhausen, who directed the Strasbourg Conservatoire at the turn of the century, and then to Paul Blumenroeder, a professor at the Conservatoire; now it has been bought by the Bibliothèque Nationale, for about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. On the last page of the volume, on sixteen ruled staves, there are set out the fifteen “Divers Canons.” About ten years ago, the Italian organist Luigi Tagliavini suggested that the hand they are written in is Bach's. The French Inspector of Music, Olivier Alain, confirmed it early in 1974, “solved” most of the canons, and brought them to performance at meetings of the Société Française de Musicologie in Strasbourg and in Paris. Christoph Wolff, of Columbia University, who was editing the Goldberg for the Neue Bach-Ausgabe, “solved” them all and brought them to performance in Freiburg, in Leipzig during the 1975 Bach Festival, and at a meeting of the American Musicological Society in Los Angeles last fall. In Berkeley, they were played by Alan Curtis and Bruce Brown, on two harpsichords, at a recital in Hertz Hall; a few days later they were played in London, in a different instrumentation, during the English Bach Festival. A performing





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edition by M. Alain is due from Salabert; Mr. Wolff's scholarly edition has been published by Bärenreiter.

Why the talk of "solving"? Because Bach did not write out his canons in full. The first of the set is represented by just the eight notes of the basic theme

(#F, 2/4) ,4G/F E/D ,,B/,C D/,,G

superscribed "Canon simplex."[1] Simple indeed to complete it, either by adding a transposed inversion

,4D/E F/G B/A G/'D

entering with the fifth note of the theme, or else (as Mr. Wolff, more elegantly and accurately, has done) by supplying the original theme reversed as an accompaniment to itself. Procedures become more complicated as the set continues, until for the last canon Bach writes out only four measures of running melody (an extension of the original theme) and the instruction "Canon à 4. per Augmentationem et Diminutionem." Three other voices are supplied, in Mr. Wolff's solution, by the melody at half speed, transposed and inverted; the melody at quarter speed, differently transposed; and the main theme as bass.

Two of the canons were known before the Goldberg *Handexemplar* turned up. One of them Bach wrote in the album of the Leipzig theology student Johann Gottfried Fulde, in 1747. It was published in 1910, "solved" in 1934, and then again, independently, in 1945 by the authors of "The Bach Reader." Two chromatic themes are set out over the eight-note bass. Above, Bach writes "Canone doppio sopr'il Soggetto," and below, "Symbolum/ Christus Coronabit Crucigeros," with the four capital "C"s prominent. That gives the clue. The canon must be completed with *cross*ing parts, and the note C is, so to speak, the mirror plane on either side of which the themes must be reflected. The second is the canon, already referred to, that Bach presented to the Society of the Musical Sciences. In the Elias Gottlieb Haussmann portrait of 1746 he holds it in his hand.

[1] I quote the music in Barry S. Brook's easily mastered "Simplified Plaine and Easie Code System for Notating Music," which can be typed directly on an ordinary typewriter, without fidgety subscripts and superscripts, and can be fed into computers. Key signature and time signature are shown in the parentheses. Then the preliminary single comma (,) indicates pitches from the C to the B below middle C; the double comma (,,) the octave below that; and an apostrophe (') pitches from middle C to the B above. The "4" means quarter notes. Each pitch and duration sign remains in effect until another appears. The slash (/) represents a bar line. The working of the "Plaine and Easie Code," which, without recourse to music type, can give precise notation of a melody, is summarized on a single page published by the City University of New York.

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Here, three parts have to be increased to six in a "Canon triplex." A neat way of doing so was discovered in 1840. The Bach scholar Friedrich Smend wrote a short book about this canon ("Johann Sebastian Bach Bei Seinem Namen Gerufen," 1950). If A=1, and B=2, and so on up to Z=24 (I and J count as one letter; so do U and V), then the sum of BACH is 14 and the sum of J. S. BACH is its "retrograde," 41. Those two figures can be counted so often in Bach's music that I fear we must acknowledge his deliberate use of them as a "signature." Between the repeat signs of the portrait canon there are, in the upper voices, fourteen notes. In all, those staves contain nineteen notes, which is the "sum" of 1747, the year in which Bach joined the Society. Handel was an honorary member; the first eight notes of the Goldberg bass, Bach's soggetto, had already been the bass of a "Chacoone" with sixty-two variations published by Handel in 1733. The sum of G. F. HAENDEL (to give him a German spelling) is sixty, and Smend has laid out a solution of Bach's canon in which a group of sixty notes can be counted. Throw into the pot the facts that the tenor voice of the canon also starts the E-major fugue in Book II of the "Forty-eight;" that the theme appears in J. J. Fux's treatise "Gradus ad Parnassum," of which Lorenz Mizler, the founder and moving spirit of the Society for the Musical Sciences, had published an edition; and that Smend counts fourteen silver buttons in the Haussmann Bach portrait (I don't)—and an interesting stew may result. Moreover, though there are fifteen canons in all, they are numbered only from one to fourteen, with two included as No. 10. They fall into groups that give the pattern 4.1.4.1.4—surely not a coincidence, but a play upon Bach's "41+14" signature. Maybe it's too easy to start proving things with figures. I started counting this and that in the Fulde canon, to discover why the composer should have chosen this piece for his friend's album. It contains only forty-four notes and the sum of FULDE is forty-six. But wait: J. G. FULDE=62, and 6+2=8; forty-four notes, and 4+4=8. Eight notes in the soggetto, and exactly eighty between the repeat signs of the solution (which may be found on page 405 of "The Bach Reader"). Q.E.D.?

IN Berkeley, the newly found canons were played both before and after a complete performance of the Goldberg, given by Mr. Curtis. As prolegomena they passed by quickly and

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made rather a small effect. The Goldberg itself held one rapt, for Mr. Curtis is an interpreter with a rare instinct for living rhythms, pulses, and inflections, free in his phrasing of the slow melodies—with freedoms that do no violence to, but enhance, the natural flow of the music—and buoyant in fast numbers. His instrument, patterned on a mid-eighteenth-century Flemish harpsichord, was rich but not fierce, full in timbre but not cluttered, distinct but not dry. Moreover, he played from a text corrected as Bach had corrected it. (When one read in the program note of significant changes to measure seventeen of the seventeenth variation and to measure twenty-three of the twenty-third, it seemed that the composer must have been up to his numerological tricks once more.) I won't swear that without marked-up score on knee I would notice all the differences, but certainly the added instruction "al tempo di Giga" to No. 7 and much extra ornament in No. 26 make an audible difference to the music.

What can still be said about the Goldberg which is not summed up in Tovey's observations that until Beethoven wrote the "Waldstein" there was nothing to compare with it in instrumental brilliance and that, for all the science that went into its making, "Bach has never covered so wide a range of feeling and effect in any other instrumental work"? Bach himself, though he seemed to have said just about everything that could be said over that thirty-two-bar bass, nevertheless found still more to do with its first eight notes when he entered those canons on the last page of his copy. Heard after the great work itself, they formed a moving epilogue: a microcosm of his art, starting so simply, then growing to include bright, buoyant little inventions and strange passages of tense chromatic meditation. Private music, learned music—but affecting music by a composer who wrote in canon as naturally as a poet writes in verse.

—Andrew Porter

•

She opened a door.

"Mr. Kramer," she said, dropping the four syllables into a room I could not quite see clearly.—*From "Tiffany Street," by Jerome Weidman, page 8.*

Mrs. Hawtrey opened the door.

"Mr. Kramer," she said.

She dropped the three syllables into the semi-darkness beyond the threshold.

—*Ibid., page 347.*

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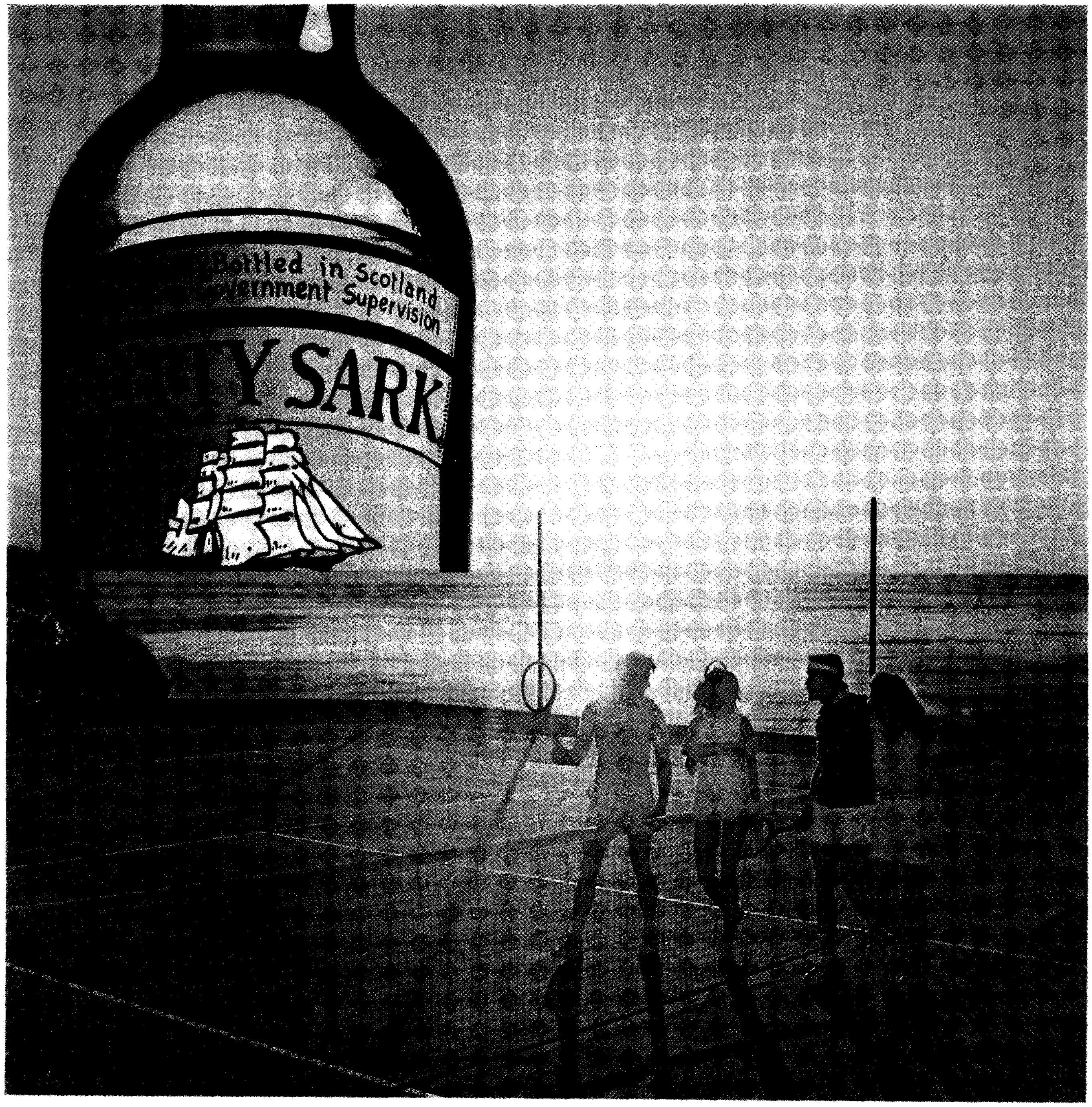
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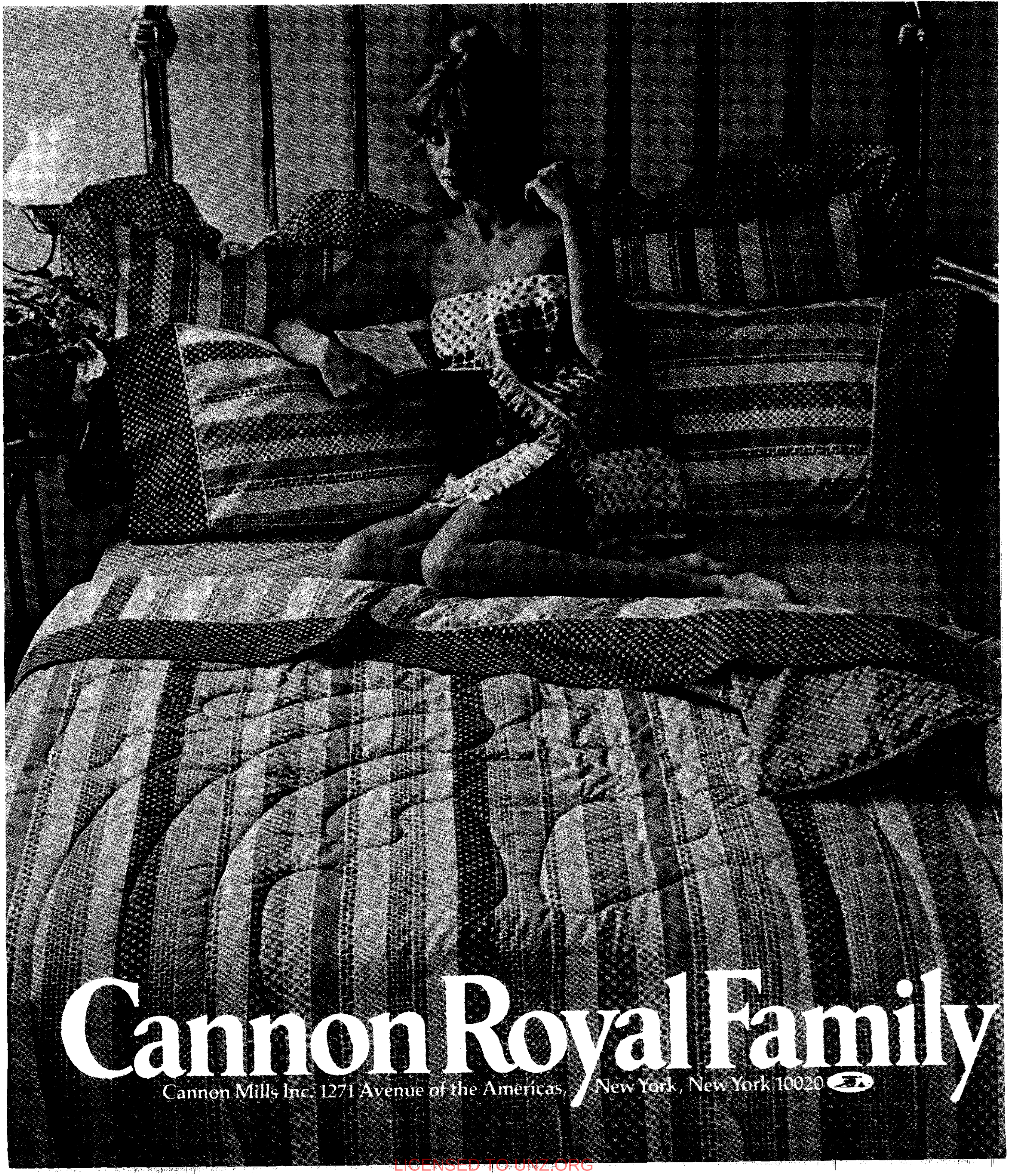
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BOOKS

Limits

ALICE WALKER's second novel, "Meridian" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), appears twenty-five years after Albert Camus's "The Rebel," a book that grew from Camus's conviction that in the modern world every political act leads directly to murder. Camus sought a way out through the idea of rebellion. Rebellion, he argued—the act of one who says no, who says, "There is a limit beyond which you shall not go"—brought the idea "We are" into the world. This was so, Camus said, because the rebel ultimately takes his stand not merely out of personal suffering but in the name of "right": in the name of something larger than himself. Thus the act of rebellion implies—philosophically, it calls into being—the human community, and reveals a common good. But the recognition of a common good invalidates the means that may be necessary to defend it: murder.

> For it is now a question of deciding if it is possible to kill someone, whose resemblance to ourselves we have at last recognized and whose identity we have just sanctified. When we have only just conquered solitude, must we then re-establish it definitively by legitimizing the act which isolates everything? To force solitude on a man who has just come to understand that he is not alone, is that not the definitive crime against man?

Those lines come from the final chapter of "The Rebel," which Camus called "Thought at the Meridian." Its subject is moderation: action with limits. Murder has a limit: if the rebel commits murder, it is implicit that he must then sacrifice his own life, to show that even though murder is sometimes necessary, it can never be justified. "He who does not know everything cannot kill everything." The ethic of rebellion, in other words, means that murder, even in defense of that "right" which links all men and women, cannot be permitted to survive itself. Camus, dead and superseded by more "radical" thinkers like Sartre, has long been out of fashion, but it is perhaps not a coincidence that Alice Walker's novel shares a title with him. The questions he raises are at the heart of "Meridian," a story about the civil-rights movement, and a spiritual and political biography of the character for whom it is named—Meridian Hill, a black woman who determines to live out the movement long after it has faded away.

Alice Walker, a black writer born in Georgia in 1944, has herself been a civil-rights worker. Her first novel, "The Third Life of Grange Copeland," appeared in 1970, and she has also published two books of poetry, a collection of short stories, and much nonfiction. She reminds us, with a page of definitions, that the word "meridian" has varied meanings. The most striking recalls both Camus's concept of moderation and the clarity on which he always insisted: "meridian" as it refers to the sun at noon, in the middle of the day, when the light is brightest and there are no shadows. (This recalls as well the quote from Camus with which Miss Walker opened "Once," her first book of poems: "Poverty was not a calamity for me. It was always balanced by the richness of light . . . circumstances helped me. To correct a natural indifference I was placed halfway between misery and the sun. Misery kept me from believing that all was well under the sun, and the sun taught me that history wasn't everything.") The word "meridian" also refers, in a "definition" Miss Walker does not give but in a connection that cannot be coincidental, to a specific place: Meridian, Mississippi, the home of James Chaney, one of three civil-rights workers murdered by the White Knights of the Ku Klux Klan in nearby Neshoba County, Mississippi, in June of 1964.

One begins to get a sense of Meridian Hill a few pages into the novel, with a scene set perhaps two years after that triple murder—an event that, along with others like it, forced the civil-rights movement beyond the limits it had set for itself. In New York, a group of black women, veterans of marches and voter-registration campaigns in the South, are recommitting themselves to their rebellion, putting rebellion as they had understood it behind them. The question each must answer is whether she will kill for the revolution. It seems like an easy, necessary question: Anne-Marion, Meridian's friend from their days at a black women's college in Atlanta, presses Meridian to say yes, but Meridian can't get the word out. She doesn't really know why; there is some depth of knowledge she lacks, will perhaps always lack, which she senses is a prerequisite to murder.

What kind of knowledge? She thinks back to herself as a girl in church, with her steadfast but cold and stolid mother urging her, as she rev-

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elled in gospel music, to accept Jesus as her Saviour, which she could never do. (Couldn't she just listen to the music? Did she have to believe to really hear it? Or earn the right to listen?) She thinks about her father, who, as a Georgia farmer, is obsessed by what America—not "the white man" but America, of which he thinks he is a part—has done to the Indians, some of whom once lived on his land. Her father is consumed by debts owed to the dead which he will never find a way to pay. And there is the history of the women her mother came from: a great-great-grandmother who, as a slave, repeatedly stole back her children each time they were sold away from her, and who, when finally allowed to keep them, starved to death trying to feed them; a great-grandmother, also a slave, who painted faces on barns across Georgia; Meridian's grandmother, who killed herself working to get her daughter through school; and her mother herself, who got through school and helped four of her brothers and sisters do the same.

And more still. On her college campus, there was a giant magnolia tree that Meridian loved (and, in a campus riot, her fellow-students destroyed). There was a story behind it. When the campus was a plantation, a slave named Louvinie, born in West Africa, would entertain the children, black and white, with horror stories. In the midst of one such story, the youngest child of the plantation owner dropped dead.

> Louvinie's tongue was clipped out at the root. Choking on blood, she saw her tongue ground under the heel of Master Saxon. Mutely, she pleaded for it, because she knew the curse of her native land: Without one's tongue in one's mouth or in a special spot of one's own choosing, the singer in one's soul was lost forever, to grunt and snort through eternity like a pig.

The master kicked Louvinie's tongue to her. Later, during an eclipse, "she buried it under a scrawny magnolia tree on the Saxon plantation."

If the question of murder is a question of knowledge, and if experience is knowledge, then inherent in Meridian's genealogy and in the legends to which she has attached herself is a knowledge she cannot match. All this, along with the connections that her parents have made and the connections that Meridian is being asked to make—connections to the grace of gospel music, to damnation by the crimes of history, to the purgatory of committing oneself to murder—is out of her reach. She says no to her group, and the group expels her.

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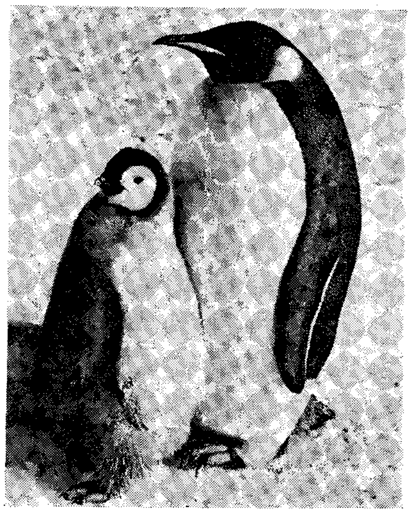

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The group, in a sense, expels Meridian from history, which she has made along with its members. It cuts off the road she has been following since the movement first came to her town, when she was a seventeen-year-old child-mother with a boy-husband, apparently trapped in dull, cramped rhythms of social and economic poverty—rhythms she barely perceived. The movement gave her a chance to start life over again; there was a quality of intelligence in it, a refusal to accept most of what she took for granted, that attracted her. And she was more than fit for the work that was being done. She gave up her baby, divorced her husband, went to college, demonstrated, was beaten and arrested, took risks. In New York, out of the movement, stranded by her co-workers and estranged from the momentum of events she had helped to set in motion, she begins a third time, deciding to go back South and live with the people there. "Like Civil Rights workers used to do," she says, in a plain and tragic line, as if she were speaking of a lost civilization and not a way of life that had made sense two or three years before. That "used to do" echoes through the novel, like some half-remembered fairy tale, as Meridian proceeds to live it out. "You're not serious," says her friend Anne-Marion. "Yes," she says, "I am serious."

Judith Shahn

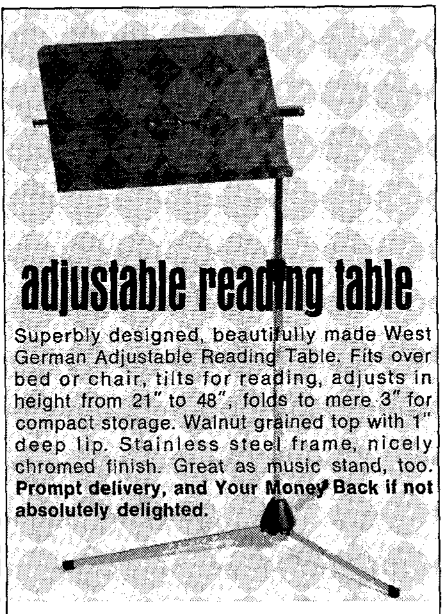
At its best, that is the tone of the book: flat, direct, measured, deliberate, with a distinct lack of drama. (As in Miss Walker's telling of the Louvinie story, which she refuses to overplay.) And the tone is right; it's not the plot that carries the novel forward but Meridian's attempt to resolve, or preserve the reality of, the questions of knowledge, history, and murder that Miss Walker introduces early on. The astonishing dramatic intensity that Walker brought to "The Third Life of Grange Copeland" would in "Meridian" blow those questions apart.

But such questions lead all too easily to high-flown language and to pretensions that fictional characters cannot support, which is why most "philosophical" novels are impossible to reread. Miss Walker does not always avoid this trap; though her tendency is to insist on the prosaic, to bring philosophy down to earth, Meridian at times seems to be floating straight to Heaven. The book tries to make itself a parable—more than a mere novel—or trades the prosaic for an inert symbolism that would seem to be intended to elevate the story but instead collapses it. In an early chapter, Meridian, age seven, finds a gold bar and rushes with it to her parents; they ignore her. She buries the gold (her unrecognized gifts) and finally forgets about it (and it will be years until she finds her gifts again). In college, as Meridian lies sick in bed, a halo forms around her head. Back in the South after the meeting in New York, she works alone persuading people, one at a time, to register to vote, organizing neighborhoods around local issues, and staging symbolic protests, which she calls, wonderfully, her "performances." This is beautifully presented and utterly convincing; each incident is memorable, shaped as a story in itself. But after every "performance" Meridian falls to the ground, paralyzed, and must be carried like a corpse back to wherever she is living. A hundred years ago, an author would simply have made Meridian an epileptic if we were meant to guess that she was sainted. The problem is more than melodrama: if Meridian is a saint, the profound questions that Camus raised, which have gone out of style, and which Walker is forcefully resurrecting, are made instantly irrelevant to the rest of us. If only saints can bear such questions, we can forget them.

Meridian is interesting enough without all this—without symbolism and "higher meanings" that are one-dimensional and fixed. There is no mystery in these symbols—as there is in Meridian's ability to get through to Southern blacks, or in the questions of the rebel, murder, and limits—and a symbol without mystery, without suggestive power, is not really a symbol at all. But most of the book's scenes have the power its symbols lack, and its last chapters rescue Meridian's questions from a holy oblivion. For they are resolved, after a fashion, and passed on. Ten years after leaving the group of women in New York, Meridian discovers, in church, that she can kill. It's a strange church; the minister acts out—arrogantly, it seems—the role of Martin Luther King, Jr., long after his death, but nobody is put off.

> It struck Meridian that he was deliberately imitating King, that he and all his congregation *knew* he was consciously keeping that voice alive. It was like a *play*.

Meridian touches, as she had not been able to touch, or live up to, the knowledge that she'd sensed, thinking back over her ancestors, when she said no in New York. For what else had she been doing with her life ever since



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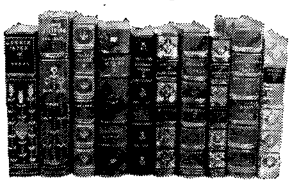

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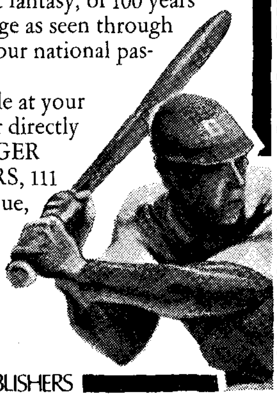

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but, like this minister and his congregation, keeping something alive, by acting it out, which everyone else had managed to put behind him?

An old man comes before the congregation, the father of a young man who, like James Chaney, was murdered in the struggle years before. Half-crazed, he lives as a hermit in the ruins of the house he destroyed when he was told his son was dead. Every year, on the anniversary of that day, he stands up for his son and for the people who want to be reminded of him. That quality of pain, the insistence on a history without gaps, and her own recognition of her well-earned place in that history, is what Meridian can kill for.

To boast about this new capacity to kill—which she did not, after all, admire—would be to destroy the understanding she had acquired with it. Namely, this: that even the contemplation of murder required incredible delicacy as it required incredible spiritual work, and the historical background and present setting must be right. Only in a church surrounded by the righteous guardians of the people's memories could she even approach the concept of retaliatory murder. Only among the pious could this idea both comfort and uplift.

It seems clear, as Meridian makes this connection and, as time goes on, loses it, regains it, loses it again, that the spiritual necessities that make it possible for her to say yes to murder will be negated should she ever commit murder; that should she kill, her life would be over. As in that extraordinary image from Louvinie's story, her soul would "grunt and snort through eternity like a pig." And it might be a price worth paying. The question, crude in the form in which it opens the novel, takes on something like a final shape—a final ambiguity—at the end. In that sense, it is passed on, not only to the book's other characters, who share Meridian's life, but perhaps to the reader as well. Meridian's role in the play she has devised for herself within a larger history—the speech her actions give—stands out with great tension. "Does the end justify the means?" Camus wrote in "Thought at the Meridian." "That is possible. But what will justify the end? To that question, which historic thought leaves pending, rebellion replies: the means." —GREIL MARCUS

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LYNDON JOHNSON AND THE AMERICAN DREAM, by Doris Kearns (Harper & Row). It is said that

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U.S. Department of the Interior

after a man becomes President he puts aside mere political ambition and becomes preoccupied with the verdict of history. In the case of Lyndon Johnson, Doris Kearns appears to have embodied the future in whose eyes he hoped to find justification. From the time she went to Washington as a White House Fellow, in 1967, until his death in Texas, in 1973, Johnson seemed to focus his immense need for acceptance on a confidante with whom he shared little common ground: she was young, she taught at Harvard—oh, how he hated Harvard!—and she was against the Vietnam war. By way of explaining his anxious fervor, he once told her that she reminded him of his dead mother. Sleepless at the ranch in Texas, he would knock on her door at five-thirty, dressed in his robe and pajamas. "As I sat in a chair by the window," she writes, "he climbed into the bed, pulling the sheets up to his neck, looking like a cold and frightened child." And he talked and talked, "unravelling the story of his life." Whatever Doris Kearns may have felt for Johnson, she never abandoned her intentions as a social scientist, and there is no idolatry in her description of his tactics as Senate Majority Leader and then as President in those first months after Kennedy's assassination, when the political skills of one whom she calls "the gargantuan manipulator" almost threatened to break down the Constitutional walls that separate the executive and legislative branches of our government. But all Johnson's skills were useless in dealing with a foreign war that was destroying his plans for a Great Society at home. In the Senate, Johnson had got what he wanted by playing various groups against one another, keeping one from knowing what he was saying and promising to others. In this pattern, Johnson actually tried to conceal the war, to keep his countrymen from knowing its full extent and cost. That didn't work, and the young historian whose judgment Johnson wooed writes objectively, at the end, of his failure. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

HENRIETTA MARIA, by Elizabeth Hamilton (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). A Catholic queen in a predominantly Protestant country, a promoter of rich entertainments in a time of long-faced Puritanism, Charles I's wife was an important

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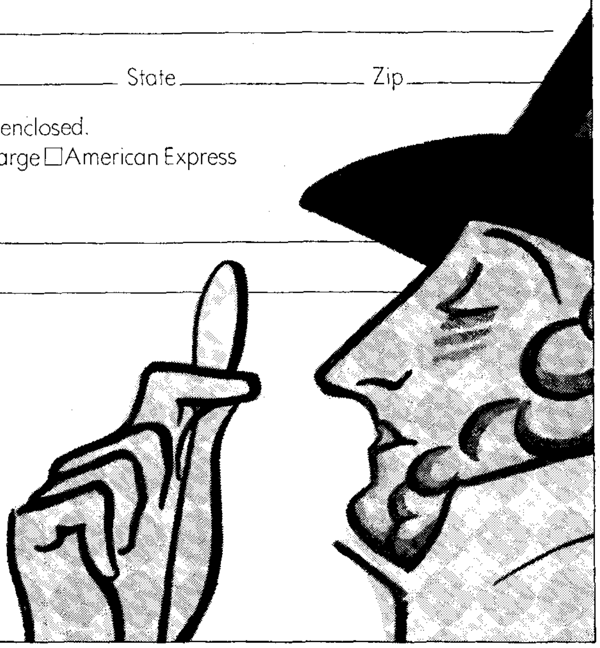

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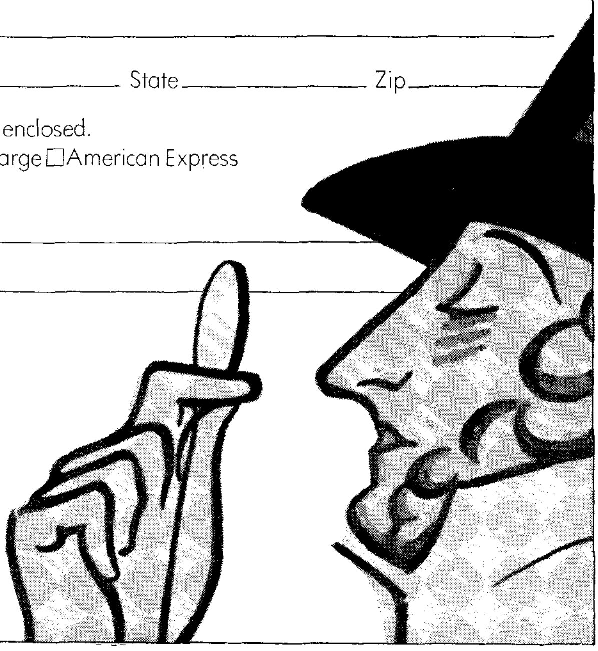

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reason for the anti-monarchical sentiment that led at last to the King's beheading. A strong and rather floridly regal woman, she survived that loss, just as she survived her father's assassination and the deaths of six of her children, and lived to see her son Charles II restored to the throne. Her story involves both complicated politics and romantic emotions, and Lady Elizabeth Hamilton, while not insensitive to political nuance, has chosen to emphasize the more colorful side of the action. The book is written in a smooth, unpretentious, straightforward manner, with enough attention to surprises and emotions and concrete intimate details to satisfy the most demanding fan of historical recreation.

THE PAST MASTERS: POLITICS AND POLITICIANS, 1906-1939, by Harold Macmillan (Harper & Row). An insider's view of leading British political figures, interspersed with reflections on such related matters as what Whiggery really was, women in Parliament, and changes in the British political process since 1924—the year the author entered Parliament. Macmillan tends to understatement and dry wit rather than to gorgeous rhetoric, but the reader always knows exactly how high—or how low—this former Prime Minister rates his sometime mentors and colleagues. Though, like many American politicians, the author loves stories and tells them well, this book is not a collection of anecdotes—it is really a compendium of trade secrets.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY, by Marvin Trachtenberg (Viking). A serious, thoroughly satisfying history of the statue in the Harbor. Mr. Trachtenberg, an art and architectural historian, tells the story of the French academic sculptor Bartholdi and his twenty years of labor, and then goes into the history of colossi in general, touching on the nineteenth century's peculiar obsession with monument-building. His description of the actual construction of the statue, under the guidance of Gustave Eiffel, the master of works in iron, is one of the most fascinating sections of the book. Although it is obvious that Mr. Trachtenberg is quite aware he is dealing here with one of the great feats of inspired nonsense, he is sparing with the humor.

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1964-1969, by David Milton and Nancy Dall Milton (Pantheon). The authors, an American couple, went to China in 1964 to teach English at the First Foreign Languages Institute, in Peking. Especially in the early pages of this chronicle, their admiration for the Chinese revolution tries a reader's patience; they crow over march-pasts that read like Nazi rallies, and they are as thrilled by China's nuclear weapons as they are disgusted by Russo-American "collusion." When the Great Cultural Revolution exploded, in 1966, it took them by surprise, but when they learned that Mao had started it they approved; they sought diligently to understand what he was doing, and they manage (despite their cant vocabulary) to tell us. First of all, Mao wanted to regain power he had lost. He wanted to destroy every vestige of Russian influence in China, especially the extreme inegalitarianism that marks the Soviet system. He wanted to reorient Chinese foreign policy toward the United States. He wanted to radicalize the Chinese Communist Party, which he thought had lost its revolutionary keenness. The authors' view of the power struggle among the bigwigs—there was an enormous amount of hidden intrigue alongside the visible turmoil—is not intimate, but they know Chinese, and they were on hand to get explanations and interpretations of explanations. They remain convinced that China does not resemble the Soviet Union anymore, but readers outside the fold will immediately recognize that it does, in that neither society knows any political legitimacy—both lack mechanisms for orderly succession, or for any kind of peaceful transfer of power, and neither can change policy without force.

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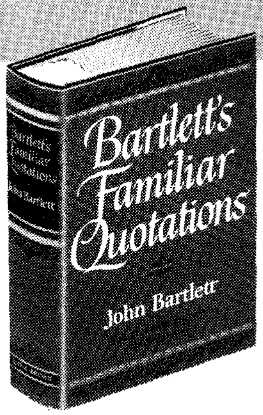

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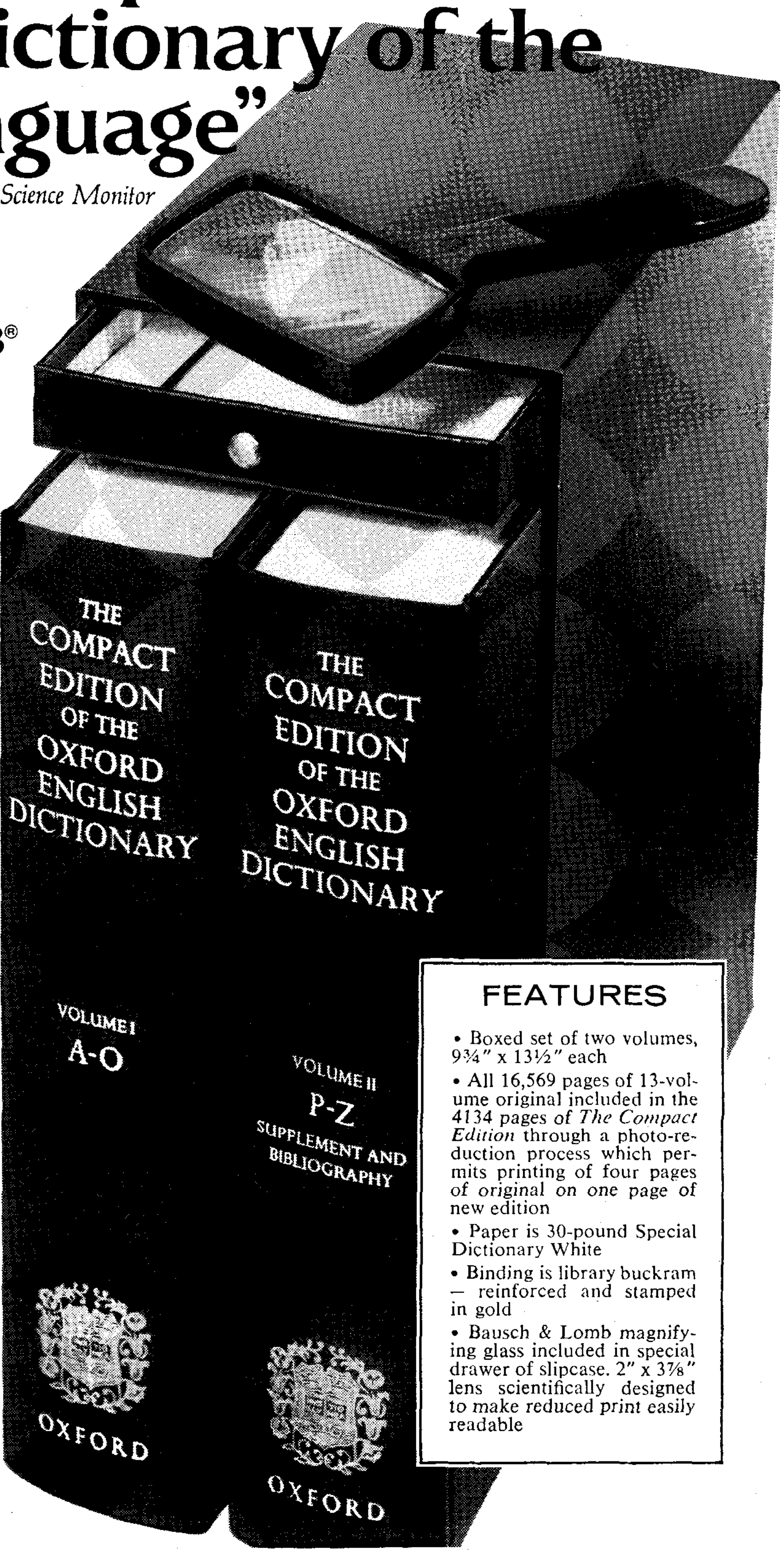
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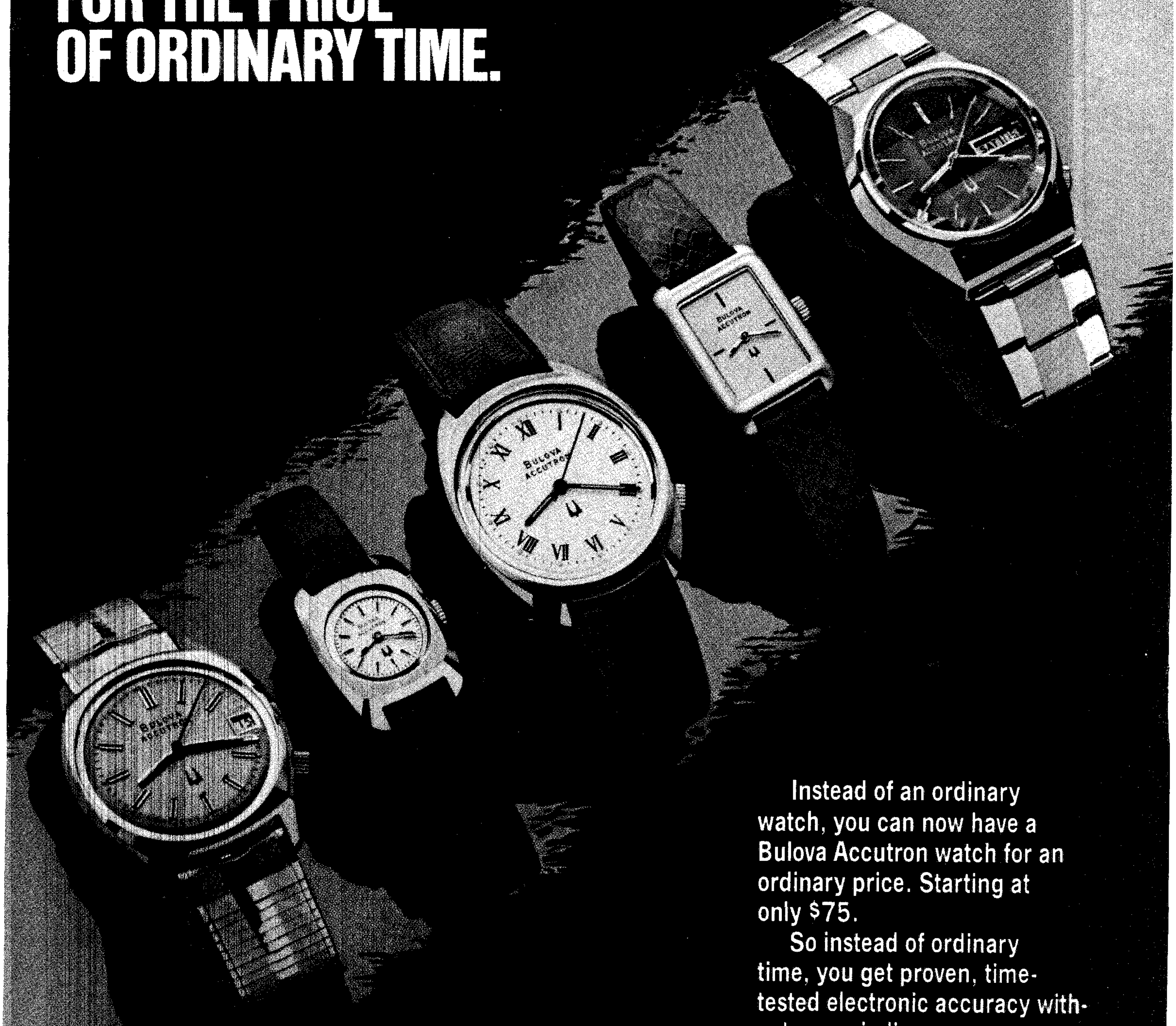

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